MENTONE
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD
PAST AND PRESENT

GEORGE MÜLLER

EDITED BY
J. E. SOMERVILLE, B.D.

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MENTONE

MENTONE FROM CAP MARTIN

Frontispiece.

Mentone *and its Neighbourhood: The Past and the Present: by Dr. George Müller Edited by Rev. J. E. Somerville B.D., F.S.A.Scot. Illustrated.*

London: Hodder and Stoughton MCMX

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EDITOR'S PREFATORY NOTE

The late Dr. George A. Müller, a cousin of the more celebrated Professor Max Müller, resided in the neighbourhood of Mentone for some thirty years, and died in 1891. He was a man of cultured mind, and given to research, and he left a manuscript, which he had intended to publish, containing an account of Mentone and the surrounding district. In this were recounted not only original investigations and experiences, but also much historical information derived from his study of books, records, old charts, and parchments, in French, Italian, Latin, and other languages. After his death, the manuscript remained in obscurity for a number of years. Circumstances having recently led to my perusal of it, I found it to contain a large amount of information, not easily accessible to English readers. It seemed regrettable that this should not be made public; and the suggestion that I should undertake the work of editing it having met with hearty approval from the few to whom the manuscript was already known, I have endeavoured to do so. The task, however, has been by no means an easy one. Dr. Müller's style of composition is his own. For one born in Germany he exhibits marvellous command of our language, though he himself apologises for defects in style and diction, and craves the indulgence of critics, as he writes not in his native tongue but in that of his adopted country. He

would, however, be but inadequately described as long-winded. He is effusive, exuberant, and verbose to an extraordinary degree. He is perpetually breaking into rhapsodies over the scenery and moralising as he goes along; while his sesquipedalian sentences are fraught with terror to an English reader.

I have found it necessary to omit large sections, and to curtail descriptions, as well as to break up his huge sentences into those of manageable size; but I am still conscious that the pruning has not been sufficient, and that the editing leaves much to be desired. On his excursions he was frequently accompanied by his pupils, which accounts for the cast of some of his writings. Mentone has changed very much since Dr. Müller wrote, but some of his descriptions have been allowed to remain, to show what the place was forty years ago. I have, as far as possible, verified the numerous references and quotations, and have retained Dr. Müller's spelling of names.

I have added a short chapter on the Mentone Caves and their prehistoric remains; another on the Ligurian forts of the neighbourhood, a subject which has not received much attention from visitors to the Riviera; and also one on the Roman Road, the Via Aurelia, which passes through the district. The illustrations are from various sources. Dr. Müller's manuscript contains some pen and ink sketches and old prints. These have been reproduced; the others are from photographs taken by myself during the past twenty years.

J. E. SOMERVILLE.

MENTONE, 1910.

PREFACE

The following pages, compiled within the past twenty years (1870 to 1890), are strictly and conscientiously devoted to the object indicated by the title. The reader is considered to be already one of the colony of visitors to Mentone. Hence all indications about hotels and other places of residence, all information regarding climate, health conditions, institutions, or municipal affairs is omitted. As far as our limited experience and knowledge permit, everything that may be charming, interesting, amusing, or instructive in and around Mentone, including buildings, constructions, and monuments has been represented or narrated. After having consulted many sources of information and many documents besides, I come to the conclusion that there is yet a good deal to be learned about Mentone that lies buried in the libraries of Monaco, Nice, Genoa, Turin, and other towns. But I am not in a position to unfold the precious store of historical facts to be found there. A man who has learned by sad experience that

'the web of our life is of a mingled yarn'

must needs bridle his great love for antiquities and history, and be satisfied with the meagre fare dealt out to him.

As to my defects in style and diction, I beg the critics' indulgence for having not written in the tongue of my native but of my adopted country. And I tender to all who have helped me my most sincere thanks.

GEORGE A. MÜLLER.

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INTRODUCTION

The mountains which surround Mentone in a semi-circle from the rock of Monaco on the west to the 'Balzi Rossi' on the east, have witnessed many and varied scenes during their silent existence. On that small peninsula, where the princes of Monaco have reigned for a thousand years, the Phœnicians are said to have erected a temple to their god Melkarth—identified in Greek and Roman times with Hercules Monœci. Massive *Aggel* had been a prehistoric camp and burial-place ages before it was immortalised by Virgil;[1] and *Turbia*, standing on one of its lofty spurs, recalls volumes of history, and is a tangible record of bygone ages and of tribes of whom little but their name remains.

Roccabruna still possesses part of her ancient castle to proclaim her former greatness. *Gorbio*, hidden away in the valley, like a hermit tired of life's incessant battles, seldom missed taking her share in all the contests on these shores, nor did *Castellare*, another fief of the powerful Lascaris family. *Castiglione*, which commands the summit of the pass between Mentone and Sospello, has been held in turn by Romans, Saracens, Spaniards, Austrians, and French as a point of vantage in their campaigns. *Granmont* or *Grammont* (but never *Granmondo*), with *Bress* or *Berceau* (also more fitly named '*Les Rochers d'Orméa*'), and all the other neighbouring peaks, saw the warriors of many nations pass over or encamp upon them. *Balzi Rossi* (*Baussé Roussé* in Mentonese dialect), the Red Rocks,

[1] *Æneid*, lib. vi. v. 825:

> 'Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis
> Concordes animæ nunc, et dum nocte premuntur
> Heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
> Attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt
> *Aggeribus* socer *Alpinis* atque arce Monœci
> Descendens, gener adversis instructus Eois.'

See also Gioffredo, *Storia delle Alpi Marittime*.

were repeatedly assailed and defended—probably even from the times when their caves were the dwelling-place of primitive man. And if the few remaining vestiges of the ancient road along the coast could tell their tale, what visions could be conjured up! Roman legions, saintly pilgrims, poets, crusaders, popes, kings, and emperors, passed and repassed along its narrow, perilous ledges—down to the time of Napoleon Bonaparte, who, like Augustus of old, initiated a new era by commencing the *present* 'Cornice.'

CHAPTER I

ANCIENT LIGURIA AND THE ROMAN PERIOD

At the dawn of history the district around Mentone formed part of Liguria, which name was then given to a large tract of country extending from the Rhone to the Magra, including the Maritime Alps and a large part of northern Italy.[1]

The Ligurians[2] were divided into many tribes—a natural consequence of the configuration of their country, with its extended mountain ranges, secluded valleys, and irregular coastline, with high, projecting headlands and deep bays: in consequence also of the great varieties of climate and natural vegetation within a comparatively limited area. The inhabitants of each small district received a local, individual impress, and their characteristics are very variously described by Greek and Roman writers. They were frugal, enterprising, and industrious; persevering in their efforts to obtain the means of livelihood from their stony soil, for Cicero says: '*Ligures* montanos duros atque agrestes, docuit natura ipsa loci, nihil serendo, nisi multo labore quæsitum.'[3]

Diodorus Siculus mentions their activity, endurance, and patience: their strength and agility as foot-soldiers: their sinewy and wiry frames.[4]

Livy[5] writes of their unwearying energy in warfare, and

[1] For classical allusions, see Note A in Appendix.

[2] Greek Λίγυς, a Ligurian, Λιγυστικος, Ligurian; Latin *Ligŭres*, *Lĭgur*, *Ligus*, *Ligustĭcus* and *Ligustinus*. 'Liguria' is a very good name for a district abutting on, or near to *water*; the Keltic *lli*, water, being liable among other forms to become *lag*, *leg*, *lig*, *log*, *lug*, and finally Liguria. Hence, also, the name *Liger* corrupted to *Loire*, and the diminutive *Loiret*. See R. S. Charnock in *Notes and Queries*, September 9, 1882, p. 216.

[3] *De leg. agr.* [4] Lib. iv. et vi. [5] Lib. xxxiv.

of their sudden descents from their inaccessible mountain fastnesses; and Lucius Florus deemed it harder to find than to conquer them.

Their women, too, have their fair share of praise; they were inured to hardship and fatigue, sharing the labours of their husbands,[1] and the usual diet of both sexes consisted only of milk and barley porridge. Both Strabo [2] and Diodorus [3] speak highly of their domestic virtues, though they were pompous, vain, and talkative.

That these Ligurians had their shortcomings and vices as well cannot but be expected. Their soil yielding scarcely enough for their sustenance, they were induced to lead a roving life and to make frequent inroads into their neighbours' territory. Necessity as well as disposition turned them into thieves and robbers, and their faction fights occurred more frequently over their share in the spoil than their share in the glory. Those who lived on the lower lands near the coast, especially those who came into contact with the Greek colonists of Marseilles, Nice, and Antibes, engaged in trade and were, to some extent, civilised. They were masters in deceit and 'barbarus est Lydus, servus Geta, fœmineus Phrix, fallaces Ligures' was true as far as they were concerned, and their feelings of revenge ran deep and far.

All were religious, but very little is known of their primitive deities. These were gradually, if not rapidly, superseded by those of Greece and Rome, most likely early and quickly since the Phœnician settlers had already modified the manner of their native worship.

Hercules, who gave his name to a neighbouring port, Herculis Portus, must have possessed a good many temples. Out of many inscriptions we select the following found in Nice:

HERCULI
LAPIDARI
ALMANTI
CENSES
P

[1] Strabo, lib. iv. [2] Lib. iv. [3] Lib. iv. c 2.

Which is to be read: 'Herculi Lapidarii, Almanticenses posuerunt.' And is to be translated: 'To Hercules the stone-masons of Almanticum have placed (this stone).' [1]

Mercury, the patron of merchants, manufacturers, and travellers, points to trade, commerce, and cunning, which all were in a flourishing condition before even the Romans came. He was usually invoked for conquest, booty, and general success.

L M
L COELIUS RU
FINUS Q CO
ELIUS NICEP
MERCURIO AR
A. POSUERU QU
OD PATER VOV
ERAT

Which is to be read: 'Lubens Merito. Lucius Cœlius Rufinus Quintus Cœlius Nicephorus, Mercurio aram posuerunt quod pater voverat.' And is to be translated: 'Lucius Cœlius Rufinus and Quintus Cœlius Nicephorus have willingly and dutifully erected this altar to Mercury according to their father's vow.' [2]

This inscription seems to be of an early date, as the name Nicephorus is undoubtedly of Grecian origin.

Jupiter, the St. Michael of our time and region, the father of the firmament, and the dispenser of the floods and storms and droughts, is most appropriately worshipped in a land like this. Traces of his temple are found in many places within the Maritime Alps.

IOVI O M
CETERISQ DIIS
DEABUSQ IMMORT
TIB CL DEMETRIUS
DOM NICOMED
V E PROC AUGG NN
ITEM CC EPISCEPSEOS
CHORAE INFERIORIS

[1] Gioffredo, *Storia delle Alpi Marittime*, p. 112; *Annales de la Société des lettres, etc., Nice*, vol. vi. p. 115; Th. Wright, *The Celt, the Roman and the Saxon*, p. 268; *La Grèce et l'Orient en Provence*, par Ch. Lenthéric, p. 384 and 465.

[2] Gioffredo, p. 109.

Which is to be read : ' Jovi optimo maximo ceterisque diis deabusque immortalibus Tiberius Claudius Demetrius domo Nicomedia, vir egregrius procurator Augustorum nostrorum item Ducenarius episcepseos choræ inferioris.' And is to be translated : ' To Jupiter the best and greatest, and to other immortal gods and goddesses, Tiberius Claudius Demetrius, his home Nicomedia, a learned man, procurator of our divine emperors, and public inspector of the lower district.' [1]

This stone having been found at Cimiès, we may fairly conclude that T. C. Demetrius was stationed at Nice as procurator of the Maritime Alps, most likely under the emperors Valerianus and Gallienus, between 254 and 260 A.D., and was besides a kind of administrator of the lower land between the Paillon and the Var.

Juno, invoked by the Ligurian fair sex in all their domestic arrangements, had a temple at Ventimiglia. Mars, judging from various local names, must have been very generally worshipped within the Maritime Alps, and had his Campus Martius or Collis Martius close to Mentone. Peace-loving as well as warlike people seemed equally to trust in him. Cato's form of prayer applied with singular force to this neighbourhood : ' Father Mars, I pray thee, be merciful unto me, my house and family ! I have ordered sacrifices of swine and sheep and bulls around my field. Keep thou off all maladies known or unknown, desolation and devastation, storms and bad weather. Let fruit tree, vine, and corn grow and prosper ! Preserve my herds and herdsmen ! Let no harm be done, O Mars, to our blossoms ! Moderate the burning heat of the sun ! Do thou stand by us, Father Mars ! Give us Victory ! Let us be triumphant ! '

We give this inscription from the ancient town of Vence :

MARTI VINTIO
M RUFINIUS FELIX
SAL IIIII VIR ET IN
COLA CEMENEL
EX VOTO S

[1] *Annales, Nice*, vol. vi. p. 117, and vol. iv. p. 162; compare Th. Wright, p. 260.

Which is to be read : ' Marti Vintio, Marcus Rufinius Felix, Saliniensis, sevir, et incola Cemenelei, ex voto solvit.' And is to be translated : ' To Mars, the Ventien, Marcus Rufinius Felix of Salinium a sevir and an inhabitant of Cimiès has fulfilled his vow.[1]

And who would not remember Neptune in a land like Liguria, where frequent tempests heave up the deep and drive it furiously against the shore, where countless vessels ply from port to port, and where lakes abound and springs gush forth in every corner !

NEPTUNO
VERATIA
MONTANA [2]

Which is to be read : ' Neptuno Veratia Montana.' And to be translated : ' To Neptune, Veratia Montana (erected this monument).' [3]

Pan was not forgotten either, for he protected the herdsmen and their flocks and pasture-lands, and when playing his flute in the forests he made the nymphs dance to his sweet bewitching melodies and caused his favourite goddess, the Echo, to repeat them until they died away in the glens and gorges and along the mountains' flanks ; whilst he could, if he chose, so terrify his enemies by his stentorian voice, that they became actually panic-stricken.

PRO SALUTE
M JULII LIGURIS
PROCURATORIS AUG
AGATHOCLES
SERVUS
VOTUM NUNCUPAVIT
PANI.

Which is to be translated thus : ' For the health of Marcus Julius, a Ligurian, a procurator of Cæsar, Agathocles his slave, made his vow to Pan.' [4]

Apollo, the deliverer of those who suffer in body, soul, or mind ; Apollo, who could ward off the plague that was once

[1] *Annales, Nice*, vol. v. pp. 225-319 ; *idem*, vol. vi. pp. 119, 297 and 339 ; compare Th. Wright, p. 261.
[2] Said to have been seen on an ancient slab at Antibes.
[3] *Annales, Nice*, vol. v. p. 550 ; Gioffredo, p. 113.
[4] *Annales, Nice*, vol. v. p. 333.

so frequent and destructive here, had his altar on Nervia river, near Ventimiglia, where the following inscription may still be seen in the little chapel of St. Roch :

APOLIN
V S
M. C. ANΘUS

Which is to be read : 'Apolini votum solvit Marcus Claudius Anthus.' And is to be translated : 'To Apollo Marcus Claudius Anthus performed his vow.' [1]

Nor must we forget Apollo's son, the god of the healing art, or as Homer prettily calls him : 'The blameless physician.' [2]

AESCULAPIO ET
HYGIAE SACRUM
TI CLAUDIUS TI
CLAUDI FILIUS
HELENUS DOM
CEMENELENS
PUXIDEM EBO
REAM DEBIT

Which is to be read : 'Æsculapio et Hygiæ sacrum Tiberius Claudius, Tiberii Claudii filius Helenus domo Cemenelensi, puxidem eboream.' And to be translated : 'To Æsculæpus and Hygia, Tiberius Claudius Helenus, son of Tiberius Claudius, from Cimiès, has given this ivory box.'

Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, would find many worshippers in a country where nature is so fair and where young maidens could so easily bring to her shrine their sprigs of myrtle or sprays of maiden hair (*Capillus Veneris*), and Cybele too, the great mother, who shed her blessing over fields and vineyards.

'The Phocæan towns all had a temple in the neighbourhood of the port . . . invariably dedicated to Diana of Ephesus.' [3]

The worship of Diana is supposed to have been specially

[1] *Storia della città di Ventimiglia*, G. Rossi, p. 443; *Annales, Nice*, vol. vi. p. 262.
[2] Gioffredo, p. 112; *Annales, Nice*, vol. vi. p. 122; compare Th. Wright, p. 268.
[3] Lenthéric, *La Provence Maritime*, p. 383.

localised in the *Valle di Diano*, with its towns of Diano Marina, Diano Castello, etc.[1]

Minor and local deities were as numerous as the saints in our well-filled almanacs, who have often taken their places. These strange transformations, caused probably by fear or prudence, were afterwards not merely approved of but recommended by Pope Gregory the Great, when he advised that the heathen temples should never be destroyed but should be purified and appropriated to the worship of the true God. Thus Mercury, the divine messenger, was often superseded by St. Peter, the apostolic door-keeper of Paradise; St. Martin, the humble Christian soldier, or St. George, the valiant knight, often dislodged Mars; and the Holy Virgin replaced Diana, Venus, or Minerva.

'Les déesses mères (Matres ou Matræ ou Matronæ avec des épithètes généralement topiques, par exemple MATREBO NEMAUSICABO "aux mères de Nîmes" et MATRIBUBUS TREVIRIS "aux Mères de Trèves") semblent avoir été "les bonnes dames ou les dames blanches" de l'endroit et sont vraisemblablement le prototype de nos fées. On les présente généralement assises tenant un ou plusieurs enfants sur leurs genoux. Plusieurs d'entre elles ont la même attitude que plus tard la Vierge tenant l'enfant Jésus; et les statues miraculeuses de la Vierge Marie trouvées dans la terre à diverses époques (telle est, dans plus d'un cas, l'origine de ce qu'on appelle les "Vierges Noires") étaient sans doute des Statues des déesses Mères gauloises ou gallo-romaines.'[2]

Of the numerous tribes which formed a kind of Ligurian nation, we only mention the Intemelii, the ancient inhabitants of the county of Ventimiglia, a district which extended along the shore as far as the principality of Monaco (therefore including Mentone) up to Dolceacqua, around Castiglione, St. Agnès, Gorbio, and Roccabruna, as can be distinctly traced for many centuries through endless divi-

[1] *See* Prof. Gerolamo Rossi's interesting monograph, *La Valle di Diano*. G. B. Paravia & Co., Turin. 1900.

[2] *Encyclopédie des sciences religieuses*, par Gaidoz.

sions, exchanges, or sales. This tribe has been frequently alluded to by various writers, especially by Tacitus.[1]

And Cicero '. . . sed tamen quodnam ob scelus iter mihi necessarium retro ad Alpes versus incidit ? Ideo quod Intemelii in armis sunt.' [2]

Sempronius Gracchus, sent first in 238 B.C., could not do much and left all the honour and glory to Lucius Cornelius Lentulus and Quintus Fabius Flaccus, consuls, the former defeating the Ligurians easily and making many prisoners ; the latter, finding it more difficult in a mountainous district, added fire to the sword in order to burn them literally out of their gorges and fastnesses. This was about 225 B.C.[3] They soon recovered from their losses, and a few years later they descended from their Alpine abodes, sacking the plains until they were once more defeated and compelled to keep to their settlement by Quintus Fabius Maximus.[4]

All these engagements taking place in eastern Liguria were mere forerunners of more serious conflicts nearer home. Publius Furius and Caius Flaminius not only came much nearer, but subdued a new tribe and eventually turned it into an ally. In 206 B.C. Consul M. Sempronius Intidanus advanced as far as Albenga, where he defeated his enemy in a series of stubborn engagements, destroying at the same time several strongholds, killing a good many of the natives, and leading their chiefs into captivity. Yet those swarthy and tough mountaineers recovered soon from their heavy losses in places and people. What losses could dishearten them as long as their barren soil was free ? This, however, was not much longer to be the case. M. Sempronius came again, stronger and better informed too, than before ; he was accompanied by Appius Claudius, and advanced to our very doors. The Intemelii had to yield, and finally to submit in 181 B.C. A castle was erected on the crest of the hill above the present town of Ventimiglia and its scanty ruins bear still the name of the conqueror. The final blow seems to have been struck by L. Emilius Paulus who, a

[1] *Vita Agricolæ*, vii.
[2] *Epist. Fam.*, lib. 8.
[3] Florus, *Epitome rerum Romanarum.*
[4] Plutarch, in *Fab. Cic. de Nat. Deor.*, i. 2.

year later, routed about 30,000 natives with his 8000 soldiers, razed their forts, and took their vessels. He, however, restored his prisoners to freedom. Here Livy differs in his accounts from several others in a few essential points.[1]

The Massilians having lodged loud and frequent complaints against their Eastern neighbours, Consul Publius Cornelius Lentulus marched with a very large army against the unruly tribes the Ingauni, Intemelii, and Oxibii. He is said to have had as many as 5200 foot, 300 Roman horse, 15,000 auxiliaries and 800 Latin cavalry. A fleet under the supreme command of L. E. Paulus co-operated with this force along the shore. The Ligurians, being thus hard pressed and inferior in numbers and equipment, went to the camp and obtained a truce of two days in order, as they said, to induce their allies to surrender, and furthermore the assurance that the Roman soldiers would abstain from foraging and exacting requisitions around their mountain and their camp. Having thus lulled the Romans into security they assembled their forces, combined in an ingenious attack, and then sallied forth from various points, pressing the Roman flanks very hard all day, and hemming the consul into such a narrow compass that he could not develop his full strength ; he would have been altogether lost, had not the darkness of the night prevented any further fighting.

Æmilius being thus shut in, having no other alternative but to cut through or to be starved, sent to Consul Bebius, then near Pisa, and to Marcellus, governor of Gaul, for immediate support. But neither could assist him in time. Æmilius, a brave and cautious commander, resolved to tempt fortune once more, to fight without delay and before the Ligurians could considerably improve or strengthen their position. He gave, therefore, prompt and strict orders that, at a given signal, all his companies should, at one and the same time, issue from the four gates of the camp, dash at the enemy and come at once to close quarters. A few new troops having been added, unusual precautions taken, minute instructions given, reserves conveniently

[1] Livy, xl., 27, 28, 34 ; and Durante, vol. i. p. 37.

placed ready for any emergency, the soldiers' enthusiasm roused to a high pitch, the enemy's cunning highly coloured, and their bravery and tactics sneered at, and Rome and the names of great fallen heroes solemnly called upon as witnesses, the general finished by assuring his men of certain victory over these treacherous and barbarous tribes.

The Ligurians were encamped in two distinct quarters on the slopes of their mountains. At daybreak they appeared as usual, in strong bands, spread over a large space of ground, apparently believing that the enemy would not venture out. The Romans, however, undeceived them very soon by swarming out of their camp, forming quickly, adopting all the while the wild battle-cry of the enemy, then moving on steadily but resolutely, they surrounded them and worked total confusion in their ranks. The sturdy mountaineers endeavoured again and again to rally, and fought with a will, but every effort proved a new disaster and the rout became general. More than 15,000 men fell in action, and 2500 were made prisoners, the remainder dispersed and gained their homes as speedily as possible. Three days after, the chiefs of the tribes tendered their unconditional submission, gave hostages, and surrendered their thirty vessels. The Roman senate, being informed of this brilliant success, ordered public rejoicings and conferred great honours on the victorious general. Twenty golden crowns were distributed, and the Ligurian chiefs passed before the triumphant shouts of the exalted populace. The conquerors were, however, generous, accepted the foe's solemn promise to be for ever peaceful and obedient, and mitigated the hard terms at first imposed.

What a pity the Ligurians did not keep their word! *Fallaces Ligures* indeed they were! Just one year they waited, and, resuming their threatening attitude, were only prevented from a general rising by A. Postumius appearing with a considerable land and sea force before Albenga and Ventimiglia. Burning their granaries, cutting off their supplies, he left them only iron enough to cultivate their land.

The Romans advanced now steadily, and in 166 B.C.

reached as far as Cannes, where the Oxibii [1] sustained, after an obstinate resistance to Papilius Lenatus' army, a signal defeat, and were one of the earliest, if not the first subjected tribes in Provence. Q. Opimius, one of the most successful generals, made their submission more complete and secure, 155-154.

C. Hostilius Mancinus was less fortunate. Having in 137 received orders to betake himself into Spain through Liguria in order to operate first against the restive Oxibians, again bent on rebellion, he landed either at Monaco or Villafranca. He had scarcely set his foot on *terra firma* when a mysterious voice slowly uttered these warning words: *Mane, Mancine!* Not seeing any one near, he was so much terrified and unnerved that he was going to embark at once for Genoa, when a second warning revealed to him the disasters that would befall him and his fleet in Numantia, and would be for ever associated with his name. Just as he reached his skiff to start for his destination, notwithstanding the twofold warning, a huge serpent rose suddenly as if to warn or to remind him once more of his impending humiliation. Being, however, more afraid of his fellow creatures' opinion and judgment than of the warning of a mystic voice, he started for Numantia, where he was soon beaten and compelled to sign a humiliating treaty. This the Roman Senate refused to ratify, and went rather through the hypocritical ceremony of delivering Mancinus naked and chained into the hands of the enemy, who, however, like the Samnites on a similar occasion, declined to accept the offer.

Little happened, at least little is known of whatever may have happened within our narrow limits. The Romans had, perhaps, too much to do elsewhere to mind minor infringments on their sovereign rights. Only occasional and isolated outbreaks occurred, convulsive rather than premeditated, against the steady progress and firm attitude of Rome. Ventimiglia had become the capital of the Maritime Alps. Cæsar, on his way to Spain, took up his abode at Domizio's house. On his return he embarked

[1] See chap. xxv.

at Villafranca. His mission was accomplished, for, according to all writers, the whole of Liguria was incorporated with the Roman empire in 40 B.C. The task of Augustus was rather to conciliate than to conquer, to consolidate than to acquire new provinces, as is more exactly delineated in the monument of Turbia, erected by the Roman senate in honour of all the victories gained along the Ligurian coast, and the final submission of numerous tribes existing between and beyond the Alps from the Gulf of Lyons to the Adriatic.

After the long struggle for dominion on one side and for independence on the other, there came peace when, the conquerors being fully occupied at home or more toward the north and west, the Ligurians quietly enjoyed their rights as Roman citizens, and were governed by a prefect of the equestrian order.

'Liguribus Maritimus Prefectus ex ordine equestri missus.'[1]

The names of all the prefects of the Maritime Alps in their chronological order are: Caius Barbius Atticus, between 41 and 54 A.D.; Egnatius Calvinus, from 54 to 68; Marius Maturus, on and after 69; L. Valerius Proculus, about 130; C. Junius Flavianus, about 135; one prefect whose name cannot be read, nor the dates exactly stated.[2]

[1] Sigonio, *De Jure Italiano*, p. 225.
[2] *Annales, Nice*, vi. pp. 54-68.

CHAPTER II

MENTONE AS IT IS

To give an adequate description of the picturesque scenery around Mentone, and to do full justice to the place and its imposing neighbourhood, would require the graphic pen of the joint authors of *Pictures of Italy*. In fixing the railway station where they did, the engineers have succeeded in doing their duty to the company and, at the same time, rendering an essential service to the town by placing the lovely panorama within sight of all that come and go. Whether we arrive by train or trot swiftly down the numerous windings of the celebrated Cornice road, with lofty mountains on the left, steep precipices here and there, and the unrivalled Mediterranean Sea on the right; or drive leisurely along the new road by Villefranche, Beaulieu, and Monaco, which meets the former just below Roccabruna, the scenery is almost equally charming, but naturally far more grandiose on the loftier passage. Sites of historical interest; monuments of Roman and Mediæval origin; mementoes of usurpation and tyranny;—all lie in peaceful harmony side by side with rustic dwellings, dotted all over the soil; with gay country seats and villas rising out of gardens and groves; with numerous chapels for the pious; with villages and boroughs of an ancient aspect, often spoiled by modern improvements. The town itself, though French by annexation, has quite an Italian look. It has gradually changed and expanded, though in a very irregular and not exactly tasteful way.

I do not think it out of place to copy here what a great traveller saw and said about sixty-eight years ago,[1] though some of the lines I am going to quote ought to appear under different headings. I deem it better to give the whole text just as it runs:

[1] This was written before 1891.

'Soon after leaving "La Turbie" (March 22, 1823), we caught a view of the village of Monaco, which stands on a sort of cape that advances into the sea. At a distance it looks like a town built for children, and its pigmy white houses, peeping out from groves of olive, orange, and lemon trees, have a beautiful appearance. The climate becomes still milder as we advance, and the vegetation proves its warmth, being far more advanced than at Nice and infinitely more luxurious in its growth. The arbutus and carubia flourish here, and, mingled with the olive, orange, and lemon trees, clothe the very rocks with their verdure, which lift their heads through the rich foliage that surrounds them. Terraces surmounting terraces are by the industry of the peasants brought into cultivation; soil is conveyed to these terraces, which are formed on the ledges of rocks, and aided by the fertility of the clime, they yield an abundant harvest. At each step some new and attractive view fills the traveller with admiration, and begets the desire of fixing on some one of the various beautiful sites for a residence where "the world forgetting by the world forgot," existence might glide tranquilly and sweetly away. Numberless pretty fountains are erected on the road, and tasteful and well-constructed bridges span the ravines.

'We passed near to a village named Roque Brune, built in the midst of a pile of rocks, with which the houses are so mingled that they appear one mass, except where, as in many instances, the rocks are covered with flowering plants and aloes, which produce the most picturesque effect.

'We arrived at Mentone, delighted with our first day's journey, which, for beauty of scenery, is unrivalled. The abundance and luxurious growth of the trees, the genial warmth of the climate, the magnificent views and the blue Mediterranean, render the route of the Cornice the one that all who love nature must prefer. Near the entrance to Mentone stands the Château Monaco, which was nearly dilapidated in the revolution. The new road of the Cornice passes through the courtyard of this château, where, as our guide told us, the grand manège (riding-school) once stood, entirely doing away with its privacy.

'Mentone is a town of considerable extent; its quay is large, but has more the appearance of an esplanade than of a structure intended for the purposes to which it is devoted. The houses that occupy one side of it are composed of stone and are seven or eight storeys high. Above them rise others, built on the rocky eminence, which forms the centre of the town, and the cathedral, with two or three other churches, painted in rich and varied colours, crown the whole.' [1]

Formerly, even at the time of Lady Blessington's visit, Mentone began at the Rue du Castellar and ended at the angle of the Quai. Now it begins at the river Gorbio, spanned by the Pont de l'Union, and ends at the Pont St. Louis, with the property Naylor, now belonging to Dr. Hearn,[2] its eastern extremity, thus extending more than two miles and a half from west to east along the shore. They were and are still building in many directions and shapes without consulting either taste or local regulations. This was a mistake that could hardly be avoided in a new place springing suddenly into being. Moreover prejudice, private interests, and jealousy ran deep and obstinate, and these three ugly sisters make still occasionally a stubborn stand against municipal orders and plans. This is the chief cause why the 'Plan Régulateur' has never been enforced or, perhaps, never been even approved or, as some sceptical people say, does not exist at all. The destructive earthquake on February 23, 1887, has unfortunately not only inflicted heavy and serious losses on almost every proprietor, but will for some time paralyse and check private enterprise.

The Imperial Road, now called *Route Nationale*, passes right through Mentone. On driving in from Nice, and after having crossed *le Pont de l'Union* we enter *la Condamine*,[3] pass several villas, ancient and modern, the drilling ground, Place d'armes, several villas on each side, then cross the *Pont du Borrigo*. Lady Blessington visited the Riviera in 1823. On the 23rd of March of the same year she gives us her impressions in these few lines:

[1] *The Idler in Italy*, by the Countess of Blessington. Paris, 1839.
[2] Died 1904. [3] Appendix. See note B.

'Our inn here, the Hôtel Turin, although scrupulously clean, is in a state of primitive simplicity, worthy of the patriarchal times, but little in accordance with ours. An amusing proof of this was given when our courier asked for a tea-pot. Our good hostess looked confounded, and when he began to explain the kind of utensil he required, she stopped him by declaring, with an air of no little pride, that she knew well enough what he meant, for that the good Lady Bute had made her a present of one which all the English who stopped at the Hôtel de Turin had admired, but which, in an evil hour, had been broken by having been placed on the fire to boil water. "Ah, Signor, I was so proud of it, for there never was such a thing at Mentone before or since, but accidents will happen . . . "

'I slept here for the first time on a mattress filled with the straw of the Indian corn. They use no other in this simple place, and I reposed as well on it as on the most luxurious couch. The mattress consisted of a sack of clean, coarse material, open at one end, into which a sufficient quantity of straw is put to fill it, and fresh straw is put in for each new guest (?). How an English housemaid would wonder to see a fine lady content with such a bed! But they who travel on mules over mountains and moors must not be particular.'

What a change! Though many travellers slept on such mattresses up to 1862, Mentone has gradually overtaken, and in some cases outstripped, her older competitors.

On arriving either by rail or road we first notice, at the angle formed by our road and the *Avenue de la Gare*, the English church, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and most conveniently situated for the west end and the central part of the town. The construction of the edifice rapidly followed the first conception of the plan. Its completion and opening took place earlier than was anticipated. Very few churches and parsonages have been planned and achieved in so short a time. It is provided with an organ handsome in appearance and sweet in tone, and always in good hands.

The garden opposite, plainly laid out with a pretty

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

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JARDIN PUBLIQUE AND ANNUNCIATA

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restaurant, well managed, surrounded by trees, shrubs, and flowers is a great improvement. We cross now the suspension bridge,[1] a shaky construction, and being under constant repair, is a very costly and discreditable affair and a real disgrace to the French Board of Works. We feel, therefore, all the more bound to join in the general feeling of gratitude and praise to the municipality for their perseverance and success in the covering of the torrent, the construction of a new bridge connecting the Promenade Prolongée with the older one, for the laying out of gardens and walks, and the erection of the *Pavillon des Musiciens*. We enter now Avenue Victor Emanuel, changed to Felix Faure, which up to Rue Longue was formerly called *Carriera Recta* (1493).

About one hundred yards farther on, opposite a short street leading to the sea, whose towering waves in the spring of 1864 dashed up to the main road, is *la Place S. Roche*, and the chapel of the same name, a favourite and fashionable place of worship for the fair sex.

The street on our left is, or rather was, St. Benoît, now termed Partounneaux. Old familiar names have to give way to fanciful changes. It seems a mania just now in many French towns to replace Imperial and historical terms by Republican ones. But why disgrace old St. Benoît? Being the St. Swithin of England, and thus the mighty keeper of the rain bag, he ought rather to be honoured than degraded, coaxed rather than offended. Woe unto natives and visitors if he frowns on them on the 10th of December, as forty wet days and nights will surely follow. You are therefore requested to make a pilgrimage to his chapel on his festive day, and remember:

'St. Benoît's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain.'

or:

'St. Benoît's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.'

[1] Replaced by a substantial stone bridge, and the torrent of the Caréi, as far as the railway arch, being arched over now, forms a beautiful *jardin publique* with parterres of flowers. —Ed.

There are, however, several saints invested with power over sunshine and rain, for I remember having read in a French book :

'S'il pleut le jour de St. Médard
Il pleuvra quarante jours plus tard.'

We can hardly assume that all of the Riviera chapels of this name should owe their baptism to St. Benoît, who was born A.D. 628, and died either 690 or 705. He was Abbot of Canterbury, went five times to Rome, and on nearly all his pilgrimages stopped at St. Honoré Island, and most likely at Mentone as well.

Between the Hôtel de Venise and the Baths a road has been opened leading to the German Evangelical Church, a monument of German political unity. During the war, feelings ran sometimes away with common sense, calm reflection, and Christian love and charity. May political union and energy stimulate religious zeal and concord !

Beyond St. Benoît Chapel, which is private property, the road divides ; straight on, it leads over a handsome bridge to the further embankment of the Caréi torrent and to the Avenue de la Gare and the station ; on the right it leads up over the railway, and for a mile it offers to invalids a short but sheltered walk or drive, especially in the afternoon and on windy days.

On our return we leave the Post Office on our right. It is a new building, but I was told that there was something essentially defective and wanting when it was opened. It, along with all the neighbouring houses, greatly suffered on February 23, 1887. The authorities, however, were equal to the occasion, and business was most regularly carried on in barracks hastily erected.

The various openings effected recently and completed in autumn 1884 seem to indicate that the 'Plan Régulateur' is no longer a piece of waste paper, and that new promissory notes are issued on the Bank of Hope ! All this part, west and south, is comparatively new, having sprung up since 1860, when lemon and orange groves and numerous aqueducts had to make room for villas and houses, all useful, no doubt, but all more or less ungainly, without any real symmetry or

regard to the public interest. All this space, over to the Caréi and Borrigo torrents, was once frequently used as a camping-ground where troops of all nations were quartered after their long and tiring marches along the narrow rough roads, and where Mentonese hospitality and sympathy administered comfort in a substantial manner to friend and foe. It is quite a bright spot in the dark picture wrought by human passion and ambition, and quite a treat to listen nowadays to the grandsons and great-grandsons as they relate those truly Christian actions noted down in the family records.

On our return to St. Michael's Street, through Rue St. Honoré or under its fine arcades, we continue our walk eastward and reach Rue Gaviné, servilely named after the last imperious Imperial prefect. This short Gaviné Street, now more justly called *Rue Trenca*, after one of Mentone's worthies, leads to the Promenade du Midi on our right, and on our left up Mentone valley, or rather le Vallon du Fossan, formerly a dirty torrent, but covered in in 1862, and lately greatly improved. The new road to the new Slaughterhouse is preferable. On our onward course we leave on our right *La Place Nationale*, formerly called *Place de Napoléon III.*, whose miniature bust crowned a small column erected over a fountain, a bust now replaced by that of the République. Such is the human destiny and such is logically the fate of busts !

The large building facing the small square has been hired by the municipality, and appropriated for the housing of all the town services under one roof.[1]

The Museum is Mr. Bonfils' own creation, the work of his whole life ; the result of his untiring devotion to science and nature, a collection rich in variety and great in value. It shows what a relatively poor man in a humble station of life and with comparatively few leisure hours can accomplish by dint of unwavering perseverance. He has good reason to be proud of his success. No one helped him, and what he gets now is but little, and that little late. His pay, as the former head of the mariners, was small, and his pension

[1] Vacated for the new Hôtel de Ville in 1902.—Ed.

is accordingly and grammatically speaking in 'un degré d'infériorité absolue.' Yet he toiled and toils on still. When occupying a small room, his various objects stored everywhere, he could only move sideways and yet, among all this profusion, there was no confusion. Full of anxiety and care, he brightened up whenever he could show the children of his affection and explain their character. He and his are better housed now, and he is still multiplying his varieties and increasing his stock. He was one of the very first explorers of the Rochers Rouges grottoes. Another reaped the honours. The municipality has begun to do something. May this tardy and meagre acknowledgment soon increase in value, and may this self-made representative of science enjoy a long series of happy and more prosperous years![1]

On our way lies the Market-place,[2] a little further up, which is generally well supplied with provisions of every kind, and offers early in the morning an animated and curious scene, well worthy the painter's brush and the linguist's study, with the queerest medley of costumes for the former and the strange confusion of tongues and idioms for the latter. Near by is a large manor with an extensive garden, between the house and the Rue de la République, belonging to the Trenca family, whose last representative was the zealous servant of his legitimate prince, and at the same time the ardent friend of his native place, and who laboured hard for independence, freedom, progress, and a closer union with Sardinia. His opponents accused him of duplicity in his transactions, and of abusing the confidence and reliance of the Prince of Monaco to the advantage of the royal house of Savoy. His fellow citizens, however, judged his character differently, and as an expression of their appreciation of his merits had the following inscription placed over his doorway :—

[1] Retired 1906. His collection has been removed to the elegant building of the New Musée, at the head of the Place des Carmes, where also the Municipal Library is housed.—Ed.

[2] Deprived of much of its interest since the opening of the Market Hall, on the Promenade. The fish market remains in the old place, where in the early morning many strange and even repulsive-looking creatures may be seen.—Ed.

THE OLD MARKET, MENTONE

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A CARLO TRENCA
CAVALIERE COMMENDATORE DEI SANTI MAURIZIO E LAZZARO, PRESIDE AL GOVERNO, AGLI STUDI, ALLA MILIZIA NATIONALE DI MENTONE E ROCCABRUNA PER DOTTRINA, PER PATRIA CARITÀ, PER VIRTÙ PRECLARO; BENEMERITO CARISSIMO
I MEMORI CONCITTADINI
4 GIUGNO 1854.

From the little square called *Place du Cap*, a narrow lane leads to the Bastion.[1] Many houses in this district belonged, and partly do still belong, to old wealthy families. The fort itself is not very ancient, having been erected between 1616 and 1646, as will be gathered from my historical sketch (p. 110). The port was constructed out of a sum of two millions of francs granted by the late Imperial Government immediately after, and promised before, the vote of annexation, and as evil-disposed persons will have it, as a bait in the pending, and as a reward for the accomplished case, and to gild the chain that now links them to France. The late war against Germany delayed the work, and the spring gales of 1873, more violent than any before witnessed on this part of the coast, swept away part of the breakwater, too loosely constructed on a new and doubtful foundation. The money, amounting to four times the sum originally intended to be spent, was thus literally thrown into the sea, and might have been more profitably spent on other works. But this heavy outlay, hardly warranted by the insignificant coasting trade, may be excused, for the port adds animation to the place, attracts yacht owners, specially during the regatta week, received even the English ironclads during Queen Victoria's stay in Mentone, and enlivens the Eastern Bay. From the platform of the tower on the top of the wall of the breakwater a beautiful panorama extends from east to west. Bordighera, boldly stretching out into the sea, looks always bright and sunny. Nearer home is the promontory known as the Red Rocks, and just above, half hidden in an olive garden, is the village of Grimaldi. A little westward is the lofty span of Pont St. Louis, the frontier bridge, with its wild Alpine

[1] *Bastia*, bastile, bastille, castrum turris, propugnaculum.

gorge and Bellinda, a mountain easily accessible, and offering an extensive view, but from here it is thrown into the shade by the smaller but nearer peak *Giraude*, a forerunner or rather an outpost of *Bress* or *Berceau*. Then come in rapid succession, Mont Ours, St. Agnès, Baudon, and Aggel with their lower brethren, like pages and esquires in attendance on their haughty lords ; and then Turbia's antique, truncated tower, a graphic memorial of ancient history. There the chain slopes down and terminates in *Tête de Chien*, the formidable mastiff of the neighbourhood, watching over Monaco and its golden treasures and all the charms around.

Returning to the main artery of Mentone life, we first notice the fountain, surrounded by a motley crowd, each individual patiently awaiting her turn, chatting away an idle moment, *her* turn because they are all women, working their tongues as fast as their knitting-needles, and carrying their pitchers on their head. The erection of new fountains by the ' Compagnie des Eaux ' will deprive this corner of much of its originality, though this water coming down from a spring high up, the part known as Beausset, must be better than the Vesubia supply.

Wending our steps round the Quay,[1] the costly and useful work of warlike times, we behold the Eastern Bay in all its glory. But on windy days beware of old Boreas, whose icy blasts rule here at times in their wildest fury.

All along there is a line of workshops manufacturing articles of daily use and fancy work. These industrious artisans while away their few leisure moments by looking at or listening to a set of idlers, who live on the vain hope of getting a job or catching a fish once a week, instead of earning decent wages by more manly and regular occupations.

We now come to Christ Church, an unpretending building, constructed when Mentone as a health resort was in its infancy, and when a convenient rather than a handsome or showy place of worship was needed. At one time, in 1858

[1] The Quai Bonaparte was constructed by Napoleon. Before his time there was no road round the East Bay. All the traffic between Italy and Provence had to pass through the narrow Rue Longue and through its two gates.—Ed.

ROCHERS ROUGES AND GORGE OF ST. LOUIS: LOOKING EASTWARDS FROM VILLA LES GROTTES

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LES LOGETTES AND ENTRANCE TO RUE LONGUE

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or thereabout, Anglicans had only a room in a large manor situated in a narrow street leading out from Place du Cap, whose proprietor would now not even use it as his office.

The Reverend D. F. Morgan, B.D., the first chaplain, who died many years ago, shared with Dr. H. Bennet the honour of being the real founders of Mentone. Through the efforts of several influential regular visitors and proprietors the building has been greatly improved.

St. Anne, a chapel behind the Hôtel des Anglais, the first important modern hotel here, gives its name to the immediate neighbourhood, *Quartier Ste. Anne*. Just above it is the tunnel leading in a gentle curve through the rocks to the station. Further on we reach the Chapelle St. Jacques, renovated not long ago. The lane further east leads up to Mr. Charles Henfrey's villa, Chalet des Rosiers, occupied by her Majesty Queen Victoria in spring 1883, and to the Pian, a beautifully situated plateau, a fine olive grove, the only one within the town. Then we cross the torrent Garavan, as it is officially written, once forming the boundary between Italy and Monaco, and we step into Garavan, the most sheltered position of Mentone. The new chapel on our left bears the old Latin inscription, DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO. Its foundation-stone was laid in 1882, and its consecration by an Italian bishop gave rise to some unpleasant feelings, and even an interchange of diplomatic correspondence. It was officially closed by the French Government in July 1885 after the Bishop of Ventimiglia had held his confirmation there. It is strange that the originator of this chapel, when there are four within less than a mile, should have asked Queen Victoria to contribute to its funds, when the curé would not allow the church tower to be illuminated two days previous, in honour of the same Queen, because she was not a Roman Catholic! The Pope is evidently more liberal than his priests here, whose piety and devotion may be very great, but whose narrow-mindedness and ignorance of the world is still greater. I cannot help quoting what Dupatry says, 'Point de Mœurs, peu de religion, mais beaucoup de dévotion, c. à. d. d'hypocrisie.'[1] And Fodéré :

[1] *Lettres d'Italie*, lettre v., par Dupatry, 1785.

'Il faut à ce pays non pas des prêtres ignorants, mais des ecclésiastiques sages, éclairés et desintéressés, prêchant une bonne morale par l'exemple et par les paroles, et assez dotés pour pouvoir se passer de Madonnes.' [1]

From hence we might either follow the embankment towards the Red Rocks to the well-known grottoes and the Roman bridge, or the high road to La Cuse over the Pont St. Louis. But all these places lie beyond our present plan. We return to Rue Ste. Anne, and rounding the chapel that gives the name to the quarter, we notice, on our right, just at the beginning of the railway tunnel, Villa Helvétia, a home for delicate ladies not overburdened with money, and which deserves every support. Only a few yards further on is St. Vincent, another chapel, for a long time left in neglect, but now restored and placed under the mighty miraculous tutelage of *Notre Dame de Lourdes*, an old saint, beneath the wings of a doubtful modern apparition, in whose honour, however, all the candles which are thrown through the railings will be religiously burnt. Passing Villa les Grottes in the hall of which the Scotch congregation for a number of years has worshipped,[2] we observe, beyond the Hôtel Bellevue and Hôtel d'Italie, a large building. This is the hospital. The nursing of the patients is entrusted to the sisters of St. Vincent.

This locality has of late been considerably improved. The gateway leads to the narrow lane Rue Longue, formerly the only thoroughfare. This gate and a part of the wall still existing formed part of the old castle, constructed most likely on Roman foundations. It is still called 'Porta Julia,' a popular allusion to its primitive destination. A chapel, sometime turned into a shop of a kind, is one of the earliest sacred chambers of Mentone. The old wall, running up towards the cemetery and thence round to the churches, is but a small remnant of the former town wall and of the castle itself, which once crowned the hillock now consecrated as a burial-ground.

[1] Fodéré, vol. ii. p. 326.

[2] The Scotch Church in Rue de la République was opened in Jan. 1891 by the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.—Ed.

SCOTCH CHURCH, MENTONE

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GATE OF ST. JULIEN AT HEAD OF RUE LONGUE

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By a decree of January 18, 1487, the perception of import duties was, with the exception of the county of Ventimiglia, rigidly enforced, and a chain, Catena, barred the access. The duty was rather heavy but well defined. The county of Ventimiglia did not include the city, but only the land and mountains called Val de Lantosque.

Rue Longue, now well paved, has a very appropriate name, and leads down to the fountain already spoken of. The occupants of these houses, being accustomed to sitting on the threshold of their homes, working and talking with their neighbours whom they can never lose sight of, present an animated and busy appearance, especially when their men return from their campagne, as they call their rural property, their donkeys laden with varied burdens. Many of the houses in this part belong to three or even four different families, and are divided not only into flats but semi-flats and rooms, just as they divide the land, an acre into halves and terraces and semi-terraces according to the number of the children in a family; hence it often happens that a man really possesses only half a terrace with a single olive-tree on it. This minute subdivision of property makes the acquisition of larger plots of land for building purposes very difficult, complicated, and expensive, if not altogether impossible. There are plenty of proprietors here, it is true, but they live from hand to mouth, and cannot lay by anything for a bad season, though the influx of strangers gives occupation to many, and has considerably increased the value of labour. Let those who, in England, aim at a division of land, come out here and live among those small proprietors for one year and their eyes will soon be opened and their ideas changed!

Those who have never seen any real old Italian town will hardly believe that this street, though greatly improved and more easily accessible, was once the principal and, in fact, only artery between the two bays, between Provence and Italy, up to 1810, and at the same time the residence of the upper and wealthy classes, clustering thus around their ruler's manor, for the Quai and road from here to Ventimiglia were only opened or completed in 1828. Nearly all these

narrow lanes and passages bear still marks of their former importance.

In the main lane a few houses are still occupied by the descendants of old noble names. No. 123 bears the following inscription :

H

II

ANTIQVE ARCI BELLORVM INIVRIA DEVASTATÆ
IDONEO DEHINC TEMPORE RESTITVENDÆ
DOMVM HANC PRIVATI PRIVS
MODO PRINCIPVM AD VSVM SVFFECTAM
AMPLIAVIT EXORNAVIT
ANNO JUBILEI MDCL

The engraving of the castle of Mentone is from a sketch in the possession of Mr. Bonfils, the obliging director of the Museum. This sketch was taken in 1835. The last repairs I can trace took place in 1707. On March 22, 1823, Lady Blessington mentions it briefly thus : 'The ruins of the Château Capourana form a very picturesque feature in the view of Mentone. Placed on an eminence, it commands a prospect of the town, its environs, and the sea. It is so ancient that its construction has been attributed to the Romans. It has been purchased for a cemetery, and one part is appropriated to the remains of a number of persons, soldiers and others, who were killed during the revolution. This pile of bones lies exposed to the elements. . . .' The remainder of her remarks cannot be repeated ; they belong to the past, and besides, the cemetery is now in perfect order and beautifully arranged and maintained. The name Capourana, most likely badly pronounced and incorrectly caught, reminds me forcibly of Capodanne which we meet further on.

The Castle, built on the imposing ruins of the ancient one constructed by Jean II. from 1492 to 1505, on the site of a much older one, in fact on the stronghold of the Ventos, must have been very strong and even extensive, as its fortified walls seem to have reached as far as Castellare, and

[1] The two crowns of different forms are said to indicate that the father and son stayed in that house together.—Ed.

CASTLE OF MENTONE AS IN 1835

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CHURCH OF ST. MICHEL

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its gardens once to have been occupied by Pomelline as Château de Mentoni, May 14, 1493. Viridarium Castri et Pratum in loco dicto le Val de Carc. The houses destroyed by the storming of June 1, 1466, and joining those of the Trenca family, were given to Bertolo Laurenti. The walls, very much damaged by the Catalonians between Sadoch tower and domos Girbaudorum, were repaired in August 1457. According to an act drawn up on February 28, 1466, it was provisioned for six months, the gate strictly watched, taverns carefully inspected, and all gambling forbidden. On March 4, 1468, a few conspirators, in the service of the prince, and having his confidence, called for water for an invalid, and the postern being opened, they led in their confederates, in league with the Beuil branch, and sacked the castle and the place. The rebellion was soon quenched, and order and submission restored.

Among the maze of lanes seemingly running into an abyss on our left and up to the sky on our right, two are remarkable for their outlandish names. Ruc Mattoni is only a few steps lower down, and takes us within a few minutes into Capodanne, thence into Lampeduze. Without entering into several far-fetched and really absurd explanations, or rather speculations, I venture to assert that Capodanne comes from *Caput Annonæ* (in classical Latin, *Curatores annonæ*) turning into *Caput d'annon*, then *Caput d'Ann* and *Capodanne*, *i.e.* the head of the fruit, of the tithes, *i.e. Chef de dîme*, as it is called in a Charta Othonis Imperatoris, anno 973; Annastarius vel amastarius, *i.e.* the rent collector, the tithe master, having his residence most likely in this quarter. This Annona represented under the Roman Empire the direct imperial revenue, and the office was called 'Cura Annonæ,' and the very goddess that presided over the victualling of Rome was called Annona.[1]

Lampeduze is undoubtedly but a slight corruption of *Lampas ducis*, *Lampa ducis*, *Lampa duce*, *Lampaduze* —the duke's lamp or light-post, the *c*, *z*, and *s* interchange

[1] *Apud: Les Médaillons de l'Empire Romain*, par W. Froehner, Paris, 1879, pp. 14, 15, 89, 106, 159. That the Custom-house duties were carefully regulated and superintended is clearly proved by several acts, especially in one of February 28, 1466, and again on May 15, 1487, when

pretty easily ; vide, *Nive, Nize, Niza, Nizza.* This mode of explaining and deriving such names does not appear to be very far fetched. These changes and curtailings are frequent, especially in Italy. I beg leave to quote just one instance, St. Erasmus, a church that crowned, in the tenth century, the well-known hill where now St. Elmo stands. St. Erasmus gradually became San Erasmo, San Ermo, and finally San Elmo. This Lampeduze street, narrow and dark, underwent a similar change. It leads up to the late castle, and was surely lit up to facilitate the passage of the Count's generals, commanders, and household, who must have frequently used the boat and walked or ridden up and down the steep lane connected with the landing-place. The change of a consonant is a mere trifle, for in etymology vowels are worth but little, and consonants almost nothing. Such a thing happens in every language, and particularly in a dialect having no written rules. All the people, learned and unlearned, unconsciously followed the general variation, chiefly caused by migration, immigration, and invasion, three agents which have been repeatedly at work in and about Mentone, thus fully verifying Horne Tooke's clever words : ' Letters, like soldiers, being very apt to desert and drop off in a long march.' [1]

Admission is willingly given to any visitors who would like to have a peep down on the quay in order to convince themselves that they are really on a fifth floor, counting from the road below, while there may be still three floors above them. Most of the houses belong to several families, and they all bear such a great family likeness that we may as well leave the street at a flight of steps nearly opposite to No. 45, the ancient mansion of the St. Ambroise Galleani family, which bears the long, deeply incised inscription :

MISERICORDIA EIVS A PROGENIE IN PROGENIES
TIMENTIBVS DEVM ANNO DOMINI MDCIL

---

le droit de la chaîne, i.e. chain-bar, in Mentonese Catena, Cadena, was rigorously carried out, so that the streets leading to the castle were barred by a chain.

[1] Appendix. See Note C.

and mount to the parish church and its small platform, whence is obtained a splendid view over the eastern bay. The lofty spire of St. Michael's (both spire and church suffered a good deal from the earthquake on February 23, 1887) looks quite noble and graceful, especially when seen at a distance. It is well worth while to walk up to the belfry to enjoy an uninterrupted view all round. We must again quote Lady Blessington's diary of March 22, 1823: 'The view from the cathedral is magnificent both of land and sea; but I turned from the former, with all its rich and diversified hues, to behold the beautiful Mediterranean, blue as the heavens that canopy it, and dotted with white sails, which, in the distance, look like birds cleaving the air. We ascended to the topmost towers of the cathedral, our cicerone having, and with reason, vaunted the view it commands, but he did not inform us that this tower was the belfry and that the hour for tolling the enormous bell was fast approaching. We were descending the spiral staircase, delighted with the prospect we had beheld, when this terrible bell was put in motion. Never shall I forget its effect! The senses were stunned and the power of hearing seemed a malediction! The tower rocked to each movement of its heavy and noisy guest and vibrated to the deafening peals it sent forth; while we felt overpowered by the tremendous clamour and rendered giddy by the movement of the building of which each fresh peal made us acutely sensible, our cicerone seemed totally regardless of what occasioned us so much annoyance, and merely shrugged his shoulders when he perceived that we bore it less patiently than he did.' [1]

Without being able to give the exact date of its foundation, we may fairly assume that St. Michael's is a very old place of worship, founded on a primitive chapel early erected like many others on this coast. Its actual name occurs, for the first time, rather late in the historical records, and this happens on two solemn occasions, both of which occurred within a short time of each other; the first when Vento received the homage of the patricians of Mentone on his accession to government in 1311; [2] the second when, on his

[1] *The Idler in Italy.* [2] *Du Sanctuaire de N. D. de l'Annonciade*, p. 17.

brother's return from exile, the ceremony was repeated in 1346;[1] on the 12th of December 1444 there was a congress, under the auspices of a delegate of the pope (Eugene IV.) and one of the rulers of Monaco, to settle the differences between the republic of Genoa, and the King of Naples, when Jean promised to take the pope's side. On April 5, 1454, Jean Grimaldi left by his will . . . 'intra ecclesiam beati Michaelis de Mentono, etc., Florenos quinquaginta,' and many other gifts for various charitable purposes, and desired to be buried there side by side with his father and mother and brothers; and on January 4, 1457, Catalan Grimaldi leagued to . . . 'operi ecclesie sancti Michaelis de Mentono flor. xxv. prediti valoris, operi ecclesie Nostre Domine de Carnolesio Mentoni posite flor. xxv . . .; et Sancti Antoni de Mentono flor. x. . . .; seu capelle Sancti Juliani de Mentono flor. x,' and to the poor a certain quantity of wine, bread, and vegetables; and on October 30, 1487, Lambert Grimaldi wills to . . . 'dictis ecclesiis Menthone et Rochbrune florenos quinque,' etc., for the reparations of their churches and chapels. Jean Grimaldi had the Chapelle de l'Assomption added and wished to be buried there, as did Catalan.[2] It was enlarged, and Bishop Nicholas Spinola laid the foundation-stone in Honoré II.'s presence on May 27, 1619, but it was not finished till 1653. The following inscription is seen in this church, engraved on a marble slab in memory of John Grimaldi:[3]

M. CCCC L.
IIII DIE VIII MADII
MAGNIFICUS MILES ET POTENS DOMINUS
IOANNES DE GRIMALDIS, MONACHI ETC.
DOMINUS HODIE DIES SUOS CLAVSIT EXTREMOS
ANIMA CUIUS REQUIESCAT IN PACE AMEN.

which, I fancy, ought to be written M CCCC LIIII, the more usual style of putting it. St. Michael, the patron saint, greatly honoured in this part of the world, was perhaps the successor of Mars, who certainly was worshipped here.

[1] Métivier, vol. i. p. 109.
[2] *Documents historiques relatifs à la principauté de Monaco*, vol. i.
[3] Gioffredo, p. 1100.

Now this St. Michael looks more as if he were on the stage than over the main door of a sacred edifice. He, nevertheless, appears greatly pleased with his victory over Satan, on whom he is trampling. The mighty guardian is sufficiently supported by two fellow saints, St. Roch and St. Martin, both equally honoured in this neighbourhood. All keep a steady watchful eye over the hallowed entrance as if to prevent any infidel from passing the threshold. Beyond its being roomy, lofty, newly refitted, and lavishly decorated, it does not offer anything striking.[1] There is one object of historical interest which the verger will produce to polite and inquisitive visitors, and that is the mace with its massive silver cross. Moorish pirates, allies of Francis I., King of France, in one of their frequent incursions, made a sudden and daring attack under the lead of Hairaldin Barbarossa, a potter's son, and in 1545 sacked and burnt Mentone, Roccabruna, Nice, and other Ligurian towns. Honoré I., taking the cruel sufferings of his subjects to heart, and deeply grieved, resolved to make these pirates pay for their pillage. He therefore gladly joined in an expedition just then organising against the Turks under the auspices of John, Duke of Austria, and soon sailed for the East. They met the Turkish fleet at Lepanto, and after a sanguinary encounter, October 7, 1571, in which they fought hand to hand, brave Honoré slew his man, carried off the Mussulman's rich weapons, brought them back with the rest of the booty, and presented the Turkish lance to Mentone as a small token of the victory over their barbarian invaders. The transformation of the lance,[2] a weapon of war, into a mace, the

[1] In the chapel of the St. Ambroise family, on the right side of the nave, there is to be seen at the back of the altar the escutcheon of the St. Ambroise family, which the head of the family, Admiral St. Ambroise Galleani, with pride pointed out to me as the only symbol of nobility which the revolutionaries in 1793 spared in these parts.—Ed.

[2] In the Maison Galleani in the Rue Longue is another lance, captured at the battle of Lepanto. It is attached to the left wall of the vestibule. Beneath it a marble plaque tells its history:

Lanceam hanc
Bartholomoeus Preti Johannis filius
n. 1520+1594
A Naupacti proelio tulit
1571. —Ed.

sign of peace, may seem strange, but it is true nevertheless.

The Mentonese, a decidedly religious people, are good church-goers, and on Sundays and festivals every place of worship is literally crowded. This is especially the case on Christmas Eve, when a solemn mass is celebrated to usher in the birth of our Saviour, with fervent prayers, indifferent chanting, and grand ceremonials, so as to bring the momentous event home to the minds and hearts and eyes of all believers. As the ceremony proceeds natives flock in in larger numbers. There are more women than men; a good many small children; talkative girls; dirty and unruly roughs; steady and unsteady young fellows coming more for fun than devotion; a crying baby here and there; only a few persons sleep and still fewer are really disorderly. A spirit of general forbearance and good humour prevails. The censer is profuse, but garlic and its kindred smells are hardly neutralised. The beadle in his queer attire, more military than ecclesiastical, always stern, looks quite indignantly at a set of unwashed and uncombed urchins sitting on the chancel steps against the railing, they being evidently bent on mischief; he finds it difficult to command respect, as he has nothing of the Saracen cast about him, though he seems often inclined to use his Saracen relic in true Saracen fashion. There is generally little attention and still less devotion, and when, soon after 11.30, the lamb is brought in, the lamb announcing its arrival by a cry sounding more plaintive than natural, a cry caused by a gentle pinch of its tail, all eyes turn instinctively towards the primitive shepherd family which has the much envied privilege of providing the lamb for the solemn occasion, thereby ensuring the Church's benediction on their flocks in the mountains. Shepherds, we are told, first received the good tidings of our Redeemer's birth from angels, heaven's holy messengers; and so shepherds even now and here are first admitted to kiss that baby doll, meekly representing the Divine Infant. But we must not anticipate; the service is becoming more

solemn, the chanting more elevated and fervent; the silence more general; curiosity and expectation more intense. The decisive moment is drawing near, and whilst the anxiously expected midnight hour booms forth its deep, well-measured notes, the last sounds of the aged celebrant slowly die away; the shepherd bowing reverently, with his family and the lamb step within the chancel; the snow-white lamb is duly blessed; they all kiss piously the baby doll, Bambino, and then the priest advances, offering the baby to the crowd that eagerly press on to kiss most reverently the doll that represents the new-born Christ. The priest retires finally, sometimes not without difficulty, within the more sacred precincts, and during a few short prayers and chants, the congregation leaves the church, disperses in different directions, and by half-past one all is quiet in the streets.

The washing of the feet of twelve poor old men on Holy Thursday or Maunday Thursday, as it is done in Rome and the principal Roman Catholic cities on the Continent, takes place generally in the Church of the Conception. It is the well-known Oriental custom, according to which the master or his servants used to wash the feet of the guests as a sign of hospitality. But as Christ washed the feet of his disciples as a symbol of humility, it was soon, in the fourth century, I believe, adopted in the Early Church, when the priest or even the bishop washed the feet of his catechumens. Later on, twelve poor old men were selected as representatives of the apostles. Now the ceremony has lost all its real meaning and is a mere show.

From St. Michael's also starts the pompous procession on Good Friday. The Christ, having been removed from the altar, lies all Saturday in state in the middle of the nave—and all crucifixes being carefully covered or veiled,—pious Catholics reverence the supposed sacred body and kiss it, especially on that part where their own ailings spring from. Late on Good Friday, after a sermon and short funeral service, the above mentioned procession is formed in which priests, monks, sisters of mercy, confraternities of all colours and denominations, men, women, and children join, carrying

tapers that have constantly to be lit, and singing hymns they do not understand. It is strange that the former pagan confraternities and processions have hardly lost anything of their original and very peculiar character as now existing in the Roman Catholic Church, for ' les jours de ces fêtes sont ceux qu'avaient adoptés les anciens collèges, et l'on peut dire que, si ce n'est le Dieu adoré, rien n'a été changé depuis ; les confréries chrétiennes ont simplement pris la place des collèges.' [1] However that may be, it is a ceremony intimately connected with the Roman Church, and though we may not approve it, we must, or at least ought to, respect it.

The body is elaborately and even showily laid out on the bier, which is lighted up by about twenty lamps screwed on to it. A band plays a dead march or some other solemn airs, drummers beating their muffled drums. Formerly soldiers enlivened the ceremony inside the church. Formerly, too, all the officials followed, two by two, and thus gave the ceremony an official stamp. The municipality acted as bearers, or at least as pall-bearers, a real work of labour, since the procession moves up the narrow street just opposite St. Michael's, drops then into Rue Longue, passes through Rue Neuve, down Rue de la Caserne, up Rue St. Michael into La Place du Cap, where a kind of sarcophagus is erected and where the priest reads the prayers appointed for this special occasion. There, too, we meet a compact crowd, not many of them devout, seldom even attentive, but always good-natured and well behaved. Then the procession re-forms and returns up Rue Longue to its starting-point. Most of the windows are brightly illuminated, many houses variously, a few gorgeously draped along the streets through which the procession passes, the whole effect being more imposing and strange than religious.

Whilst our Saviour is supposed to be resting in the grave the bells are doomed to silence, and noisy, boisterous youngsters take it upon themselves, or by custom or clerical injunction, to call the people to the usual services by violently turning their big clumsy rattles at a tremendous pace, or

[1] *Annales, Nice*, etc., vol. viii. p. 115.

by shaking huge boxes filled with pebbles, nails, and bits of iron at such a rate that even strong nerves cannot endure the unearthly and unholy vacarme. Rattles are used in many Roman Catholic countries on a like day, but then they are small and elegant and turned in a more gentle way. Here it is downright coarseness. Nowhere have I seen such vile doings or heard such a vulgar uproar. They call it grinding the bones of Judas. It is to be hoped that for the honour of Mentone, for the solemnity of the season, and for the sake of common propriety this antiquated, ridiculous, and disgraceful practice will soon be modified, if not altogether forbidden.

Just opposite St. Michael's is an old gateway now disfigured by a so-called restoration. It is the entrance to the street that led formerly to the castle, and now to the cemetery. But at present people usually take the new road round the 'Conception,' a church a few steps higher up belonging to the White Friars (*Les Pénitents Blancs*), desecrated during the great French revolution like many other sacred buildings of the time. The *Place* bearing the same name has undergone many improvements. The former college, now housing the elementary schools, is a comparatively new institution. On walking up to Campo Santo, Mentone appears more in its primitive garb; dark, short courts, narrow lanes, circuitous passages, weather-beaten houses, time-honoured ruins, most of them occupied by large families who leave early in the morning and come home late in the evening, with their beasts of burden laden with all sorts of things to provide for the few wants of their daily life.

Funerals accompanied by the black or white brotherhoods, sometimes by both, all bearing candles, look always very striking and impressive, but often obstruct the road. The first final resting-place met with is the old Protestant burial-ground (now closed), containing only a few graves; one seen in a narrow strip wedging out eastward over the archway below, is quite lonely and isolated. Was he friendless or of a solitary disposition in life? [1]

[1] This is the grave of the first Protestant buried in Mentone, Gustavus Adolphus Fahrener, lieutenant of infantry, of Copenhagen, died December 26, 1851; indeed, only with difficulty was permission to bury him obtained.—Ed.

The Roman Catholic Campo Santo, formerly the castle, is now changed into a pleasant resting-place, where sweet flowers perfume the air and charm the eye in every direction, where family tombs and little chapels are neatly kept ' in memoriam ' of departed friends.

The new edifice for the community of the orthodox Greek faith outshines all by its graceful style and colouring.

The new Protestant cemetery just below is perhaps the prettiest of all. The mortuary chapel [1] was erected by voluntary subscriptions collected by a Captain Egan, who now rests nearer home. The great variety and generally good taste in the tombstones and monuments ; the paths, the cypresses, and flowers ; the most perfect harmony and order ;—all enhance the beauty of this hallowed spot. The graves are assigned for a certain number of years or for perpetuity ; and a few already contain two dear members of the same family. There is no doubt that our friends sleep here on the sunniest and one of the brightest resting-places in the world, and whether we look on the sea when calm, as few lives are ; or when boisterous and stormy, as most lives must be ; or on the solid mountains undulating around Mentone, symbols of our faith in the ' Rock of Ages,' a faith so often undulating, wavering, and barren, we cannot help feeling that ' rest we must somewhere, why not rest here ? ' And many rest here already ; dear relations, old friends, new acquaintances, passing companions, the tenderest ties cut asunder, loving and beloved hearts separated, and all far from home ; but for a short time only, in hope of a better home !

Ere we leave this ground of peace and concord, where thousands of members of every religious community sleep in perfect harmony, we cast a parting glance at the marvellous scenery spread around us, and then walk down a way cut into the rock, noticing on our left the remains of the castle wall, and on our right several small cottages where old

[1] This has been demolished now, and replaced by a more commodious chapel in the cemetery which has been formed higher up on the hill-side. One of the most interesting tombs is that of John Richard Green, historian of the English people, died 7th March 1883, which bears the significant epitaph, He died learning, an epitaph chosen by himself.—Ed.

GATE OF THE CASTLE OF JEAN II., ON THE TOP OF WHICH IS THE FIRST PROTESTANT GRAVE IN MENTONE

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RUSSIAN CHAPEL IN THE CEMETERY

Page 38.

women are busily engaged in weaving, an old but almost obsolete proceeding in our day, when everything is done by steam.

After having safely passed through a steep and slippery lane, we cross the new road that leads to Castellare and pay a visit to St. John the Baptist, the Church of the Black Friars (*Pénitents Noirs*), also called the Convent. Honoré II. and his consort were present when Bishop Nicholas Spinola, already mentioned, consecrated the building on August 27, 1617. The Capuchins, who occupied a number of places during that century, held it until 1793, when, on the passage of the first revolutionary army, the church was transformed into a salt store. On being restored, it was very damp, and had to be panelled. It contains a rather tragical picture representing the blood-stained head of its patron saint. The cloisters served, until quite recently, as barracks for a company of soldiers.[1]

There are now four roads open to us, viz.—Rue de la Caserne leading down into the main artery; Rue de la République to the post office and the station; Route du Castellar, which we shall notice on our excursions, and Rue Neuve,[2] much improved and well paved, with large mansions belonging to some of the old local families. But having nothing to do with individuals, we only note down an inscription bearing testimony to the eminent services of a brave soldier spoken of thus:

Au Général Bréa
Né à Menton le 23 Avril 1790
Mort à Paris le 24 Juin 1848
Pour la défense de l'ordre
et de la Patrie.

Part décret du grand conseil des
Villes libres de Menton et de Roccabrune
du 25 Septembre 1848

Unless General Bréa was a Frenchman this inscription forestalls the inclination of the inhabitants towards France,

[1] They are now used as a commercial school for boys, the soldiers having removed to the new barracks, out to the west, near Cap Martin.—Ed.
[2] Now Bréa.—Ed.

and foreshadows the ultimate vote for annexation. A few yards further on we read and copy again :

Pius VII P. M.
Lutetia Romam Redux Hinc
Coelestem Populo Supplici Undique
Coacto Benedictionem Impertibat
Die XI Mensis Februarii
An. Dom. MDCCCX

Thus the same people, and most likely many of the same individuals, cheered and implored the blessing of a man against whose priestly power they clamoured not many years before.

Almost next door, No. 3, is another memorable house where Napoleon I. used to stay on his journeys to and from Italy. Recognising the exceptional position of Mentone, he was most anxious to unite it with France and Italy by a road, and decreed the construction of the present quay as particularly useful and urgent, and thought even of a port. This latter idea, however, circumstances deferred to his nephew, Napoleon III., and the third republic. The proprietor of the house, a very modest second *étage*, is very willing to admit visitors to look over the place where the greatest military genius of that momentous epoch passed a few days, not for rest, perhaps, but for directing, altering, and recasting his vast operations.

On descending into the main street, we cross the Place Nationale and drop into the Promenade du Midi, begun in 1861, steadily carried on to the river Gorbio, and finally, perhaps, to be continued to and round Cap Martin. May this pious wish be soon realised![1] But compared with what it was in 1860, this drive, as it is, is decidedly a long step forwards. The good fishermen's pretended rights have been wisely curtailed, and do not now much interfere with the convenience of visitors in their walks and drives. The new gardens with their flowers, shrubs and trees ; with the Pavillon des Musiciens, and the bridge connecting the two esplanades, we have already noted down (p. 19) as signs of a certain amount of good-will and a decisive step into a better

[1] This pious wish has now been realised.—ED.

era. All along this Promenade let the shrubs be resolutely protected and all the shore kept clean, strictly clean, and all dirty intruders and beggars be unhesitatingly removed or ordered off, and thousands of visitors will flock to Mentone and admire and enjoy her walks and drives and excursions!

Before we conclude our walk through the town we feel constrained to point out the great and unquestionable progress Mentone has made since 1860, in the completion of the esplanades east and west; the Boulevard from Pont St. Louis to the cemetery; the carriage drive to Castellare; the widening of the Rue Partounneaux, and the erection of the new post office; the formation of a very creditable band; the laying out of handsome gardens; the opening of the Rue de la République; the slaughter-house in Mentone valley, Val de Fossan, far away from the town; the construction of the new college in an out-of-the-way place, it is true, and the improvements of other educational establishments; the new waterworks,[1] supplying, however, not spring, but river water, coming from the Vesubia; many smaller enterprises already executed, or in course of execution; new drives already opened or officially approved;—they one and all prove that Mentone has gained a great deal, and that the administration, which unfortunately cannot please everybody and satisfy every expectation, is fully alive to its duty, and though often lacking two essential elements, union and support, has inscribed on its banner: STEADILY ONWARD! There is, therefore, hope that good measures will be prepared and carried out, imperfect ones amended, bad ones given up, so that there will be no further loss of either time or money![2]

[1] This question of a sufficient water-supply is of old standing and dates from 1793, when Gregory, one of the deputies of the newly annexed Maritime Alps, read his report to the 'Convention Nationale.'

[2] Since this was written a great deal has been done to improve Mentone, *e.g.* the arching over of the torrent of the Caréi and the formation of the *jardin publique* on the top, the continuation of the Promenade du Midi all the way from the stream of the St. Louis, which forms the frontier, to the Bay of Cap Martin. The narrow portion of the road at the Quai Bonaparte has been greatly widened by the construction of a series of arches, built on ground which has been reclaimed from the sea. An electric tram now runs all the way to Monte Carlo and Nice. Another is in construction over the mountain to Sospel. A wide street has been run up from Avenue Felix Faure through the Condamine to the railway station.—ED.

Customs and Dialects

The Mentonese vernacular is very peculiar and characteristic, confined to the town, and vastly different from that of all surrounding places. It is sonorous, though somewhat hard and even guttural. It is not Italian, still less French. It contains many traces of Arabic, Greek, Spanish, and Celtic, elements all strangely amalgamated, strangely disfigured and distorted, and from not having any written rules, it is very fluctuating, difficult to acquire, and easily influenced by contact with foreign elements. That the Phœnician traders must have had frequent communications with the whole of western Liguria, cannot be denied. That they imported, to a certain degree, their religious, social, and political ideas, their special tastes and dispositions and some of their words intimately connected with their extensive commercial pursuits may be granted. But the incessant commotions during so many centuries ; the long occupation by the Saracens ; the wars of the Middle Ages and consequently a continual interchange of dialects ; the Spanish protectorate, the reiterated presence of the French ; the first and second annexation to France, and the previous influence of Piedmont in administrative and commercial affairs, have naturally effaced, or, at least, considerably altered early forms and inflections, and logically stamped their presence especially on those classes with whom they came most frequently into contact. In spite of all these incessant abradings, it has scarcely suffered in its close relationship to the Provençal, or, more correctly speaking, to the Roman language (so scientifically treated by F. Diez in his etymology), and the Mentonese dialect is, or rather was, nothing else but the Latin itself, as naturally and normally developed by the people in the course of time. It is, of course, not the Latin of the classic authors ; it is the Latin of the Roman people at large as they changed, curtailed, and mutilated it in various ways, and ingrafted it often upon the various languages they met with. ' C'est dans le latin populaire qu'il faut chercher la source des

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DRAWING IN THE NET

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langues romaines. Mais est-il juste de les appeler langues filles et de donner le nom de langue mère à ce latin rustique que parlaient dès le temps de la conquête romaine les colons et les soldats ? ' [1]

' Les échantillons du bas-latin qui nous sont parvenus des premiers temps barbares, semblent montrer que l'état de la latinité où l'on ne connaît plus que le nominatif et le complément fut universel dans tout le domaine romain. Mais d'une part il s'incorpora dans le Provençal et le français, d'autre part il s'effaça dans l'espagnol et l'italien, qui continuèrent d'une manière latente leur marche vers l'abolition des cas. Cette distinction se révéla au onzième siècle quand on commença d'écrire, le groupe hispano-italique usait d'un idiome pleinement moderne, le groupe franco-provençal d'un idiome intermédiaire. Les langues romaines sont sœurs et non pas mères ou filles ; le travail qui les a produites fut simultané sur toute la face de la terre romaine.' [2]

' Au VIIème siècle le latin vulgaire avait subit une telle décomposition qu'il put être considéré comme un nouvel idiome, entièrement distinct de l'ancienne langue latine, à laquelle il devait son origine. La nouvelle langue fut appelée romane, parce qu'elle était l'idiome propre des vaincus, à qui l'on donnait le nom de Romains par opposition aux conquérants issus de la noble race des Francs.' [3]

Though, as Felix Atzler says, ' Die vornehmste und eigentliche Quelle des Romanischen ist die lateinische Vulgarsprache.' [4] There are, nevertheless, many German elements in several languages, and Gaston Paris says : ' La masse des éléments germaniques, en prenant toutes les langues romanes, est considérable. . . . La langue la plus riche sous ce rapport est incontestablement la langue française. . . . Après le français c'est l'italien qui est le plus riche.' [5]

[1] *Introduction à la Grammaire des langues Romaines*, par G. Paris, Pref. ix.
[2] Littré, *Histoire de la langue française*, vol. i. p. xxxi. et vol. ii. p. 98.
[3] De Chevallet, *Origine et formation de la langue française*, vol. i. p. 27.
[4] *Die germanischen Elemente in der französischen Sprache*, p. xiii.
[5] Introduction, etc., p. 80.

Having already strayed far beyond my beat, I only quote a few of these words :

German.	Provençal.	French.	Italien.	English.
Bürger	Burgés	bourgeois	borghese	burgher
Balken	balkoun	balcon	balcone	balcony
Frau	frema	femme	femmina	female
Garbe	garbo, gerba	gerbe	erba	herb
Garten	jardis, jardin	jardin	giardino	garden
Harnisch	arnes	harnais	arnese	harness
Kater	kat, cat	chat	gatto	cat.

I must needs stop, though I feel greatly tempted to carry the quotations a little further. But such is the origin and composition of the tongue spoken here and in varying shades all along the coast and on the slopes of the Maritime Alps, and considering all the other influences, we easily understand why it should sound somewhat harsh, for dialects are necessarily harsh and stronger in their sounds and less polished in their terms than the acknowledged tongue. Speaking one's language well is invariably a sign of education, refinement, and good breeding. It is, therefore, surprising that nearly all natives of Nice and Mentone, high and low, express themselves in their vernacular, and often use terms they would never employ without a blush in talking French, and there is some truth in the saying, 'Une dame qui parle patois c'est un diamant monté en cuivre.' But this will only disappear when there shall be a thoroughly French spirit, French priests conversing and preaching in French, and French teachers instructing in French, and when pupils shall be compelled to answer and converse in French, and when teachers and priests shall have disappeared who are not able either to speak or write well even after a thirty years' annexation ! Even whole companies of soldiers, whom I have frequently met in the Alps during their summer manœuvres, never talk French, but patois, and French officers themselves have told me that it is severely forbidden, but done nevertheless.

'Parmi les causes qui prolongent, dans une contrée l'enfance de la raison et la vieillesse des préjugés, on peut compter la disparité et la rusticité des idiomes.' [1]

[1] Grégoire, *Rapport à la Convention*, 1 *Juillet* 1793.

And to terminate these remarks with a very clever and concise Italian quotation :

' La parola è la prima istoria delle nazioni, perciò i parlari plebei sono, oserli dire, gli archivi, la più ricca miniera dei documenti d'un populo.' [1]

There is no doubt that a linguist would find here an extensive area for his philosophical or rather philological studies, and might, by looking over old records, charters, and parchments, furnish a series of practical and valuable contributions both to the historian and the etymologist. Moving on, *terra incognita*, I only venture to give what is already known, viz., a passage out of the Gospel of St. Luke in the five languages that bear a certain family likeness. The Mentonese has been kindly prepared by Mr. Charles Trenca, well versed in this local patois. Mr. V. Lieutaud, once head of the Marseilles library, has favoured me with the Provençal copied from one of the oldest versions of the New Testament. To both gentlemen I feel most grateful, and I hereby tender them my very best thanks.

The Mentonese are an eminently religious people, fond of Oriental ceremonies like their brethren in central and southern Italy ; showy and gay in their annual gatherings. Their different festivals are intimately connected with, or rather result from, their numerous saints' days. They combine piety, however, with a certain amount of good taste, enhance their devotion by pretty dresses, a natural and universal weakness of the fair sex, particularly on high days and holidays ; and in their frequent processions, priests and people, friars and fraternities, worshippers and sight-seers, muster in great force. Though faithfully attached to their own church, they are, if not from force of conviction, at least for the sake of their own interests, tolerant towards others, and conversions from either camp are rare and pass off quietly. Their priests very seldom abuse the pulpit, but carefully avoid all that might hurt the feelings of those professing other creeds ; and on several occasions, when I needed their services for

[1] E. Celesia, *Dell' antichissimo idioma dei Liguri.*

LATIN.

Evangelium secundum Lucam.

Caput xiv. 16-21.

16. At Jesu dixit ei: Homo quidam fecit coenam magnam et vocavit multos.

17. Et misit servum suum hora coenae dicere iuvitatis ut venirent, quia jam parata sunt omnia.

18. Et coeperunt simul omnes excusare. Primus dixit ei villam emi et uecesse habeo exire et videre illam, rogo te habe me excusatum.

19. Et alter dixit, juga boum emi quinque et eo probare illa, rogo te habe me excusatum.

20. Et alius dixit: uxorem duxi et ideo non possum venire.

21. Et reversus servus nuuciavit haec domino suo. Tunc iratus paterfamilias dixit servo suo, exi cito in plateas et vicos civitatis et pauperes ac debiles et caecos introduc huc.

FRENCH.

L'evangile selon St. Luc.

Chapitre xiv. 16-21.

16. Mais Jésus lui dit: Un homme fit un grand souper et il y couvia beaucoup de gens.

17. Et à l'hcure du souper il envoya son serviteur dire aux conviés, Venez car tout est prêt.

18. Mais ils se mirent tous comme de concert à s'excuser. Le premier dit, J'ai acheté une terre, et il me faut nécessairement partir pour aller la voir, Je te prie de m'excuser.

19. Un autre dit, J'ai acheté cinq couples de bœufs, et je m'eu vais les éprouver je te prie de m'excuser.

20. Un autre dit, J'ai épousé une femme, ainsi je n'y puis aller.

21. Le serviteur étant donc de retour rapporta cela à son maître. Alors le père de famille en colère dit à son serviteur Va-t'en promptement par les places et par les rues de la ville et amène ici les pauvres, les impotents, les boiteux et les aveugles.

ITALIAN.

Vangelo di San Luca.

Capo xiv. 16-21.

16. E Gesù gli disse, un uomo fece una gran cena et invitò molti.

17. E all' ora della cena mandò il suo servitore a dire agli invitati. Venite perciochè ogni cosa è già apparecchiata.

18. Ma in quel medesimo puuto tutti comminciarono a scusarsi. Il primo gli disse, Io ho comprato una possessione e di necessità mi conviene andar fuori a vederla, io ti prego abbimi per iscusato.

19. E un altro disse, Io ho comprato cinque paia di buoi e vo a provarli. Io ti prego abbimi per iscusato.

20. E un altro disse, Io ho sposata moglie e perciò non posso venire.

21. E quel servitore venne, e rapportò questo cose al suo signore. Allora il padron di casa adiratosi, al suo servitore. Vattene prestamente per lc piazze e per le strade della città, e mena qua i mendici e i monchi e gli zoppi ed i ciechi.

MENTONESE.

Vangelo di San Lou.

Capo xiv. 16-21.

16. E Gesù di un ome ania fa un gran supà e i ania cnvià grande gent.

17. E a r'oura d'ou supà ania mandà ou seu servitore per dè a ru envià Vene, persoc tout ez prount.

18. Ma ella anian coumensà toute unanimamente a se scusà. Ou primou ri di, mi hai cattà una eredità e me cur necessariamente parti per anura. Ve me te pregou de me scusà.

19. Uu autre di, Mi hai cattà cinq coubie de buow, e m'en vagou a ru prouvà. Mi te pregou de me scusà.

20. E un autre di, Mi hai spousà una fiema, e ez peracò che noun ri pieschouaua.

21. D'esta maniera rou servitor se nez retournà e ha rappourtà acheste cause a soun mestre. Alloura rou paire de famílla tout en collera di a rou seu servitou. Va te nen vitore intre re piasse et ne re carriere de la villa e mena achi ru paure rou stroupia.

PROVENÇAL.

Evangeli de San Lu.

Capu xiv. 16-21.

16. Et Gesu di digué. Un ome faguć uno gran riboto e li invité fouasso moundé.

17. E mande soun varlet, à l'ouro deu repas per dire ei counvida de veni que tout ero lest.

18. Eme aio tutti acoumeseron de sescusa. Lou proumié digué, Ai croumpa uno bastido e mi fau parti per l'ana veirca Ti n'en pregué fai mi escuso.

19. L'autro digné. Ai croumpa cinq coubla de buoa e lei van assaya, ti n'en pregé mi escuso.

20. Un autro digué. Mi sien marida, e alors mi li pouede pas render.

21. Mai lou domestico s'entournant fagué assaupre tout ci-co a soun mestre. Alors emmalicia lou paire de familia digué a soun varlet. Souerte leu. Va per lei plasso e lei carriero de la cieutat et fai intra lei paure le malau le borni e lei joi.

friends or acquaintances, I found them most obliging. Their flocks are not quite free from superstition, found everywhere, I fear, and even more ridiculous than here. Out of the forms of lead, when melted on a charcoal fire and in a brand-new pan, and during the mysterious hours of spectres on twelfth night, some old women will, operating on a distant crossway, reveal your future for a trifle. Other people go soon after midnight, or just before sunrise to the seashore in order to find a grain or two of St. John's silvery hair in the ashes of numerous large bonfires, which were lit in his honour on the eve of his festival. They have their lucky days on which an undertaking may be safely started, and their unlucky ones, and woe unto him who ventures on a journey, or an enterprise, or on matrimony on such an evil day! From his journey he will return a cripple, or perhaps not at all, his enterprise must end in utter ruin, his married life will be misery, his children an ill-shaped set. They have their haunted places, their apparitions, their evil eyes, their fortune-tellers, their soothsayers, their visions, and their dreams, their woe-begetting moons, their churchyard ghosts, etc. And so have we, and so has every nation. The curious incident I am going to relate may have its equal somewhere. One day I went to Roccabruna for the purpose of sounding the castle well. Beyond the chapel dedicated 'A notre Dame de la Neige,' not very far from my destination, I found that I had forgotten the most essential part, viz., my string and lead. As, however, the former might be borrowed and the latter replaced by a pebble, I went on. Partly angry, partly amused at my foolish errand, I arrived at the entrance of the venerable building, and, to my great delight, I saw a man unloading his donkey and displaying half a dozen cords, the shortest of which would have done for me. After a random conversation with the individual, I finally told him the object of my mission and of my foolish forgetfulness, and having laughed a good deal at myself so as to enlist his sympathies on my behalf, I picked up one of the cords and asked him to be good enough to lend it to me for a moment that I might accomplish the measurement. To my great surprise he

came out with a string of excuses as long as all his cords together, if not even longer, such as : The cord might be too short, or I might drop it, or it would get so wet that it could not be used again for a day or two, or that he had to lock them up at once as he was in a great hurry to return to his field, etc. etc. I endeavoured to meet all these objections one by one. It was useless. I requested him to come with me. He would not and could not. Then I offered the usually successful tempter, a franc staring right in his face. He cast a sly glance at it, and my hope revived, but his resolve could not be shaken, and with sulky *Non vuol* as determined as the sulkiest child's ' I won't,' he hurriedly picked up his cords, moved with all his goods and chattels into a hovel, shut the door behind him, and left me to muse and meditate over my signal defeat. On my way home, musing and grumbling, and I fear more angry with the poor ignorant peasant than with myself, I met a native, a slight acquaintance of mine, and told him my mishap. ' Well,' quoth he, ' I am but little surprised. Many of our poor labourers who spend nearly all their time in the fields and woods far away from any village, leaving early in the morning and returning late in the evening, talking little and pondering much on what they have seen or heard, finally firmly believe in many an absurd story and store it up, striking deep roots into their hearts and minds. That poor fellow who would not lend you a cord was told that the well was bewitched, and he believed it and believes it still, and many others do the same I am ashamed to say, though otherwise they are very affable and obliging.'

The standard of morality is comparatively high, yet not so high as it was, it is true. The rapid increase of population and the large influx of strangers have, naturally, favoured and multiplied temptation of every kind.

People here are attentive without much demonstration, and any one accustomed to a studied social and grammatical politeness may consider them less polished than they actually are, because every patois is rude in its forms ; most of them are honest in their dealings, agreeable in their demeanour, jealous of the influence of strangers, and therefore exclusive

and reserved, tolerably sound in their judgment, wanting in energy, sober in their habits, boisterous in their social gatherings, fond of songs and dances, attached to their few rural pleasures, their homes, and their native place, brave as soldiers and sailors.

The Ligurians altogether are a handsome race, the men strong, the women pretty. The Saracens, appreciating both qualities, often carried them away, the former for work, the latter for gracing their harems. Black hair and dark sparkling eyes, the almost genuine type of southern Italy, are predominant. I have, however, seen a few fair boys and girls. The dress of women, old and young, is light, plain, and suitable to their mild climate and their occupations, though fashion creeps in very fast. A flower jauntily stuck behind the ear or in the hat, the real mountain hat, now less in vogue, completes their toilette. A great many girls go bareheaded in spite of the great heat, and yet sunstrokes are hardly ever heard of.

Stockings and shoes are frequently conspicuous by their absence. Costumes have naturally changed, or rather varied a great deal here where invasions occurred so often. Sometimes they may have been imported, sometimes freely adapted by the natives because it suited their fancy. But records are very scanty from which to form any precise idea. Many years ago, on March 22, 1823, Lady Blessington made the following remarks: 'At Mentone the costume of the women is pretty and becoming. The young wear their hair simply braided, with bunches of natural flowers placed over one of the ears; the children's heads are arranged in the same manner, and they look like those in a picture of Watteau. The women of a more advanced age wear handkerchiefs of the brightest colours twisted round their heads, like turbans, or nets of a dark hue.'

As for their customs and costumes in past centuries we can only judge from isolated descriptions, which seldom refer to small places in particular, but to a county or its capital in general. Thus I gather from various sources that from 1100 to 1300, noblemen and burghers wore a small hat of black velvet, their long hair

floating, a long beard, a shirt with open front, and a large cloak in winter ; working-men and peasants wore a cap and a kind of Roman toga with a cowl. Ladies wore a gown reaching down to the heels, a tunic over it down to the knees, their hair curled or in ringlets, and a large veil ; whilst the women of the lower classes wore a mantilla without sleeves ; their hair rolled up over their forehead, a hat with a ridiculously large brim, and in the absence of a veil, a distinctive mark of divers colours.

Though there is a very pronounced infusion of the *dolce far niente* in both sexes, the lower classes do a fair amount of work ; the men in the fields, chiefly owned by themselves, *la chère campagne*, or on the sea as fishermen and sailors. Victor Hugo's *The Toilers of the Sea*, and Holy Writ's words : ' Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing,' singularly apply to their hard and often thankless task. The women in their usual branches of labour, carry on their head everything portable, in a bundle or in a basket, even baskets of lemons [containing as many as 350, and weighing from 80 to 100 ℔]. Bearing the heaviest burdens, they walk with erect figure for miles along the rough paths uphill and down.[1] What with scanty food, the great heat, and incessant work, their constitutions become gradually undermined, their complexions tanned and shrivelled, and they look old in the very prime of life. There is plenty of lighter work, such as gathering olives, picking, wiping, sorting, and packing lemons ; but though wages have considerably risen, proprietors and merchants find it often difficult to get a sufficient number of hands.

The fishermen are always busy with their boats and nets. The latter are immensely large, and the meshes being very fine they retain the smallest fry. They are taken out a considerable distance, sometimes a mile, brought round, and then pulled in by men, women, and children, who often find scarcely anything to repay them for their time and labour. Yet as they ply their trade all the year round, in summer

[1] We have seen a woman with a large flat basket on her head ascend one of the steep goat-paths at the head of the Carei valley. On arriving at the high road, she let down her basket and took out from the linen which filled it a smiling baby.—Ed.

A PEASANT MOTHER

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REDEEMING THE TIME

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generally during the night, they earn a fair amount of wages, and are, as a rule, a well-to-do class, for fish is really never cheap in Mentone, though in winter there is a large supply coming from the Channel and the Italian lakes. It is a perfect picture to see them pull ashore their thousand yards of cord. The progress is slow, for their net is far out and sometimes very heavy. Look how the men lasso the stout rope with a short one going round their back, and having a lump of cork at the end, and then pull, bringing all their muscles into play ! Their garments being of the plainest kind, their wiry frame is seen in full activity, worthy of the pencil and the block. On festive days the tall red cap of Phrygian shape forms a characteristic and essential addition to their light blue attire and scarlet sash. Sometimes, at night, they fish close along the coast ; their boats, lit up by a large pan filled with tar, move along and up and down like phantoms, spreading their lurid light on land and water. Sometimes, too, they ply their trade near Cap Martin, when one man, sitting on a tall tripod, directs the boats and nets beneath his lofty throne, the fish being attracted by the light. This, watched from near or far, is an original and striking sight on a calm dark evening. Their trade is not quite so flourishing now, as the fish, being constantly disturbed, often emigrate.

Less interesting are the washerwomen as seen along the torrents and tiny streamlets, and even on canals of water coming from the olive mills, where it seems impossible to wash dirty linen clean. But I forget, they do not wash, but beat the dirty linen clean. The wonder is that the linen does come back at all and is not reduced to pulp, considering the long process of beating it goes through. There are, however, washerwomen who have a *lavoir* of their own, and they deserve your patronage. The new *lavoir* in the Carei valley, and near the waterworks affords, perhaps, enough accommodation, but it is seemingly too open and too draughty. Since the new supply of the Vesubia Company seems to be abundant, there ought to be no difficulty in erecting another basin in the Eastern Bay. But it must be flushed every morning, so as to prevent the

soapy water from becoming stagnant near the seashore, and increasing thus the unsavoury appearance, offensive both to nose and eyes.

As for commerce and trade, we need only mention four branches—the gathering, carrying, sorting, and packing of the lemons, which rank amongst the best in Europe; the gathering of olives and the working of the oil mills; the manufacture of essences and perfumes; and wood carving.

The picking and packing of lemons goes on nearly all the year round, but trade is chiefly brisk in early spring, when you can observe buyers walking through the lemon groves measuring the size of the fruit; men picking them, old women wiping and sorting; strong lasses carrying them on their heads to carts near at hand or to headquarters in Mentone, where the different kinds are once more sorted according to size and quality, carefully cleaned and wrapt in soft paper, and quite as carefully packed in boxes of light wood. They are generally sent away by rail, now very seldom by boat, either to Marseilles or straight to their final destination. The best quality is sent to America, and the rest all over Europe. As a thousand lemons cost from thirty to fifty francs on the tree, thus a halfpenny each, they must come to a penny a-piece before leaving the place, and we cannot therefore expect to get really sound lemons in London at the low rate at which they are sold.

The olive gathering, too, is going on all the winter, but is most animated in and after the month of February. The process of crushing the fruit is a very primitive one, and you cannot see any modern appliances in any mill. A great deal of oil is thus wasted or lost by imperfect extraction. Time and bodily strength, where there is plenty of water-power, are literally thrown away. I have never seen anything more slavish than in Sospello, a borough about fourteen miles from Mentone. A stout beam crossed by two poles, which are worked by four men, sets an immense stone in motion that crushes the olives. These men, real giants, use their bare shoulders, and turn the beam rather fast, changing every half-hour with four others and this from 4 A.M. till 10 P.M., with a short rest at midday. As they

live chiefly on oil and bread their brownish skin looks like oiled leather, and their perspiration smells and looks oily. In spite of all their toil they are healthy and strong. A short visit to any of the numerous oil mills will give a better idea than the most minute description. The brownish refuse collected in a series of cisterns, the uppermost containing still some oily matter, is frequently skimmed, is dried, and then used as fuel. How the oil is purified, refined, and prepared for the market or export can best be seen in M. Saissi's establishment, the largest and most perfect of the kind, and one which has lately been very successful at a national oil exhibition. The proprietor, M. Cyr Saissi, will permit strangers to watch the whole process from the mill through the various stages of refining the oil for machinery or for the table. The coarsest stuff is sold to soap manufacturers, or as wheel grease.

Flowers and perfume are almost inseparable. But though nearly all flowers are sweet and beautiful, all are not odoriferous according to our ideas, and only a few in proportion contain and yield the perfume and essence wanted. Beauty is at a discount here ; utility is all that is needful. Just look at those orange blossoms that fill the air with fragrance ! And yet 30 kilogrammes (66 pounds) of flowers have to be mixed with 50 litres (11 gallons) of water to get 10 grammes (154 grains) of essence. But one drop of that essence is quite equal to one litre of rose or orange or lavender water, as you buy it at a perfumer's shop. Cologne alone consumes annually fifty thousand francs' worth in the production of its celebrated scent ! Besides the lemon and bitter orange blossoms there are the jasmine, the violet, the lavender, and several others. They all yield their share and speciality for the composition of our various essences and perfumes, pomades, and those endless varieties of scent and smelling-bottles which are indispensable in any hairdresser's shop or dressing-room. Few have any notion of the cost of perfumes. An ounce of violet essence can never and nowhere be produced for less than £10, 10s. Fortunately a minimum drop is sufficient for a good-sized bottle. I myself paid for a small flask of pure, but not purified

lavender essence, £1. A lady residing with me wanted it because it was made at St. Martin Lantosque, and not far from our house. She saw the poor peasants and their children bring the plant to the very primitive distillery for 4d. per 20 lb. Sometimes they earned as much as 10s. a day, but only for a very short season. After that they began to pick absinthe, aconite, and other aromatic and pharmaceutical plants. In the Maritime Alps they produce about 60,000 pints of perfume and essence, Mentone alone one-eighth of the whole. To see it done, and to get an insight into its manufacture, the distilleries of the place ought to be visited several times, as different plants come in. It may interest some readers to peruse the average statistical statement between the years 1880 to 1887 inclusive. Counting good and bad years, the hillocks of Golfe-Juan yielded 350,000 kilogrammes of orange blossoms, and this is now their most important branch of culture. It would be impossible to give the exact figures, but from the district between Cannet and the Italian frontier it may fairly be assumed that 450,000 kilogrammes are annually produced; that the gathering lasts from April 25 to the end of May, and that an orange tree, according to its age, yields 1 to 80 kilogrammes. And again: 'Le Bigaradier bitter orange (citrus vulgaris) ou oranger à fleur aigre, est moins haut que l'oranger doux. Son fruit n'est pas mangeable, mais sa fleur est très recherchée; car pendant que sur le marché de Nice, la douce vaut 40 c. le kilo, l'aigre se paie 60 cent. En 1883, à la suite de fortes gelées, les fleurs du Bigaradier ont atteint le prix de 2 frs. 50 cent. et même 3 frs. le kilo. L'écorce de l'orange amère est découpée en lanières séchées au soleil, et expédiée au loin, pour la fabrication du curaçoa. Les lanières déséchées sont livrées, en Allemagne surtout, au prix de 1 frs. le kilo. La feuille infusée dans de l'eau bouillante donne une boisson calmante.'

The style of wood-carving practised all over Italy, and especially in the southern provinces, is exhibited in a great many shops. Patterns vary but little, and you must furnish your own design if you want anything particular or original. The wood employed is only partially natural,

most of it being more or less strongly dyed. There are some very able and really skilled workmen in Mentone who not only execute all orders, but show how the work is done, and even give lessons ; but those who want to learn ought first to study a little *Manual for Fret-cutting and Woodcarving*, by Major-General Sir T. Seaton, K.C.B., published by Routledge & Sons, and bring out their English tools. In conclusion, I mention the various kinds of wood employed here : Orange and lemon, light yellow ; caruba, deep red ; box, white ; fig, black ; oak, light brown ; walnut, grey ; jujuba, light red ; yew, arbutus, ebony, cherry, and many others.

Conveyances

There are more drives about Mentone than a casual visitor might suppose. The road to Roccabruna, Turbia, Laghetto, and Eza will never lose its charms. Every turn has its own pleasant view ; every winding its peculiar interest ; every nook and corner something striking. There is the road to Monaco, Beaulieu, etc., where people, after having contemplated nature and art, listened to excellent music, enjoyed a first-rate dinner, seen the very best acting, may finally try their luck and return, their purse, most likely, considerably relieved.

In the same direction is Cap Martin, offering a short but quiet and delightful drive, with grand views over valleys, mountains, and the sea ; roads constructed for and trodden by Roman soldiers ; ruins of chapels and convents ; myrtle in abundance, reminding us happily or unhappily of our wedding days ; time-worn rocks, old but still solid targets of the tempest-driven waves ; a lighthouse, permitting through its telescope a peep at distant Corsica, a restaurant near the shore, and a Roman arch erected after 1848 ! Both walk and drive were, for a couple of seasons, sadly interfered with by the Monte Carlo sporting club, who rented the wood and stocked it with rabbits, hares, pheasants, etc. Mentone applauded the idea, but has soon come back to sounder views, and caused the nuisance to be removed !

Now the property has changed hands, and the place may gain by it.

There are, in an exactly opposite direction, the pretty drive to Ventimiglia, with its openings on snow-capped Alpine peaks ; to Airola, Giandola, and Tenda, following the new road on the left bank of the Roya ; to Camporosso and Dolceacqua with its ruined castle (see p. 406) ; Pigna and Apricale ; to Bordighera, the land of palms ; and to San Remo, the Sanctus Romulus of yore.

There is the road to Castellare, where several kinds of anemones bloom early, in goodly numbers. The drive is short, easy, and sheltered, and can be recommended to invalids.

And there is the romantic Caréi drive, winding heavily up above the torrent, crossing it, and creeping back again as if it were afraid of venturing higher up ; most calm and sunny in winter between ten and one, and for healthy people just before sunset. I have never anywhere seen the light break into such varied refractions or present such rapid changes of colour. The road leads to Castiglione, Sospello, and thus to Turin. Though considered important in 1293,[1] it was only completed in 1866.

Finally the drive up the Gorbio valley, the easiest of all, and offering pretty views of St. Agnès, Gorbio, and many slopes and gorges. All these roads are accessible to carriages of every size and description, and as far as they are level to bath-chairs. These bath-chairs are hired by the hour, the day, or month, with or without an attendant, who is, however, always useful in giving the necessary information and selecting the walk most convenient for the day. Such a walk leads up and around the Hôtel du Louvre, crosses the railway, and joins the embankment of the Caréi, which from here onward is called Pietra Scritta, *i.e.* the Written Rock or the Inscribed Rock, because there was an inscription on a marble slab fitted into a sandstone rock close to the road. I noticed the empty place as early as 1863. This slab has lately been discovered in a room, then used as a carpenter's shop, on the flight of steps that leads from the

[1] *Rapport de H. Grégoire à la Convention Nationale*, 1 *Juillet* 1793.

Rue Longue to the parish church. M. Bonfils, the intelligent director and generous founder of the municipal museum, has restored it to its original place. Here is a copy:

ANTONIUS I
SUI POPULI COMMODO
PROPRIIS DEAMBULATIONIBUS
VIAM HANC PER RUPES
AMPLIARI IUSSIT
AN : SAL : MDCCXVII.

Which is to be read: 'Antonius I., for the accommodation of his people and his own walks has ordered the widening of this road along the rocks in the year of our Lord 1717.'

Most excellent carriages, with a number of indifferent ones, are at the command of strangers. But whether they are hired by the hour, the day, or the month, the price ought to be fixed beforehand, so as to avoid all misunderstandings or imposition. The drivers are generally steady men, well acquainted with the road and neighbourhood and accidents are almost unknown. There are also plenty of cabs on their respective stances, or plying for hire. There is a tariff, and the safest thing is to get a copy of it.

Prices, of course, are high, very high. But it cannot be otherwise in a place where provender, coming from a long distance, paying import duty and octroi, is naturally expensive.

As for boating, there will never be any lack of amusement in this beautiful spot of the Mediterranean. It is, however, not much patronised, owing to the uncertain temper of the sea. Most boats are heavy and clumsy, it is true, but what does that matter as long as sails are safe and arms are strong! Even these heavy boats are dear. Of late years a good many lighter ones have made their appearance. The demand has not been sufficient to tempt speculators. But a good start has certainly been made; quality and quantity have risen and charges fallen.

Now last and least, about our donkeys and mules. They are a capital set, though they do not exactly look so, but you must not judge even a beast by its look. They do not mind any amount of work as long as they get a little rest and

food now and then, and are kindly treated. Sure-footed and docile, they climb up the stiffest paths, wind cautiously around precipices and feel their way when there is hardly any room for human feet. Shod animals are not quite so safe as unshod ones. Mules suitable for longer excursions are to be had, but they are not very numerous. The charge is five francs a day for ordinary excursions, but over the Bress, or round Baudon to Peglia, it is more. A small loaf of common bread for one's own animal is but a trifling outlay, but will save time, lessen fatigue, and increase the comfort.

CHAPTER III

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS, OR MENTONE AS IT WAS

After strolling about the old and new town for several days, becoming acquainted with its ways and means, its inlets and outlets, it is quite time to hear something about its origin, its progress, its former and present site, its historical and political connection. If the oldest inhabitant, well versed in the legends and traditions of his native place, is to be credited, Mentone must be very old. Indeed and in fact it existed before any city quoted in the earliest manuscript, since Eve is said to have been so charmed with this little corner that she presented it with a lemon and an orange when she was turned out of Paradise, a hint immediately acted upon by the intelligent and fortunate receiver of this precious gift. But where that lucky and thoughtful individual came from who received or found the fruit and planted the seed, tradition passes over in ominous silence. Now it so happens that the name of Mentone does not occur in any record dated before 1200 A.D. And surely where there is no name, the object cannot be supposed to exist and still less to be renowned. There may have been a settlement, and most likely there was, and that very early, on its present site, or not very far from it. The position is, in a strategical point of view, very important, and the Romans who passed here long before the Christian era, and the Phœnicians still earlier, made, most likely, some use of its bay and hill, though little remains to prove this assertion, unless we take into account all the circumstantial and collateral evidence to be gathered here and there. The Via Aurelia, passing through its present precincts, naturally brought it in early contact with the moving, conquering,

and civilising part of the Roman world; and the natives being by nature excellent soldiers and sailors, after having stubbornly and gallantly defended their soil and sea, may have submitted to their aggressors, superior in number and skill, and become even their allies to their mutual advantage. But whatever their primitive circumstances may have been their individuality was lost among the numerous Ligurian tribes, and even the gratifying story that the rival emperors, Otho and Vitellius (68-70 A.D.) were the accidental godfathers to the name, will not pass scrutiny. Otho was in Rome, and Vitellius on the Rhine. The latter immediately returned to Italy and defeated his rival's army at Bedriacum on the Po.[1] But even if their partisans fought along this coast, it was hardly on this side of the mountains, as one of the battles raged in Peglia valley, a battle in which the Peglians had their prehistoric strongholds destroyed. Others say that the hostile forces met beyond Monaco somewhere between Nice and Hyères, and some of the most reliable authors fix the encounter between Nice and Antibes. But Rossi, a very good authority on the history of Liguria, positively states that the troops of the two emperors had a most desperate engagement within the territory of Ventimiglia. The Othonians, fighting against the natives, stormed the town, and after a most sanguinary conflict plundered the unarmed inhabitants and put the rest to fire and sword.[2] Three pitched battles within so narrow a circuit and so limited a period seem to be quite sufficient to prove their warlike tendencies. It is, however, not so easy to comprehend how all these engagements could have engendered the name *Mentone* out of *Memoria Othonis*, or perhaps *Memor Othonis*, though capricious changes and contractions are everywhere, and more particularly along this coast, very frequent. All this rests on Gioffredo's saying: 'After having passed the small promontory, commonly called Cap Martin, and greeted the village of Roccabruna, one disembarks at Mentone, a name

[1] Dr. Weber, *Allgemeine Weltgeschichte*, vol. i. p. 219; Duruy, *Histoire des Romains*.

[2] Rossi, *Storia della città di Ventimiglia*, p. 17.

said to be corrupted from *Memoria Othonis* in consequence of an engagement having taken place there between the Othonians and Vitellians.'[1] This sentence has been faithfully copied (but never been refuted) by all of those who wrote about Mentone, without any serious consideration of the matter. True there is not much harm done. Gaston d'Hombres, however, a professor of history, did more mischief in sanctioning in his *Notice historique sur le comté de Nice* this worn-out notion by giving it on page twelve a kind of official authority. This name thus corrupted seems equally to apply to Lumone, which Antonine, in his itinerary, mentions as being between Ventimiglia and Turbia, giving even the distance. And on page 307 Gioffredo quotes Pietro Ant. Bojero's *Historia di Nizza*, a manuscript, and says: 'The naval force disembarked between the towns of Nice and Ventimiglia, perhaps in the neighbourhood of Mentone, which name is said to be taken after a battle that happened thereabout, the place being formerly called Memoria Othonis, though Antonine, in his itinerary, calls it Lumone, a name that may have undergone the same changes as his book.'[2] The army which came along the road from Genoa—the second half was sent by sea—desolated the whole country, burning and plundering everything, the inhabitants being unable to provide against these sudden invaders, or to get their goods and chattels away. The soldiers found, therefore, the fields well stocked, the houses open, the occupiers, with their wives and daughters and servants, meeting them as friends. These good and simple-minded people perceived too late the unbounded covetousness, the cold-blooded cruelty, and the disgraceful outrages of their uninvited and now unwelcome guests, and if Mentone really derives its name from the presence of such ruffians, it ought to change it and to sink into oblivion the dishonour to which their forefathers were compelled to submit. Had it, however, existed at that time, it would have been brought

[1] Gioffredo, *Storia delle Alpi Marittime*, p. 78.

[2] Marius Maturus was then, 69 A.D., prefect of the Maritime Alps. Tacitus mentions him in two places: 'Maritimas tum Alpes tenebat Marius Maturus,' *Hist.*, ii. 12, and 'Haud procul inde, agebat Marius Alpinum Maritimarum procurator,' *Hist.*, iii. 42.

into more conspicuous notice in the historical events immediately following. But the name of Mentone does not appear. Even during the invasions of the Saracens, 720-975, its name is not met with anywhere, though Eza, Turbia, St. Agnès, etc. etc., are frequently mentioned as great sufferers. It is true A. de Longpérier says [1] that Mentone, after the expulsions of the Saracens, passed into the hands of the Counts of Ventimiglia (975), who held it in fief direct from the German empire. But I cannot find the statement supported by any documentary evidence, though the Ventimiglian counts are reported to have existed in the tenth century, since San Remo is said to have been situated within their county in 962.[2] There is, however, no doubt that Mentone and (or rather *or*) Podium Pinum, if existing under any name, or even just springing into existence, did belong to Ventimiglia, since Roccabruna, Gorbio, St. Agnès, and Castellare were within its confines.[3] Such being the case it must have passed over to the Genoese in 1140. As Podium Pinum or Mentone, however, are not mentioned in any transfer, they may have already been in the possession of the Ventos, being lost and regained later. This might be explained by the fact of the original owners not recognising or not even noticing the illegal and unceremonious exchanges, cessions, and sales which so often took place at this period. *Podium Pinum*, being, by the way, frequently found enumerated with *Roccabruna*, *Gorbio*, and *Castellare*, 1146, 1157, 1177, and 1182,[4] must have existed in the very neighbourhood of the actual Mentone. Monaco, the residence of a prince, appears for the first time in 1162. Mentone cannot have existed in 1002, for in a convention passed between the inhabitants of *Tenda*, *Saorgio*, and *Briga* on the one side, and Ardoino Marquese di Ivrea on the other, three castles only are inscribed and said to be held by the Ventimiglian counts, Otho and Conrad, as within their jurisdiction, and

[1] A. de Longpérier, *L'hiver à Menton*, p. 12.

[2] Alberti, *Istoria della Città di Sospello*, p. 78.

[3] *Liber Jurium Reipub. Genuen. Doc.*, ii. 962, Mense Martio Petitio facta a nonnullis Teodogiho ianuensi, episcopo ut bona cuique in sorte contingentia posita in commitatu Vigintimiliensi colenda tradat; and *Lib. Jur. docum.* cxxi. cxxii. cxxiii. et cxxvii.

Gioffredo, *vide* the respective years.

these were : *Gorbio*, *St. Agnès*, and *Castellare*. Had any other existed lower down, it would have been noticed as being quite as important as the rest. Nor is it enumerated when Bishop Thomas, son of Conrad II., Count of Ventimiglia, made in 1061 an unconditional donation of all his landed property in Carnolese to Count Rinaldo.

Nor is it mentioned in 1061, when, in the self-same year, the very same count, Rinaldo or Rainaldo, who together with his sons made to the monks of the Lérins a donation of a piece of land situated within the place of Carnolese and the mount of St. Martin, just as he had acquired it from Bishop Thomas of Ventimiglia.

Such donations happened very frequently in the eleventh century. There was a general belief that the end of the world was drawing near, and a good many *nobles*, having enriched themselves by *ignoble* means, gave the greatest part, and often all they had, to religious houses, in order to pave their way into paradise. Most of our leading monasteries date their fortunes and influence from this period.[1]

Neither may its existence be fixed even within a few years of 1078 and 1082[2] when Oberto I., Count of Ventimiglia, interfered with the aforesaid gift of the Church of St. Martin in the valley of Carnolese. In August 1146, however, *Podium Pinum*, the cradle of Mentone, is mentioned in two different books, and in each under a different name. As we shall say more about the site of Podium Pinum under its proper heading, we only quote here the historical facts. In the first book, chapter cxxii. runs thus : 'Otto vintimiliensis cometis filius castrum Podii Pini ad mandatum Januæ communis custodire pollicetur.' In the second, cxxiii., we find : '1146 mense Aug. Obertus vintimiliensis comes castrum Podii Pini consulibus ianuensibus tradere promittit si requisitus.'

These two entries so similar in style and purpose may seem a useless repetition. Otho, a branch of the Ventimiglian counts, by this declaration, promises protection for the collateral line, and Oberto II., *the* Count of Ventimiglia,

[1] Gioffredo, p. 340.

[2] *Liber Jurium Reipublicae Genuensis.*

confirms his relation's gift, and stamps it with his authority as the senior or head of the noble house.

On July 30, 1157, Guido Guerra, another count of Ventimiglia, gives to the republic of Genoa the castles of '*Roccabruna, Gorbium, Poipinum, Pennam, aliaque castra Januensibus consulibus cedens, eorundem vassalus efficetur salva fidelitate.*'

And on September 6, 1177, we read in the next number of the same book: 'Januenses Consules Ottonem vintimiliensem comitem de castris *Roccabruna, Gorbio, Poipini* et Pennae feudi jure investiunt.'

And finally a document in which several important acquisitions of the Genoese are carefully dated from September 19 to October 1199, and January 7, 1200, records again the purchase of the moieties of the towns and castles of Roccabruna, Gorbio, Poipino, all three promising to assist the counts (now conspiring against their own subjects) and the Genoese in the approaching war with the Ventimiglians.[1]

From all these documents we are led to conclude: 1. That Podium Pinum, the Poipino of the Italians, the Pepino of the Mentonese, the Puypin of the modern French [2] did not exist before, or at least not much before, 1100. 2. That its existence began, beyond a shadow of a doubt, immediately after that date, or from the beginning of the twelfth century. 3. That Mentone cannot have existed before the beginning of the thirteenth century, not at least as a place of note.

Should, however, any one still doubt the existence of Pepino, let him read a bull of Pope Lucian III., dated June 8, 1182,[3] in which he grants to the dean and chapter of the Cathedral of Ventimiglia all the tithes of St. Martin in

[1] *Liber Jurium Reipublicae Genuensis*, 433 and 434.

[2] *Puy*, in Catalonian *Puig*, is a name generally given to conic mountains supposed to be of volcanic origin, and in the Auvergne and Cevennes we have still several Puys. *Puypin, Pepino*, or *Podium Pinum* would thus designate a pine cone, a pine ridge, which our place in question evidently is, or rather was, for the pines have nearly all gone and the soil has been washed away.

[3] *Du Sanctuaire de l'Annonciade, près Menton*, par le Chevalier H. Ardoino, p. 7: 'Privilegio communimus Ecclesiam Sanctae Mariae de Carnolese cum omnibus pertinentiis suis; medietatem decimae Podii Pini; decimam quam habetis in braida comitis de Carnolese et decimam quam habetis in Lacte et quidquid habetis in Agerbol aut in ejus territorio.

Carnolese, Latte, and Agerbol, whilst he only takes away half of the tithe, from Podium Pinum, which facts clearly demonstrate the existence therein of a cure of souls where the sacramental rites of baptism, confirmation, and marriage were performed by the regular or secular clergy, whilst St. Martin, Latte, and Agerbol were merely chapels. The erection of a church in Carnolese, as referred to in a document dated 1177, will once more corroborate this statement. For we read : ' Anno Dominicæ incarnationis millesimo centesimo septuagesimo septimo indictione decima, sexto kal. martii (February 24) Commutatio bonæ fidei noscitur esse contractus, ut vice emptionis obtineat firmitatem eodemque nexu obliget contrahentes. Placuit itaque, et bonam convenit voluntatem inter Dominum Otonem comitem Vintimilii, nec non et Dominum Laugerium abbatem St. Onorati, et dederunt in altari de suis rebus vicissim causa commutationis. Ideo in primis Dominus Abbas voluntate et auctoritate totius sanctæ congregationis sui cœnobii Lirinensis, et monachorum secum degentium videlicet Joffredi des Crocs prioris de monasterio sancti Michaelis Vintimilii et auctoritate Guilielmi Bertranni prioris Saurgii, Beraldi prioris Carnolesii, Raimundi Rai sacristæ Lerini, Salomonis, Ugonis Gilii, Augerii, et cæterorum monachorum et laicorum fratrum dedit et investivit Domino Otoni comiti totum quod habebat de comptile in tota marca Albinganæ ecclesia Sancti Michaelis Vintimilii ab aqua Armeniæ usque ad Pream, et a collibus jugum usque in mare per helemosinam comitum præ-decessorum. Equidem, et ab invicem recepit ipse dominus Laugerius Lirinensis abbas, causa commutationis ab eodem domino Otone comite ad partem ipsius monasterii *similiter Braidam totam de Clusa ad Gamavarii* cum toto hoc quod poterit Abbas, et Prior invenire per circuitum, quod fuisset unquam de ipsa Braida, et quod pertineat ei, et medietatem de Prato Vintimilii ultra pontem, scilicet totam portionem prædicti domini Otonis comitis has denique res supra nominatas et commutatas una cum accessionibus et ingressionibus earum qualiter superius legitur, in integrum sibi unus alteri pars parti per hanc paginam commutationis tradiderunt, etc.

Actum est hoc in Vintimilio, in domo et claustro. St. Michaelis,' etc.[1]

The term *cum curiis et pertinentiis* we meet with in some documents cannot in fact mean anything else. It is the official style used in ecclesiastical decrees, and supports thus our suggestion that Podium Pinum must have been an important place.

Having repeatedly used the words Carnolès or Carnolese, St. Martin, Latte, and Agerbol, we must now add a few remarks on their meaning, a few only, as our readers will find them more particularly described under their respective headings.

Carnolese is situated at the western extremity of the town, and must very early have been a place of some importance, since the abbots of St. Mary's have affixed their signatures to many a document. It is, most likely, the small plain that lies between the Borrigo and the Gorbio rivers, and is one of the earliest settlements where Christians have gathered and prospered, and may have been a branch or even the root of Podium Pinum.

The Church of St. Martin, said to have been in the valley of Carnolese, cannot, therefore, have been very far off; it was, perhaps, the original chapel of the early convent, known now as the Madonna, where we find the temple of Diana, generally replaced by Mary, and is thus in the same quarter, which comprises all the land up the valley and the hills and down to the sea. The said chapel may have occupied a more eminent position on the slope, for I cannot conclude that it stood on the table-land of the cape.

Braida, praida, prado, is still used in Lombardy for a large plain, a kind of common for any public use, a drilling-ground, a space for popular meetings, or for voting, and allied to the German *briete.* It is a term of the Middle Ages, and frequently used in monk's or kitchen Latin. 'Braida Campus, vel ager suburbanus, in Gallia Cisalpina ubi Breda vulgo appellatur. Anno 813 et 1217.' 'Insuper concedimus Canonicis decimas braidarum Episcopalium curtium, id est, vinum et granum, legumina, etc. Anno 813.'

[1] Gioffredo, p. 455.

Agerbol was a chapel situated on the south-eastern slope of Mount Aggel. The late chevalier Ardoino spoke to me several times about it; but was never able to find any undoubted traces of its former existence. I feel, therefore, legitimately proud of my discovering both its actual position and the derivation of its name. Any one leaving the Cornice Road, just after having passed the first bridge beyond Roccabruna, and walking up towards a prominent pillar standing before a curious well, and going beyond a few terraces, cannot fail to perceive the remains of several buildings almost covered with brambles and filled up with rolling stones. A well, ruins, and road, a few traces of the latter can still be detected, testify individually and collectively to a settlement here. And there stood also the chapel whose outlines, I confess, are not very distinctly defined. Several external and internal evidences have, however, led me to the conclusion that this is the real site of the ancient Agerbol. It had only a curate, *i.e. vicarius*, a kind of unattached priest living there for a certain time only, or coming on given days from a neighbouring church. A priest was, at that period, called Bollanus seu Bullanus secundus curio, seu sacerdos ecclesiæ parochialis B. M. de Lorriaco in qua duo vicissim presbyterii curionis seu pastorio officio fungebantur.' [1]

That *Agger* frequently means or meant a way, a road, is to be seen in Ducange, who quotes Ammianus M., lib. 18 and 19, defining *agger* thus: 'Via publica, iter publicum, via militaris strata; agger est mediæ stratæ eminentia coaggeratis lapidibus strata.'

We get thus: Aggerbollanus, Agerbollan, Aggerbol, Agerbol, *i.e.* the field or camp chapel or field lane chapel, a change and a corruption not more violent and abnormal than Tooley Street from St. Olave Street, or St. Mary Overy from St. Mary of the Ferry. This reasoning is borne out by the bull of Pope Lucius III., just quoted, and according to which this our Agerbol was merely a chapel (may I call it a chapel of ease ?) with no cure of souls, where mass was said on Sundays and the principal saints' days by a

[1] *Charta Capituli Senonensis*, anno 1171.

subordinate priest, a Bollanus secundus, and that is the real meaning of 'et quidquid habetis in Agerbol aut in ejus territorio.'

The terms *de Clusa ad Gamavarii* refer to a quarter in the Eastern Bay, now called *La Cusa* and *Garavant* or *Gare à vent.* The latter includes the land between the torrent of Garavant and ends with the torrent Peyroné, quite recently formed near the beginning of the lemon groves, where La Cusa (La Cuse) begins, and reaching up to the Pont St. Louis, the present frontier.

Neither Garavant nor La Cuse belonged to the principality of Monaco, but constituted formerly part and parcel of Italy. A continual fluctuation in the vernacular naturally wrought a considerable change in the two terms. From *clausum*, la Clausa, la Clusa, la Cuse, the transformation is wonderfully easy. But then the change from Gamavarii into Garavant is almost beyond conception, and decidedly far beyond my power of explanation. Gamavarii is undoubtedly meant for an accusative, a most ungrammatical termination, because *ad* never governs anything but an accusative. However, this faulty construction ought not, perhaps, to surprise us so very much in 1177, when we consider that Gregory of Tours, who lived 600 years earlier, truly and very frankly acknowledges that he often confounds the accusative with the ablative; and we indeed find *pro redemptionem inter sanctis, cum filios suos.*[1] Seven centuries have worked greater wonders in grammar and language, and have also corrupted Gamavarii into Garavant, and whilst the former may have been a local or a proper name, the latter now signifies in the popular mind, *Gare a vent*, i.e. 'sheltered from the wind, guarded against the wind,' which cannot possibly have been the primitive meaning, for the writer would not have said, 'from an enclosure into a shelter,' but rather, 'from the enclosure to Gamavarius.' After having penned these lines I wrote to the learned and indefatigable secretary of the 'Société des Lettres, Sciences et Arts des Alpes Maritimes à Nice,' who

[1] *Inscriptions chrétiennes de la Gaule*, par Edouard le Blant, Nos. 374, 541, and 651 A.

is the very personification of an archæological searcher. After having explained a fragmentary inscription he added : 'Il est à remarquer que le mot Garavant est purement Keltique ainsi que beaucoup d'autres noms de localités. *Kaer a van* signifie le *village des rochers*, mot à mot : *Kaer* village *a* des, *van* rocher. Ce mot est un des plus anciens et indique l'existence des habitations sous les rochers des Baussi Russi.' I give his explanation as it stands. No doubt it is very plausible and deserves further inquiry.

By this gift the Abbot of St. Honoré gained an extensive and valuable tract of land, since it seems to have included all between the Borrigo torrent and the western slope of the cape, now partly belonging to Mentone and partly to Roccabruna ; and nearly all the Eastern Bay from the present Grand Hotel to the boundary of Italy. These territorial acquisitions did not, however, stimulate the monks' zeal for improving and enlightening their minds, for it is stated that in 1189 out of eighteen monks in the Lérin monastery only three could either read or write. Need we therefore be astonished at the imperfect copy of the manuscripts, or at the gross ignorance of the masses ?

These monks, like their pious brethren all over the world, cared more for good living than sound learning ; they were rather disciples of Bacchus than of Scholasticus. Read and judge : 'En Déc. 1244 on écrit : Les chanoines de Blèves avaient de toute antiquité sept plats les jours gras : bons chapons, agneau, chevreau, porc salé avec des herbes autour, omelette d'œuf, chair rôtie, muscarpas et lait. On donnait les jours maigres : truite avec bonne préparata ou brochet en sauce, tanche rôtie, fèves à l'huile, œufs mêlés avec malioca vétéri, bon pain et vin.[1]

Now however that may be, if the counts of Ventimiglia could give away these two large properties, they may be fairly supposed to have possessed land on either side of Mentone. What was on the plot between, if not Mentone, does not appear. Yet as all its neighbours live and prosper and traffic in various ways, and have their

[1] *Tisseran et Hist. civile et religieuse de Nice*, vol. i. 199.

important chapels and churches close to its very gates, if gates there were, all assertions that it derives its name from a battle fought there 1200 years before, or that some African pirates immortalised themselves in the names of two of its streets, must therefore be dismissed as unfounded traditions.

From two documents alluded to previously, it is proved that Otho, Count of Ventimiglia, held the castles of Roccabruna, Gorbio, Pepino, and Penna, and moreover the churches of Carnolese and St. Martin. The latter went, as we have just seen, to the abbots of St. Honoré, and we shall soon see that Roccabruna, and perhaps Gorbio too, belonged already at that time to the Ventos, a Genoese noble family. The limits of the remaining property were contiguous and, as already stated, corresponded with the present position and extent of Mentone. This very territory remained in Otho's possession. 'Ego Gandolphus convenio et promitto tibi Otoni Comiti Vintimilii quod Vintimilienses non recipient aliquem de quinque castris videlicet Zerbi, Puipini, Roccabrunæ et Dulceaquæ nec aliquem de hominibus tuis in civem Vintimilii neque juramenti alique quod sit contra te Oto Comes et filios tuos.' [1]

At this time he must have begun the construction of the castle, which was naturally called Mons Othonis or Mons Otonis, more easily turned into Monthonis, Monthoni, Montoni, Mentoni, Mentone, than Gamavarii into Garavant. Chevalier Ardoino, searching and deciphering different manuscripts, had come to this conclusion before, but being cautious he would not advance any positive statement. His ideas were, however, soon borne out by written evidence. He had scarcely given utterance to his supposition, or rather conviction, when Professor Rossi confirmed this view through a document found in the possession of the Marquis J. B. Doria of Dolceacqua, stating that an act of sale took place on January 30, 1298, wherein Nicolas, Bishop of Albenga, sold several places to Nicolas and Frederic Doria, and is attested by several witnesses, *i.e.* Retius de Ugonius,

[1] *De Gubernatis Memorie della nobile famiglia dei conti di Ventimiglia.*

D. Batholomæo, Auria, and Benevento de Montone, Notarius.[1]

In an act of donation, dated December 19, 1441, it is thus mentioned and spelled : ' ' Domino Roche Brune et Condomino loci Menthonis ' ; and in an act of investiture of the same date : ' et castro Menthonis suisque pertinenciis et appendenciis universis ' ; and in an act of donation, dated April 21, 1477 : ' Personaliter constitutus magnificus et potens dominus Lambertus de Grimaldis dominus monaci et Roquebrune ac condominus loci Menthoni diocesis Vintimiliensis.' In the same way in an act dated March 5, 1546 ; and in another act of the same year, July 6, written in French by Lucyan de Grimault it is once spelt Menton and once Menthon ; and in an act dated April 26, 1583, drawn up in Italian, it is mentioned as ' Il feudo di Mentone.' [2]

The derivation of the name being thus most satisfactorily proved, it only remains to trace the origin and gradual influx of its population. Let us see how far this can be done.

Castles and chapels, military stations and monastic retreats, soldiers and missionaries, conquest and religion, have generally been the origin of settlements. Mons Othonis would also fulfil its mission. It may have stood there for a long time in isolated dwellings, but it had none of those rallying-points just mentioned. But as soon as it had got its castle, immigration began slowly but gradually to develop into a more regular and extensive influx from 1177 to 1257, and there is hardly any doubt that the principal and final influx came from Pepino, which getting old and infirm, lost its hold upon the attachment of its former children who, finding the times more secure and peaceful, only consulted their own interest by forsaking their home and by adopting an abode quite as safe and more convenient, because it was nearer the sea and the road. And they were not even obliged to change masters ; for decaying Pepino and adolescent Mentone

[1] *Du Sanctuaire*, p. 12.
[2] *Question de Menton et de Roccabruna*, pp. 117-140. Turin, 1857.

belonged to the same lord; both the former in its decline, and the latter springing into early manhood, had just been ceded to the Ventos, patricians of Genoa. Transfers and exchanges seemed to have been the order of the day, and Otho, now possessing very little, if anything at all on this side of the Var, the houses of Anjou and Savoy soon attempted to get a firm footing within this district.

The Ventos might have possessed this territory for a whole century or even longer, for they were frequently in this part of Liguria, and when Ildefonso, King of Aragonia, was at Nice, settling some differences that arose between himself and the town, the treaty was signed by numerous followers, amongst them two Ventos; 'Actum est hoc apud Niciam anno Domini MCLXXXIX mense octobris, VII Kal. novembris. Signum ✠ . . . Augerio Venti, P. Venti.'

Again in 1233, when some unruly minds, in the valley of Oneglia, refused to acknowledge the Bishop of Albenga as their temporal sovereign, three columns, commanded by three Ligurian nobles, marched against them, and one of these commanders was Guillaume Vento.

In the following year, 1234, Peter Vento commanded four companies against some rebellious subjects in the same place.[1] And G. Vento, a son of the then actual owner of Mentone, was created Bishop of Antibes, but found Nice a more pleasant place for his residence. Niccolo Vento held in 1257 a high military command; Ottone Vento being in 1264 less lucky, was with many others tried for having lost a fleet; D. Vento ranked about this time with the noblest Genoese families. We see even from these few notes that the Ventos were then an influential family, and I am sorry to say I do not possess M. Ardoino's means of access to private records, since they contain most interesting contributions to the local history of Mentone. I know that he made extensive extracts, but they will never be published I fear.

Such migrations as I have mentioned several times are not without precedent. Many old places have been given

[1] Varese, *Storia della Reppublica de Genova*, vol. i. 298, 324; vol. ii. 9.

up for new ones. Our particular case has, moreover, a very striking illustration within a few miles of Mentone, and will be found related under the head of Castellare. The only difference is that in the latter place the change was sudden and complete whilst in the former it took place gradually.[1]

'Ce n'est que lorsque la population s'est accrue et qu'une sorte de sécurité relative a fait place à l'état de guerre permanente, qui était la condition normale de la vie publique chez ces peuplades primitives que les habitants ont quitté les hauteurs fortifiées pour se répandre sur le versant du coteau et dans le fond de la vallée; et on peut dire en thèse générale que toutes les villes d'abord construites sur les sommets ont fini par descendre dans la plaine.'[2]

The Genoese, ever anxious to extend their power and influence, tried to get hold of Pepino and Mentone, and to sever them from the Ventos, Genoese citizens though they were. But G. Vento pleaded his good cause before a Genoese court so effectively that he was declared sole lawful owner of the aforesaid castles. This was on December 5, 1251. The verdict is alluded to and sanctioned in a convention agreed to only eighteen months later between Charles of Anjou and his consort, and the Genoese representative, whereby the former receive the county of Ventimiglia (minus the town), Castellare, etc., and the Mentone and Pepino estates remain with the Ventos, whose rights appear only definitely and generally settled in a regular treaty signed on July 22, 1262.[3] The counts of Ventimiglia having sometime previously ceded the heritage and birthplace of their ancestors to the powerful Prince of Anjou, the Genoese saw in him a dangerous neighbour and rival, and insisted on a declaration being made and attested by influential and competent witnesses, whereby the boundary line of the contracting parties might be clearly defined. In conformity to that wish it was enacted that Ventimiglia, Roccabruna, and Monaco should pass to the Genoese, and Mentone and Pepino still remain with the Ventos, and even

[1] Gioffredo.
[2] *Les Villes mortes*, etc., par Ch. Lenthéric, p. 134.
[3] Gioffredo, p. 605.

to their successors for ever. This is, if I am not mistaken, the first time that Mentone is reported in such a document, and certainly for the first time placed before Pepino, a sure sign that the latter was losing its importance.

The Ventos were still gaining influence and their alliance was much coveted. G. Vento purchased Castellare in 1263 and entered into a closer union with Charles of Anjou. At that time Italy was the theatre of the most sanguinary and passionate conflicts. The German emperors, placed under ban and interdict by successive popes and hated by the people, had in vain shed the blood of their subjects and seen the flower of their armies perish in an inglorious cause. The Guelphs and the Ghibellines vied with each other in committing outrages and crimes, and inflicting cruelties which disgrace humanity. Land against land, nation against nation, town against town, nay, families against families, fought with equal bitterness. Dante, in this confusion and desolation of all human feelings, found plenty of material for his *Inferno*,[1] in which he enacted many a scene in which the German emperor, Frederick II., a man of noble bearing, of great talent, learning, and experience, but full of cunning, unbelief, and lust, is pictured among the number of unbelievers burning in their graves or trying to storm heaven, whilst the sufferings and agonies of some men of this said period furnish the subject of many stanzas for the celebrated poet's most famous episodes. In such times G. Vento shared the hazardous undertaking of Charles of Anjou, who had been appealed to by Pope Urban IV. The hostile forces met at Benevento on February 26, 1266; both sides were resolute and brave, but Charles, supported by the Church, gained the victory.

Vento's intimate connection with the house of Anjou roused his neighbour's jealousy and distrust, and caused open aggression. Party spirit ran then very high. Liguria was split into two factions equally impassioned, some siding with the Guelphs or Papists, others with the Ghibellines or Imperialists; changing sides after a defeat. Losses were cruelly and individually revenged, victories shamefully

[1] *Dell' Inferno*, canto decimo.

abused. G. Vento [1] leagued with Prince Charles to the Guelphs, had to pay his share for the defeats of his party in Genoa and elsewhere. The Fieschis and Grimaldis, two noble and powerful families, his allies and supporters, had to go into exile, and entered forthwith into a formal engagement with Charles against their native city, whilst Dorias and Spinolas, his opponents, supported the imperial authority unpopular though it was, on account of the continual disturbances inside and around the city. On January 7, 1273,[2] they declared war against Vento, Charles's ally, for receiving into his Mentone Castle the troops which the seneschal of Provence had sent, though Vento did this, perhaps, more with the view of getting the five castles of the Maro belonging to his rivals than for the sake of taking up the cause of the Guelphs. This time he was, however, mistaken, for the Imperialists were strongly represented there, since it happened that one half of the commanding officers were appointed by the Genoese. In 1274 the Genoese returned much stronger under Ansaldi Spinola, the governor of the 'Riviera di Ponente,' and after having besieged and finally taken Ventimiglia and the surrounding forts, he tried his fortune against Mentone, which G. Vento had transformed into a real stronghold against the Genoese. From May to July they continued their operations and attacks, but without any chance of success, when all at once the providential Seneschal arrived with a large troop of horse and foot and put the assailants to a hasty flight, their ranks having been previously thinned by heat, famine, and disease.[3]

The two great rival parties of that time had succeeded in exhausting their means and in ruining their subjects ; the land was laid waste ; cities, counts, and princes, depending on each other and on others as well, had hardly any resources left ; even the popes became alarmed at the fearful consequences of this protracted fratricidal struggle, so much

[1] I suppose this is the same Vento alluded to in the following sentence : 'Guillaume de Vento (1277-1282) qui succéda à Guillaume de Grasse, Cabris, était Genois. Les Ventos avaient acquis le fief de Menton en 1240. Obligés à fuir devant la faction Gibeline, ils s'étaient établis à Nice sous la protection de Charles d'Anjou.'—*Histoire d'Antibes*, par l'abbé Tisserand, p. 138.

[2] Gioffredo, p. 624. [3] *Idem*, pp. 627, 668.

so that Innocent v. chanted the hymn of peace, and this destructive war ended in a treaty, 1276.

But the Mentonese could not long enjoy their rest. They had soon to join in another quarrel. The Genoese, having a spite against the Pisans, their prosperous rivals, wanted to check them in some way. To this end they armed the largest fleet ever manned by them, and made all those towns over which they had any real or plausible authority provide a certain number of galleys. Mentone, though seemingly belonging to the Ventos, had to send its contingent of three men for manning them.[1] This reparation enables us to compare the population of Mentone with that of Roccabruna, which sent two; and that of Ventimiglia, which sent fifty men to the fleet; and though we do not know the basis of the census, we may fairly assume, that Mentone was then a very small place. During that lull G. Vento directed his attention and talents to essentially internal affairs, and turning the varied experiences of his long life to good account, became legislator, giving to his faithful subjects a code of laws drawn up in thirty-three chapters, and published in *pleno parlamento*, 1290.[2] Few princes have gone through so much, and fewer still reigned so long. Having been declared lawful sovereign of Mentone in 1251, and dying in 1302, he held it for fifty-one years.

As long as their mighty protector and ally, Charles of Ajou, lived, the Ventos remained in the full enjoyment of their patrimony. We cannot, however, discover the name of Guillaume's successor. He reigned, perhaps, for a few years only. Antonio Vento received the homage of the Mentonese in 1311 in St. Michael's, the first time this church is mentioned. (See p. 32.)

But the evil spirit of faction, so widespread in these troublesome times, though never felt within the Vento domain, now raises its ominous head amongst the inhabitants and sows its seed of civil discord. George Vento was thereby banished in 1313, though not for many years, his

[1] Gioffredo, p. 657.
[2] *La Ligurie Française*, par J. B. l'Hermite de Souliers.

mutinous subjects repenting, recalled him and installed him again in 1316.[1] In 1316 [2] there appeared Bruno Richiero, mentioned in a letter dated Naples, October 3, and written by Robert, King of Sicily and Jerusalem, with some members of his family and some of the counts of Ventimiglia on the one side, and the Ventos and other Genoese nobles, amongst them the Dorias, on the other side, disputing about the jurisdiction over Mentone and Poypino claimed by both parties. Factions having divided opinions not only in the city of Genoa, but also in several other localities along the Riviera, where Genoese exiles arrived almost daily for refuge, it happened that the Ventos and their adherents, having favoured the Ghibellines, had been driven away by the opposition. These called in the counts of Ventimiglia and also the Richieros, lords of Eza, both of whom claimed part ownership of Mentone, and made a declaration in favour of the Guelphs, so that it might be defended by King Robert's forces against the Vento party. Now the Ventos, powerfully supported by their allies, the actual masters of Genoa, came with Percival Doria's army, besieged Mentone, and pressed it so hard that it was considered prudent to yield. Both parties came then to an amicable arrangement on October 15, 1316, according to which the Dorias, the exiled Ventos, and their adherents on the one part, the counts of Ventimiglia, Bruno Richiero of Eza, and the Mentonese secessionists on the other part, agreed to remit Mentone and Poypino into the hands of Eccelino Doria, he to keep them both in the name of the Genoese republic and the pretenders, until arbiters should be chosen to decide to whom the two places really belonged, the trustees binding themselves to the loyal observance of this agreement. 'Actum in territorio Mentoni in terra communi.'

By another act drawn up the same day, both parties stipulated that Conrad Doria and Philibert, Count of Ventimiglia, both then and there present and assenting, should be the arbiters. I have not been able to find the result of their arbitration anywhere. There is, however, reason for believing that they pronounced in favour of Ventimiglia

[1] *Du Sanctuaire*, etc. [2] Gioffredo, pp. 710, 711.

and Eza, for an act passed in Gorbio on November 29, 1316, informs us that these two houses for themselves and for their heirs, lawfully begotten, transferred the governments and other feudal rights, which both parties possessed in and over the castles of Mentone and Poggio del Pino (without saying a word about the Ventos), to any of their families who might by posterior acts be declared their successors.

The events are thus far of local import as they distinctly state that Mentone was, for a short time at least, a dependency of Eza, now a poor struggling village, and that they bring the name of Podium Pinum for the last time before us in any public record. It not only disappears from the pages of historical report, but from the very soil it had occupied for several hundred years. Thenceforth the spade became more destructive than the sword and spear. The walls built on the solid rock, decaying when exposed to the elements, with hardly any foundation, soon vanished, and time and labour turned the former haunt of warriors into the peaceful homes of toiling men and praying monks.

Both parties in Genoa, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, being alternately attacked by the Catalans, a truce was agreed upon in the spring of 1331, which, followed by new trouble, led after all to a regular peace. Luca Fiesco, leagued with the king, was one of the Guelfish chieftains and the main instrument in another sally against the exiled Ghibellines staying at Savona, and who had invaded the island of Sardinia. They had fifteen galleys. Fiesco offered himself as captain to the powerful fleet sailing under the royal colours. Forty galleys and thirty other vessels left the harbour, and having cruised in the western Riviera, inflicted an almost deadly blow on Mentone and endeavoured to take Monaco. They continued their destructive attacks as far as Savona, burning towns, sacking and pillaging villages all along the coast.[1]

The end of the reign of the Vento family is drawing near. I should, however, not wonder if they had been concerned in another struggle between the Genoese against Robert of Anjou and Charles Grimaldi, for their town is affixed with

[1] Gioffredo, p. 752.

other Guelph possessions to the convention drawn up and signed on February 9, 1332, for the space of three years only. This seems to confirm the arrangement come to in 1316, and foreshadows an eventful fact for Mentone, for it appears no longer to be a free and independent agent, since Charles Grimaldi, its future lord and master, acts in the name and stead of Mentone, and Mentone alone, its foster-mother Pepino being politically defunct.[1]

[1] Alberti, *Storia di Sospello*, p. 352.

NOTE.—Dr. Müller's account of the origin of Mentone, its relation to Puy Pino, and its possession by the family of the Ventos, and after them the Grimaldis, is confirmed by an admirable large volume recently produced under the auspices of Albert, Prince of Monaco, *Monuments Historiques de Menton, Roccabruna et Turbie*. The work is edited by MM. Saige and Labande. It contains a vast number of documents bearing on the whole region, from the Archives of Monaco.—ED.

CHAPTER IV

MENTONE UNDER THE GRIMALDIS

Formidable armaments are going on right and left—formidable for their promoters. Two small estates are at feud, both having exhausted their respective resources; Genoa in a greater degree, perhaps, than Monaco, and for a cause which was hardly worth the trouble. The Genoese rose against their merchant princes and sent them into exile; the will of the people was to be respected and was to be the supreme lawgiver. The Grimaldis felt personally aggrieved, and apprehending a considerable loss of their private property, retired to Monaco determined to revenge their defeats and expulsion and to maintain their rights. Hence these formidable preparations, thirty galleys with ten thousand men, to be led by their own prince against Genoa.

The Genoese soon sobered down from their intoxication of popular power, and realising their danger, took prompt measures for their defence. Money, chief among the sinews of war then as now, was wanted and money could only be got from the velvet lords. And they advanced it. Within a short time twenty-nine galleys and twelve thousand men left the port, the admiral of the fleet hoisting the St. George which was unfurled only on grave occasions.

But wonders never cease. These gigantic armaments were all in vain. *Murem mons peperit.* When the Grimaldis beheld all these galleys bristling with men spring out of the sea, as it were by enchantment, they withdrew and went home, having received the pressing order from their royal ally, Philip vi., to come to his immediate assistance against the English.

Whilst Charles Grimaldi had his head full of extensive operations, he found time, notwithstanding his transactions of diplomatic business at home, to enlarge his holdings. He

quietly purchased or annexed, as the phrase would now run, Mentone, a transaction foreshadowed by previous events.

Emmanuel Vento, in his own name and in that of his brother Rafo and his cousin Athosie Vento, sold Mentone, his patrimony, and all his property in the territories of Ventimiglia and Roccabruna for sixteen thousand florins in gold, on April 19, 1346,[1] Bertrand Silvestre of Nice acting as their solicitor. And for this self-same domain Napoleon III. paid four million francs in 1862!

Their new sovereign was too restless a warrior to remain passive and to enjoy a quiet walk over his recently acquired possessions when he felt the electric impulse of distant convulsions. It is true, land and people were already familiar to him. Why should he therefore remain at home? He had, moreover, a fleet ready, well armed, well manned, and well provisioned, a considerable army of picked men well equipped, for his old and new subjects were all good soldiers and sailors. He responded therefore cheerfully to the call of his ally and set out without delay. He was, nevertheless, too late to intercept the English fleet—a prince of Monaco, intercepting an English fleet!—on its passage. The English king, Edward III., being hotly pursued by the French, advanced rapidly, laying waste the coast he sailed along.

In venturing upon a cursory sketch of the well-known battle of Crécy, I hope to be excused on the plea that the eventful day is so closely connected with the people and places we are attempting to depict in these pages. We have said that Edward III. was pursued by the French king with an immense army. Edward had crossed the river Somme. When overtaken, he took up his position about fifteen miles east of Abbeville, and determined to await the enemy there. He had taken the precaution to draw up his army on a gentle ascent, and divided his men into three lines, the first commanded by the Prince of Wales, and the third by himself. He thoroughly understood how to meet the enemy, as he had thrown up trenches on his flanks and placed all his baggage behind his

[1] Manuscript in the Archives of Monaco, *apud* Métivier, vol. i. p. 108.

line in a wood, which he also secured by an entrenchment. Besides the resources which he found in his own genius and presence of mind, he employed a new invention against the enemy by placing in his front some pieces of artillery, the first mentioned as having been used on any memorable occasion in Europe. Philip, in his hurry to overtake him, either forgot, or left his guns behind him. The French army arrived after a long day's march, and though over-tired, was at once formed into three lines. The first consisted of Genoese, Monachians, and Mentonese crossbowmen, under the command of native leaders, Anthony Doria and Charles Grimaldi; the second under the king's brother, Count d'Alençon; and the third under Philip's own command.

A great number of noble followers were in his camp, and his army of 120,000 men, led by experienced and brave generals, ought to have beaten that handful of 40,000 English soldiers! But the prudence of one man was of greater advantage than all this show of force. The islanders calmly awaited the attack. The hot-headed Southerners could not resist their natural fiery impulse. They forgot, too, that their bows were strung for their own dry climate. Unfortunately for them the day was wet and stormy. Their arrows fell short and did not do justice to their skill. On the other hand the English, being prepared for and acquainted with the climate, adjusted their arrows with remarkable precision, and their shafts told terribly on the French ranks. Disorder and confusion were the consequence. The Prince of Wales, only knighted a short time before, took advantage of this critical moment, and with the presence of mind of a well-seasoned soldier led his division in a decisive charge. Stout was the resistance of the Ligurian warriors; exemplary the valour of their leaders, though both were gravely wounded; heroic the charge of the French cavalry and of their young princely leader, though hard pressed. King Edward, watching the fight from a hillock, took intense delight in his son's gallant leadership, and on being urged to send him immediate help, coolly replied: 'Let the youth win his spurs and let the day be his!' And

the day was his! The Duke of Alençon was slain; the French line had to give way, King Philip did his utmost to restore order and to arrest the impending defeat, but in vain! He was in personal danger, had his horse killed under him, and had finally to leave the battlefield in order to save his life. The flight became general; the pursuit was hot; the slaughter went on till nightfall; no mercy was asked for, and none given. King Edward, on his return to the camp, rushed into his son's arms, exclaiming, 'My son, persevere in your honourable course! You are my brave son, for valiantly have you acquitted yourself to-day and worthy you are of a crown!' From the colour of the armour he wore on that day the French gave him the name of the Black Prince, and held him in great terror.

Thus ended the battle fought on Saturday, August 26, 1346, only four months after the official union of Mentone with Monaco, and in which undoubtedly many a brave Mentonese lost his life. But they fell side by side with the noblest blood of France. The blind old King of Bohemia resolved to hazard his person and set a noble example to others present, and he ordered, therefore, the reins of his bridle to be tied on each side to a gentleman of his suite. They were found among the slain with their horses standing faithfully by them. A blind man blindly guided!

Charles Grimaldi seemed to multiply his forces and to be everywhere. Scarcely back from his northern expedition, he set out again, joining the Spanish against the Moors, the sworn enemies of his house; thereafter the Genoese, once more his friends, against Venice. But in spite of his continual warfare, his roving sailor and soldier life, he not once lost sight of his chief aim and object, viz., the consolidation and aggrandisement of his principality. On November 20, 1348, he bought three-fourths of the domain of Castiglione, a near and influential neighbour of Mentone, for eight hundred golden florins, and on January 2, 1355, his agent purchased the town and territory of Roccabruna for six thousand golden florins. Considering the endless number of petty states Italy was then split into, his country, small as it was according to modern ideas, represented a certain consolidated

power, and exercised some influence on the political world of that time. Successful as he was in his ambitious career, fate would not allow him to pass the remainder of his active life in peace and die quietly at home. The jealousy of the Genoese republic, a city guild of wealthy, spirited, and independent traders, was once more awakened when the consequence of the commercial privileges granted to Charles Grimaldi by the King of France began to be felt by them. After having shaken off the protection of Milan, Boccanegra ascended the ducal throne in 1356 and made up his mind to humble Monaco. Grimaldi, shut in by land and sea and totally unprepared, could not resist as he was wont to do. Courage and genius could supply regiments, but they could not produce bread and water. Hunger and thirst, more powerful than the Genoese, decimated the ranks, and the valiant general had to surrender and the aged prince to leave his residence in 1357 with an indemnity of twenty thousand florins in gold. He retired to Mentone and passed the last years of his busy life in apparent tranquillity and resignation, apparent I say, for he pondered and schemed incessantly as to the way of speedily and successfully recovering his dominions. His most devoted partisans having retired to Nice, being accused of conspiring against the authority of Genoa over Monaco, Boccanegra demanded their expulsion, and the request or rather order not being complied with, new hostilities were to commence forthwith, but fortunately they were prevented by the duke's sudden death. Peace was concluded and signed in the Church of St. Michael, Mentone, on September 5, 1363, just when death overtook Charles in the midst of his projects, leaving his principality and the realisation of his dearest dreams to Rainier and Charles, joint rulers of Mentone, Roccabruna, and Castiglione.

Rainier III. (1363 to 1407)

This prince, called the third, to fill up the lineal succession, just as Napoleon I. and III., was a brave soldier and a clever diplomat, as he had already shown himself in his father's

lifetime whilst in French service. His younger brother Charles was only nominal joint lord, though the real founder of the Grimaldi dynasty. His alliances were judiciously selected according to his interests, and he made the best of existing circumstances so as to be always on the stronger and winning side. He served Jane, Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence, resisting tempting offers from other quarters, and for this assistance in men and money he was liberally rewarded by gifts of land.

Here I must mention another Vento named Aimar, who resided at Antibes from 1374 to 1379, with Pons Caïs of Nice acting as bailiff during the great schism. He considered himself safer in this town, partly belonging to him, than in Grasse, whose inhabitants were much devoted to Queen Jane. But soon after, Antibes became Grimaldi property, and for Rainier as well as for others, new difficulties began to arise on the political horizon.[1]

The Church was divided—there were two heads for one body ; two tongues cursing each other in the name of the Most High ; two pairs of eyes seeing no good, but only evil in the rival ; two pairs of ears listening to the flattery of self and the malicious reports against an opponent. The Church having, for a long time, played with the two-edged tool of politics, and playing with it still, became the dangerous weapon of worldly men and wicked ambition. Urban VI., elected by the Italian and German faction of the cardinals, was just a little more than half a pope in Rome, and his rival, Clement VII., chosen by the French cardinals and their satellites, was the minor half in Avignon. Accusations and excommunications were bandied about in profusion, and seemed to be the order of the day. Anti-christ was personified by Christ's two stadtholders. Faith became weakened, a tender conscience too troubled Rainier, for he had to side with one of the popes. He decided for Rome, where Urban occupied the old papal throne, whilst his antagonist seemed to be more firmly seated in his new chair at Avignon, because he was propped up by French bayonets. Rainier was, therefore, easily induced to stop the anti-

[1] *Histoire d'Antibes*, par l'abbé Tisserand, p. 175.

pope's cardinals travelling towards Avignon, to arrest them, and to take from them all those sacred books, vestments, gold and silver vases, valuable ornaments, jewels and relics, precious stones and money, which were all to be his, except those which belonged to the apostolic chamber. The offer was too tempting, the opportunity too good and too rich for him not to accept it. When the cardinals came, therefore, along with their followers, they were entrapped in different ways and brought to Mentone. Amongst the relics Rainier sent back to Rome in September 1379 was the Rod of Moses.[1] What he did with the rest of the valuable booty the archives of Monaco do not tell. But alliances based on £ s. d. and personal interest only do not last long. Both the pope and the prince had now satisfied their private views and the rest mattered but little. They were no longer bound by their mutual engagement; the work was done and paid for. Neither held himself restrained for the future. Urban VI., indignant at the conduct of the Queen Jeanne d'Anjou, shocked at the assassination of her husband in a room adjoining hers, and suspecting her guilty of a heinous crime, excommunicated her. This act, just though it was, irritated Rainier to such a degree that he broke off with the pope and joined the party of the queen and her intimate friend, Clement VII., the anti-pope, doing as much harm as possible to his former ally. Queen Jeanne was strangled in 1382, notwithstanding all her powerful friends.

As a curious specimen of the capricious and vicious changes in the spelling of a language struggling into existence and continually metamorphosing, I insert the following letter with a French translation. As it was written by a prince, we have a right to presume that his style and spelling represent the standard grammar of the time:

Cars amics tant coma frayres Nostres, Honorables et car amics et frayres.	Chers amis autant que frères nôtres, Honorables et chers amis et frères.
Plas a nos vos a saber que hyer a vespre nos apliquem en lo luec de	Nous nous plaisons à vous faire savoir que hier au soir nous abor-

[1] Gioffredo, pp. 864-867.

Menton sans et alegres, le Dieu mercy, et disapre partim de Jenoa en la bona licencia de Mons. lo Conte de Sant Pol, lo qual nos a fayt tres grant aculhiment, et mes final conclusion en nostra delievranssa. Item quar nos auriam tres grant desir de parler ambe alcuns nostres cieutadins ; nos scrivem a la corna de regimont, que sa nos voulgues mandar un sieu ambe alcuns de vos. E per so vos pregam carament, que vos plagues de far sa venir un, o dos des nostres ambe cels, que la corna sa volva far venir, quar nos luz direm chosa, que sera profiech, e honor de nostres tres redoute seghnor, monseigneur de Savoya ; et de cels del pays.

Item auem ausit coma Valantin servidor nostre es arrestat a Nisa en preyson de que avem grant meravilha. Poi que vos pregam carement que vos plasa de far lo relaxar. Autre non vos scrivem ; mas que si ren podent far en plozer nostre, scrives nos orquar o farem de tres bon cuer. Lo Sant Esprit vos aya en sa garda. Scricha a Menton lo 16 iorn de may.

Lo Segnhor de Buelh.
E Loys de Grimaul frayres.[1]

dâmes au lieu de Menton sains et alégres, grâce a Dieu, et samedi partîmes de Gènes avec la bonne permission de Mons le Comte de Saint Paul lequel nous a fait bien bon accueil et mis finale terminaison de notre déliverance. Item car nous aurions bien grand désir de parler avec quelquesuns de nos concitoyens, nous écrivons à la Corna de Régimont qu'ici il veuille nous envoyer un des siens avec quelques uns des vôtres. Et pour cela nous prions chèrement, qu'il vous plaise de faire venir un ou deux des nôtres avec ceux que la Corna voudra faire venir ici, car nous leur dirons chose qui sera a profit et honneur de notre bien redouté seigneur, Monseigneur de Savoie et de ceux du pays.

Item avons ouï comme Valentin, notre serviteur est arrêté à Nice en prison de quoi avons grande surprise. Pourquoi nous vous prions chèrement qu'il vous plaise de le faire relâcher. Autre (chose) ne vous écrivons, mais si rien pouvons faire en votre plaisir, écrivez-le-nous, car nous le ferons de très-bon cœur. Le Saint Esprit vous ait en sa garde Ecrit à Mentone le 16 jour de Mai.

Le Seigneur de Beuil
Et Louis de Grimaut, frères.

About this time, in 1379, Rainier ceded half of his rights in Mentone to G. del Caretto, Marquis di Savona, to whom, as co-regent, homage was paid by a committee of the principal landowners, and by two men, Rospando and Revelli, representing the citizens at large. This ceremony took place in the Church of St. Michael, the marquis promising to uphold justice and peace, and to respect and protect the liberties and privileges of the inhabitants, as the Ventos and King Charles had done before. Mentone had thus three lords—Rainier and Charles representing one half, and Caretto the other. Charles, however, ceded his claims to Marc and Luc Grimaldi, a branch line, possessing, or rather holding Antibes on the security of a loan of nine thousand

[1] Gioffredo, p. 955.

florins, advanced to Clement VII., the anti-pope, in 1373. The ceremony of homage was repeated in the same church in 1382, raising the number of rulers to four, viz., Rainier, Caretto, Marc, and Luc, the last dying, however, very soon after. Branch lines are only noticed as far as they are really connected with Mentone, the author disclaiming every idea of writing the history of Monaco. This cession to a Savona noble seemed to have lasted three years only. In 1382 the Grimaldis of Cannes and Antibes rallied more closely to their palatines of Monaco, entertaining, at the same time, cordial relations with the house of Anjou. In 1382 they also repurchased from Caretto of Finale and Savona that part of Mentone which was ceded to him in 1379 by Remo, *i.e.* Rainier of Monaco. A Guillaume de Vento was then at Nice, Charles of Anjou's guest, with whom he was on very intimate terms. All these transactions must have taken place very early in 1382, or in Rainier's absence through his *locum tenens*, since he himself sailed for Naples in the beginning of June, arriving there on or about the 13th of that month, where he had, as the naval commander, to supply and support the land forces from the sea. For this essential service he received a number of worthless estates, merely a nominal grant, on August 22, 1384, for which, however, Queen Mary, Louis II.'s mother, substituted a more useful gift in the shape of several substantial pensions. In spite of the tact and assistance of the Grimaldis, Louis I. lost his cause. Being constantly harassed by the famous John Hawkwood,[1] who had taken up Durazzo's cause, Louis had to pass through devastations and ruin, his valiant army got more and more reduced, and he at last irretrievably lost favour with the kingdom of Naples. After several minor

[1] Sir John Hawkwood, not one of the least of the London worthies, attracted the notice of the Black Prince through his brave conduct in action, and he gave him a noble charger. He made such good use of his gift that he was knighted by his captain and enrolled among his esquires. When there were no more battles to be fought in France, Sir John collected about 15,000 Britons, entered first the service of the Duke of Milan, and gradually began to fight for any cause where fame and booty were to be gained. See 'The nine worthies of London: explaining the Honourable Exercise of Arms, the Virtue of the Valiant, and the Memorable attempts of Magnanimous Minds, pleasant for Gentlemen, not unworthy for Magistrates, and most profitable for 'Prentices,' by Richard Johnson, 1592.

troubles and engagements at home, Rainier regained Monaco in 1402, and seemed to pass the remainder of his days in peaceful occupation, receiving even the visit and blessing of Boniface VIII., the anti-pope of Avignon, in 1405. He died in 1407 after a reign of forty-nine years.

Ambroise (1407 to 1422)

his eldest son and successor, must have been a prince, who really took things easily, since history only records his early death while fishing in the sea in 1422. During his short reign, a treaty was agreed upon between '*Amé duc de Savoie et avec la très-haute Princesse la Royne de Jerusalem*,' ending thus : '*et en tesmoing de ce nous avons faict sceller ces présentes de notre propre scel Donnez a Thonon dernier iour de Septembre l'an de grace* 1419,' and signed among others by 'Henri Seigneur de Menton,' of whose existence and standing I cannot find any traces.

The pretensions of the dukes of Savoy, which began from their near stronghold, Turbia, did not seriously disturb his mind, bent more on quiet amusement and occupation than on warlike pursuits. Even the fortifications of Nice and Turbia, then under the sagacious administration of Nicodo of Mentone, caused him little, if any, uneasiness, though they were the stepping-stones of important changes brought about under

Jean I. (1422 to 1454)

and materially affecting Mentone. This Nicodo just mentioned, lord of Versoy and Hermy, a man of tried experience, governor of the county of Nice and all the naval stations, often annoyed and provoked the Prince of Monaco, but seemed always to please his master, the Duke of Savoy. Giacomino Gribaudi di Mentone was then keeper of the fort with the title Castellan. Nicodo's reputation for courage and sagacity was so great that the holy fathers assembled in council at Basel selected him, with the duke's permission, to be commander of a fleet then manning and equipping at Marseilles, Villafranca, and elsewhere, for the transport of the Emperor and the Greek patriarchs and prelates from

Constantinople to Basel to join in the debate for the union of the churches. On August 6, 1437, he left Villafranca, after having officially received the standard of the Church, and the solemn blessing of the cardinal legate. But notwithstanding all these clerical ceremonies, one of his vessels was captured and stripped of all that was on board. The pirates being hotly pursued were soon caught and brought back to Nice. The second start was more successful, though the Greek prelates declined to appear, and Nicodo, highly recommended to Louis, Prince of Savoy, reigning in his father's stead, was reappointed governor of Nice, where he enlarged and fortified both town and castle. He so pleased both the prince and the citizens that they placed the following inscription on a marble slab in the church, Nice : MCCCCXL.

> 'Hoc opus, hanc molem Menthonis stirpes erectus
> Effecit Niceæ rector, milesque Nycodus,
> Ad ducis excelsi, quem tota Sabaudia adorat,
> Et Pedemontani, et Nicea antiquissima laudem.'

His father, Peter di Mentoni, lord of Montrolier, was entrusted with several important missions under Duke Louis, and proved to be a very skilful negotiator and clever diplomatist. Both father and son were liked and respected.[1]

Jean I. was a true soldier, showing his great abilities as a commander near Cremona, where he led the Duke of Milan's fleet and army to a decisive victory against the Venetians, whose valiant captain, Count Canuagnoli, accused of treachery, was condemned to death by the famous council of ten. Yet though this victory showered on him glory and honour, though the last doge of Genoa gave him his daughter in marriage, and though the Duke of Milan gave him back Monaco lately acquired, Jean gave up half his sovereign rights over Mentone to the house of Savoy, in spite of the manifest opposition and vehement protest of his relations so deeply interested in the transfer. He received only two hundred gold guldens, for which the tax on salt was mortgaged, and he had to admit a Piedmontese garrison in the two castles.[2] The treaty was concluded, and Mentone

[1] Gioffredo, pp. 1061, 1063, 1072, 1073, 1075, 1079.
[2] *Question de Menton et de Roccabrune*, p. 117.

signed away on December 19, 1448. After having reduced the Catalans to submission, regulated the order of succession for his numerous relatives, and introduced the Salic law, he died in 1454, and with him disappeared the elder branch of the Grimaldis.

Catalan (1454 to 1457).

his son and sole heir, was installed on May 9, the day following his father's death. He had scarce sworn to the usual form of homage which he was constrained to do by the governor of Nice, when he died leaving only one daughter, Claudine, invested with her share of rights over Mentone, and who married the same year, her cousin,

Lambert (1457 to 1493)

He governed whilst she reigned, and like all his ancestors, was fond of adventures, and was a thoroughgoing partisan. He received the government of Ventimiglia for having faithfully served the Duke of Milan. Emboldened by this, he declared himself independent, and proclaimed Claudine's previous engagement to be null and void. This was too much, both for his friends and foes. His suzerain protested, but finding all verbal demonstrations unheeded, he secured his vassal's submission by some more telling means. Monaco capitulated on April 3, 1466, Ventimiglia was lost and homage had to be paid. Unfortunately there were other people dissatisfied with the actual state of things. The Mentonese seemed to be tired of these repeated homage-payings to princes, real or ideal, powers endlessly divided, of the transfers and changes they entailed, receiving orders from the one, neutralised, modified, delayed, or countermanded by another. Their sons shed their blood freely, and fell by hundreds on the numerous battlefields from Naples to Holland, or lay buried in the deep. And for whom did they fight ? And what return did they get for their sacrifice ?

There was no need to accuse the intrigues of an old dowager-princess in the local commotions of Mentone. She might have had, and I think she really had, her own

grievances like her former subjects. Princess Pommelius Fregosa, widow of Jean I., residing by preference in Mentone, away from her former court, saw things greatly changed and opinions sadly divided. For her it was quite natural to compare her former position with her actual one, and to come to the not very unreasonable conclusion that she might reign quite as well as, if not better, than a child of fourteen or fifteen. For some cause or other, however, the Mentonese became unruly, and expressed their dissatisfaction in a meeting where they very plainly and very decidedly declared the Grimaldis deprived of their sovereignty, and on March 4 and 5, 1466, the two governors were sent to the Duke of Savoy, asking him to incorporate Mentone and Roccabruna with his dominions.[1] According to an act of February 28, 1466, these castles and their dependencies already belonged to the dukes of Savoy. The twin sisters seemed always to act together. But conscience and diplomacy differ in their ways and views ; the duke declined the offer, and conforming himself strictly to existing treaties induced the two places to return to their former allegiance.

We must now allude to a more social or perhaps to a mere household question, the monopoly of salt. For many years past this important privilege had been granted to different towns for loyal acts, for great misfortunes, or for a favourable position, and there had been various squabbles between many places enjoying or desirous of enjoying such a favour. Mentone and Ventimiglia held then the exclusive right of storing salt and sending it on roads to be made within given years to Sospello and Breglia respectively. Now the Genoese and Nizzards complained of delay, vexation, and expense, and these complaints told especially against Mentone as belonging to different masters, some of whom would never permit the Genoese to land any salt without a special licence, which was obtained with difficulty. On December 23, 1475,[2] these differences were

[1] Gioffredo, p. 1124.

[2] Mentone and St. Agnès must have been well peopled towards the end of the century, since twenty-five families left for Cabris, decimated by an epidemic. This was done through the agency of a Balthasar of Grasse, who with the families interested signed the act on March 1, 1496.

so far settled that the Genoese had to pay an annual sum of one thousand Savoy gold florins. Mentone did after all gain very little, since the privilege was altogether taken away very soon after for the benefit of St. Martin Lantosque, which had been partly destroyed by fire.

In 1477 Lambert purchased five-twelfths of Mentone from his cousins, Honoré and Luc, only one-twelfth remaining now in the possession of a branch line. He and his consort swore fealty to Duke Philibert I., who preferred a dukedom to a bishopric, and a crown to a mitre, and to whom Lambert transferred the aforesaid five-twelfths in an act passed on April 21, 1477. In order to complete his work of unification, Lambert also purchased for 655 ducats the last twelfth part of Mentone from Lucas Grimaldi, so that Mentone had two masters, one Grimaldi and one Savoyard. This was enacted on Christmas Eve, 1489, being Lambert's last public act. He died in 1493. How the little chapel of Carnolese, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, had by this time attained great renown, and how Lambert had the question about miracles settled, will be related in another chapter under Carnolese, p. 183.

Jean II. (1493 to 1506)

now directed the affairs of the principality under the auspices of his mother. The political horizon looked dark and gloomy and clouds of ominous forebodings moved heavily towards Naples. The King of France, Charles VIII., was about to discharge all his thunderbolts upon that unhappy land. Jean had to assist in these destructive operations; his poor subjects were to increase the number of legions; to destroy or to be destroyed; his genius had to direct the fulminatory expedition. The whole affair, however, turned out an inglorious undertaking, profitable to Jean and to him almost alone. On August 3, 1495, he was named maritime prefect-general along the Riviera di Ponenti in reward for his services rendered in the Neapolitan campaign. Mentone and Roccabruna also derived a small advantage in these troubled times. King Charles VIII. wished to be generous towards those who lent him a helping hand in his venture-

some enterprise against Naples. Having rewarded the young Grimaldi, he granted these two places free trade all along Provence, placing them on an equal footing with the most favoured nation, as the phrase runs nowadays. On November 4, 1497, Jean and his subjects were taken under the protection of Charles's governor against any enemy whatsoever. When Charles VIII. died on April 27, 1498, Louis XII., his successor, added some new favours and confirmed former grants. It was therefore quite natural that both prince and people should again assist Louis in his second expedition against Naples. They must have been crowned with success, since they returned with plenty of booty, out of which the lucky Mentonese got some tangible benefit, not exactly in hard cash, but in the shape of a princely castle, erected or rather reconstructed in 1505 on the spur that runs right into and through the town, dividing the two bays and terminating with the rock on which the Bastion braves the waves even in their greatest fury. There is nothing recorded about the destruction of the castle founded by Otho of Ventimiglia about five hundred years previously. It existed in 1466, and Lambert's widow had it assigned to her as a residence for life. Yet destroyed it was, and Jean, by rebuilding it, gave occupation to a good many people for 'Wann die Könige bauen, haben die Kärrner zu thun,' is a proverb verified by history. There is now very little left of this construction for, 'Time, war, and weather wore it off together.'

Just when he was going to enjoy the fruit of his busy life he was struck down by an assassin's hand, and was succeeded by his brother

LUCIAN (1506 to 1523)

whose mother, Claudine, was the nominal ruler. She hired a house for him in Mentone where he passed the first years of his reign. In order to understand the sanguinary drama just enacted in Monaco, and which called Lucian to the princely throne, we must retrace our steps and sketch a family picture of earlier days.

Duke Philibert of Savoy, being desirous of bestowing on Lambert a proof of his esteem, gave his eldest and favourite daughter Jane in marriage to Jean, Lambert's eldest son. Now Jane was a natural child, born to him of the noble dame Liberia Portoneria and not of Bona Romagnano, as erroneously supposed. The issue of this union was a daughter called Mary. Jean, who had been brought up as a soldier according to family tradition, and fighting as a dashing leader and a brave warrior for Charles XII. before Naples, had been duly rewarded for his gallant conduct by his generous ally, and even entrusted with the government of Ventimiglia in 1500, retired to Monaco to enjoy the full happiness of his home graced by his wife Jane and enlivened by his daughter Mary, and to enter on a reign of peace so much needed by his subjects. But his life was cut short by the murderous hand of his own brother Lucian in 1506. An indomitable ambition, a craving for power had struck deep into this miserable man's heart, whom Providence had endowed with rare gifts of intellect, and whilst still reeking with his brother's blood, he expelled from his dominion the widow and child upon whom the reins of government would have devolved, and went straight to the King of France to implore his protection, and asked Charles III., Duke of Savoy, for immediate investiture of Mentone and Roccabruna. Strange as it may appear, this was hastily granted on March 5, 1506.[1] Many trustworthy French and Italian authorities mention this murder as an incontestible fact, whilst Métivier in his excellent history of the house of Grimaldi only refers to it as a vague rumour. The deed being not proven, admits of Lucian's innocence. But the very steps that prince took at the courts of France and Sardinia compromise him quite as much as Duke Charles's hasty indult, by granting him the investiture without any inquiry or delay.

Lucian was a brave soldier, and at the very outset of his accession he had an opportunity of showing his personal courage, and he gave ample proof that he was not wanting in this quality, which was almost an heirloom from his

[1] *Question de Menton et de Roccabrune*, p. 130.

ancestors. The Genoese disturbances gave him plenty to do. The mercantile republic felt aggrieved and provoked by the asylum the Grimaldis granted to some exiles, and especially by the open impunity with which the pirates could exercise their nefarious operations in and near the Monaco waters. Genoa manned and armed a large fleet under Tarlatino di Castello in order to besiege and punish Monaco. This siege lasted fully seven months without abating the courage and vigilance of the assailed city. After having done little harm, but having sustained great losses by heat and sickness, the Genoese had to retire to Ventimiglia, to give up Mentone and Roccabruna which they had held, and to retreat altogether with their land and sea forces on March 22, 1507. Instead of simply attributing the victory to their own courage, Monaco loudly proclaimed that their deliverance was due to their patron saint Santa Dévota, whose sudden apparition in all her virgin glory at one time, and her agony as a martyr at another, frightened the Genoese forces away. Others ascribe it to Savoy's pressure, driving its wedges from Eza and Turbia between the Genoese navy and army. The truth, however, I think is, that slow and indifferent allies induced the republican forces to raise the blockade of the Grimaldi city much more than Santa Dévota or the sideway movements of the Piedmontese commanders, otherwise they would not have permitted Louis XII. and Lucian to enter their town as acknowledged victors with drawn sword in hand.

This was the last time Mentone suffered from any Genoese invasion. That republic, having arrived at her culminating point some years before, began to descend from the height she had attained with such astonishing success and endurance. In 1508 Lucian went to Milan and paid his respects to Louis XII., where his temper, dignity, and forbearance were sorely tried, and where he had, after much manly resistance, and two years' treacherous detention, to consent to admit a French garrison into his capital, a humiliation inadequately palliated by subsequent favours, promises, and verbose declarations about protection and independence.

After his arrival in Monaco in 1511, he received the

celebrated Nicolas Macchiavelli as an ambassador from the Florentines, who wished to live in peace and harmony with him, and in consequence of this visit a commercial treaty was concluded between the two petty states. On August 27 of the same year another treaty was signed by the inhabitants of Sospello, Castiglione, and Mollinetto on the one side, and those of Monaco, Mentone, and Roccabruna on the other, to settle several disputes about private and public wrongs, and to terminate their frequent reprisals about commercial debts.[1]

In 1514, Claudine, Lambert's aged widow, went down to her grave with accusations against the Duke of Savoy on her lips. Her will may have been drawn up with a good intent, but it engendered ill-feelings, evil passions, and most lamentable results. In 1515 Lucian purchased some rights over Mentone from Anna Lascaris, Countess of Tenda, and wife of the bastard of Savoy, which had come to her in consequence of endless divisions and subdivisions among all branches, and which she graciously resigned for the trifling sum of five thousand gold dollars.

When the fair lady Annes de Pontèves of the noble house of Chabannes, Lucian's beloved wife, whom he married in 1518, gave him a son and heir, and later on a second son, his happiness seemed complete. We say seemed, for a secret grief troubled his mind and deprived him of real comfort and peace. His manly courage, tried on many a battlefield in his younger days, was gone, and like a timid child he was afraid of walking about alone in the ill-lit corridors of his strong castle. Following the custom of his time, he thought of calming his gnawing conscience by erecting a convent, and after having humbly solicited and gracefully obtained the necessary permission of Leon X., the sacred building was constructed in the neighbourhood of Carlonese, and in due time handed over to the pious and gifted father, Thomas Stridonio, a Franciscan, now raised to the exalted rank of a saint. By his holy life and truly Christian conviction he was urged on to expose and combat vice wherever it showed its head or attempted to take up its

[1] Alberti, *Istoria della città di Sospello.*

abode. He must have maintained towards Lucian that firmness and penetration wherewith he had wrought the agony of penitent Lorenzo di Medici; for the sublime tranquillity that reigned within the humble walls of the Carnolese convent induced Lucian one day to visit it for spiritual comfort and peace of heart and mind. But it was rather the irresistible power of remorse than penitence that led him there, face to face with the scrutinising servant of Christ, whose searching look he seemed unable to bear, and would have avoided, had not Thomas slowly and beseechingly exclaimed:

'For heaven's sake, Sire, do not torture your soul any longer with the agonising guilt that lies so heavy on your heart! Restore to your niece, Mary, the land you withhold from her by sheer misdeed and treason! Wash now, while there is yet time, these blood-stained hands of yours, still reeking like those of Cain, with your brother's blood, and implore God's mercy so that our divine Master's prophetic words: "*The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground, and now thou art cursed from the earth*," may not be fulfilled in you.'

These solemn words of the pious monk did not find any echo in Lucian's heart, who returned impenitent to his castle, labouring, however, under deep emotion and anxious foreboding, having a presentiment that something very awful would happen to him. How far this moral dejection was justified, approaching events will soon reveal.

Francisca, one of Lucian's sisters, was married to Lucas Doria, signor of Dolceacqua. Having become a widow, she made a will on December 19, 1513, and when in Genoa, on October 15, 1515, she added a codicil, proposed by her son Bartholomeo, against his uncle Lucian. After several minor depositions concerning her sepulchre, a small gift to a painter named Bréa for a picture of Santa Dévota for the parish church of Dolceacqua, many legacies to convents and churches, a donation to St. Mary of Carnolese, and the division of her property among her children, she names as her executors her brother, Augustin Grimaldi, Bishop of Grasse, Lucian Grimaldi.

the reigning prince of Monaco, and her cousin, Ansaldo Grimaldi of Genoa. Immediately after her death Bartholomeo, her eldest son, complained that his uncle Lucian had not remitted to him the due part of his mother's legacy. Blinded by hatred and covetousness, Bartholomeo listened to the tempter, and governed by his deep-set passion against his uncle, he resolved to rid himself of him and to become master of Monaco. Some say that before his black design was agreed upon, he sent a few accomplices to Monaco, several of whom were subjects of his famous cousin, Andrea Doria of Oneglia, requesting his uncle Lucian to kindly permit them a brief sojourn, since a boyish plot prevented them from residing in his own dominion.

Lucian imprudently received these secret agents. Soon after his nephew wrote about his intention of going to Lyons to see the king of France, and to get some command in the expedition then organising against Milan. He followed soon in person, told his uncle about a letter written in Lyons by Andrea Doria, requesting him to come soon and to execute the plan which he knew was matured. These equivocal expressions led afterwards to the belief that the illustrious admiral had a hand in this infamous assassination, a belief which seemed rather strengthened by the presence of his galleys in the port of Monaco, and which left immediately after the crime had been committed.

Having lulled every suspicion of Lucian by taking him into his council, Bartholomeo returned to Dolceacqua, pretending that he had several final arrangements to make, and that he would await his uncle's vessels at Ventimiglia, on August 22, 1523, to convey him and his luggage back to Monaco, where he would take leave of his uncle and then continue his journey. This was on a Saturday. On Sunday morning he was invited to mass, but on his saying that he had already attended an earlier one, Lucian went alone leaving his nephew on the loggia talking with his followers, most likely about the definitive arrangements and details of the impending tragedy. At dinner Bartholomeo occupied the place of honour. His pale face, his meditative expression, his furtive looks, his unexplained abstinence from any dish

offered to him, and above all his nervousness, might, and to thoughtful people ought to have betrayed some sinister plot. Lucian attributed all to momentary dullness or humour. He put one of his little children into his arms, but it was of no avail; Bartholomeo could not be cheered up, he trembled so much that the child had to be taken away from him. But neither did Lucian, timid and nervous, nor his attendants yet suspect anything.

On leaving the table, and after having bid good-bye to the company, Bartholomeo asked Lucian to give him a few important instructions about his journey, and to this end they passed along a corridor to Lucian's private study. Whilst discussing the subject, the majordomo informed his master that four galleys were in sight, sailing along the coast towards Monaco. Bartholomeo at once replied that they were his cousin, Andrea Doria's squadron. He forthwith wrote to the commander to enter the harbour in order to receive some pressing communications. This letter was shown to Lucian and was ordered to be transmitted to the arriving flotilla. By this means about a dozen men were withdrawn from the palace. Seeing thus the gallery empty, except for a negro who would never leave his master, Bartholomeo proposed that even the secretary might leave, as he himself could fill his place. When finally both sat down, one dictating and the other writing, one of Bartholomeo's conspirators stole in, left the door ajar, and was followed by Vincenzo, who seized Lucian, inflicting on him several deadly wounds, so that the victim could only faintly scream, 'Traitors, traitors!'[1]

From the recess of a window at the further end of the gallery the negro slave rushed up, hearing but faintly the last shriek of his master, and on looking he saw Bartholomeo Doria using his dagger against Lucian like a professional assassin. Before the arrival of sufficient help, the conspirators had

[1] Pontèves, Lucian's widow, had this part of the castle surrounded by a double wall, which was only opened and destroyed in 1815, after having been shut out from the light of day for three centuries. It no longer exists. Formerly there were two more wings running parallel with the two existing wings. The southern one contained fountains and baths and statues all in marble and richly decorated. The next wing contained the room where the murder was committed.—*Annales de Nice.*

left, brandishing their weapons, barring every inlet, and shouting: 'To the sword with every one!' This order was immediately taken up by all his followers, distributed about the passages. When the inhabitants heard the cries of the family assembled on the now isolated great loggia they hurried up, but found all the gates locked or barricaded and the few servants collected on a lawn below the terrace. The band could thus not escape without some fighting with the loyal household and subjects of the murdered prince. The murderers set several things on fire, even quilts, so as to produce a thick smoke to increase the confusion, and to give the signal of success to some galleys at Cap d'Aglio a short distance to the west, but the smoke not rising high enough no galleys appeared. In the meantime the gates and doors had been forced and the band attacked, when Bartholomeo Doria had the audacity to stand forward and to tell the people that he had caused all this to be done for Mary of Villeneuve, John's daughter and only legitimate heiress; that four hundred soldiers would arrive in her name within three hours, and that from her they might expect kind treatment and a wise administration. At this moment Lucian's body was brought down and roused the fury of the unarmed Monachians to the highest pitch. Bartholomeo Doria, stoutly defended by his eighteen accomplices, made his escape into the Turbia territory, where he had the boldness to declare that he was sorry for not having thrown the whole family over the rock into the sea.

We resume our historical sketch and continue with

Honoré I. (1523 to 1581)

who was only five years old when his father was murdered. Up to 1520, on his coming of age, he had nothing to do with the government. His uncle Augustin, an ambitious priest,[1] cunning in statecraft, became his guardian and the

[1] This prince, Bishop of Grasse, became in 1505 abbé commanditaire of the Lérins. As such he received homage of the inhabitants of Cannes on August 24, 1505, and in 1514 rigidly claimed certain rights and privileges which the *Cannois* contested, but which a judgment of the Court of Aix

virtual ruler of the principality. He had, above all, two things in view, the revenge of his brother's death and the glory of his family.

The two leading rival monarchs of the day, outbidding each other in securing alliances, were Charles v. and Francis i. The former offered better terms, more tempting promises. The Spanish alliance promised therefore to be the more advantageous, and was consequently fostered, whilst the French knot was gradually loosened and finally severed. The Mentonese soon felt the consequences of this change. Andrea Doria, confessedly a French partisan, but in reality out of spite, sailed straight for Mentone, the abode of the bishop, the prime mover in the union. The first shot fired nearly killed his eminence, the ball falling within half a yard of the place where he was sitting. A brig and boat of his were captured. This raised his ire, and he swore that he would requite it some day together with his grudges against the Dorias. Bartholomeo Doria was to atone for the sins of others as well as of his own. He was quietly and perseveringly hunted down, and finally discovered at Penna, a castle on the Roya, close to the French territory. Not being prepared for a sudden attack, he was soon captured, brought to Monaco as a state prisoner, formally tried and hurriedly sentenced to death, and soon after executed. Pope Clement vii. was moved in his favour, and on April 27 wrote a most touching letter to the bishop regent: 'Venerabilis frater, salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Inter ceteras virtutes et laudes quae Christiano homini convenient a misericordia et pietate principem locum possideri Dominum ac Redemptorem nostrum J. C. autorem habemus. . . .' But Augustin, though a Christian, a priest, a bishop even, did not spare his cousin's life, but had him executed on

declared legal and binding on seven points out of eight. He must, however, have been a man of a high moral character, for in 1515 he stood boldly and successfully up against the laxity, dissipation, and unbelief of the Lérin monks, and with the sanction of Pope Leo x. he united his monastery with that of Monte Cassino, in order to improve its moral condition and raise its moral standard. But it was all in vain. Worldly pleasures and sensual enjoyments had deadened the primitive faith, fervour, and simplicity of the order, and the abbot was perhaps not sorry to become a political agent of a principality small though it was.

July 13, 1525; thus vengeance was accomplished within a year.

In the meantime the tide of Spanish influence flowed gently in and the French ebbed gradually out. France had given a few welcome causes of offence and Augustin made the most of them. Had not France sheltered Bartholomeo Doria? Had not Andrea Doria, sailing under French colours, attacked and bombarded Mentone? Had not French generals plundered everything around Mentone and annoyed the regents? On the other hand Charles v., having recognised the importance of Portus Herculis (Monaco), met Augustin's ambitions and vindictive plans more than halfway, wrote flattering letters, promised liberal pensions, honourable and rich councillorships, and lucrative livings, was most pliable on the stipulations of the treaty, and consented to a personal interview at Monaco in July 1529. Having thus brought the alliance to a satisfactory conclusion. Augustin set to work in another direction by the purchase of St. Agnès, which might, in the hands of an able adversary, drive its wedge down to the sea and sever Roccabruna from Mentone. Duke Charles of Savoy received the proposition most favourably and parted with St. Agnès for four thousand golden dollars. The treaty was concluded when the Sospellians, afraid of the pretensions of Monaco, protested and got the convention annulled. This mishap was a sad blow for the bishop and seemed to have hastened his death, which occurred on April 14, 1532.[1] As representative abbot of the Lérins he was far from being liberal towards his canons, whose request, made in 1514, for a more extensive grant of liberties, he ignored from year to year, and never took one single step towards its realisation, though Pope Adrian VI., when there in August 1522, granted to the monastery a perpetual indulgence to all monks, present and to come.

Honoré could not yet assume the government, and Stephen, a Grimaldi of a branch line, became his tutor and governor. This Stephen was a Genoese, and whilst his ward, brave and warlike like all Grimaldis, went

[1] Gioffredo, pp. 1187, 1227, 1277-89, 1034-36.

to Tunis to fight against the Turks, he occupied himself at home with the general improvement of the estate. Honoré's chaplain, a Carnolese friar, brought back some leaves of the prickly pear and planted them on the rocks around Monaco and Mentone, where they are now seen in great profusion. Honoré's absence was only of short duration, for in 1536 he received the visit of Pope Paul III.,[1] when nothing was spared to do honour to his pious guest, bent on a peaceful mission. The holy father tried to bring about a reconciliation between the rulers of France and Spain, who, in spite of their spiritual adviser, would not meet, though their mutual headquarters were only a few miles distant. War soon began again. The French were supported by the Turks,[2] under Khays-Eddyn Barbarossa, who burnt a large part of Mentone and Roccabruna, and who (according to a letter written from Sospello to the Duke of Savoy on August 9, 1543), driven from Nice by the heroic efforts of the inhabitants under their enthusiastic leader Dame Maufaccia, the maiden of Liguria, ordered his savage bands all over the neighbourhood. They carried off every treasure and led into captivity all men, women, and children whom they did not choose to murder. Though the star of the Ottoman was sinking and setting with Solomon, they had still power and energy enough to send their flying forces along the Mediterranean and commit numerous acts of cruelty and destruction along the coast, so that Charles V. ordered a general razzia against them. John of Austria, his natural brother, was its leader, and Honoré, now of age, leaving his principality a little longer in Stephen's hands, joined him. The youthful

[1] About this time the following inscription was discovered, now split in two pieces, which may, however, still be seen in Antibes and which inscription runs thus: VIATOR AUDI SI LIBET INTUS VENI TABULA EST AENA QUAE TE CUNCTA PERDOCET. It is a most curious composition and may mean any invitation into a house to see a family vault, or receive hints and instructions for his journey, or to indulge in secret pleasures. What may the holy father have thought of it? And what may be his interpretation? It was presented to him on his journey: that is certain.

[2] This alliance of the most religious king with the arch enemy of Christendom against the emperor, called the *most* Catholic, is blamed by all the historians of note, and Mezecray, in his *Histoire de France*, calls it infamous, heretic, and odious, whilst others call it a perpetual infamy, a disgrace, and a lasting stain on the king's character.

prince commanded his own galleys against the Turks who assailed Malta, which was gallantly defended. The allied squadron pursued those sworn enemies of the Christian world as far as Lepanto, where Honoré fought side by side with the Austrian prince. The struggle was severe, often hand to hand, and the Mussulman's fleet only surrendered after a stout resistance. Honoré, with a lion's courage and an eagle's eye, singled out man after man. The lance of his fiercest antagonist he brought back to Mentone, as before related under St. Michael's church (see p. 33).

During his reign some other Mentonese seem to have distinguished themselves by feats of arms or stratagem. Among these was Peter of Mentone, one of the most daring defenders of the Castle of Nice, when on the very verge of surrendering to the Turks in 1543; and Claudio of Mentone holding at the same time a command in the second squadron.

Honoré died in 1581, highly esteemed both for his valour abroad and his learning and his civil administration at home.

Charles II. (1581 to 1589)

his eldest son, succeeded him, and having either failed or refused to do homage to Charles Emmanuel the Great, Duke of Savoy, Mentone remained evidently a dead letter in 1583.[1] The Spanish garrison in Monaco may have had its weight and now advised moderation. After a short reign of nine years he was succeeded by his brother

Hercules (1589 to 1604)

The French failed again in their attempt to secure Monaco, and the boundary question with Turbia was once more given up as too intricate for a peaceful settlement. Hercules, accused of great laxity in his manners, of immoral conduct in his intercourse with some of his subjects, and of a shameful abuse of his influence and position, roused such a storm of indignation that a few enraged husbands and fathers

[1] *Question de Menton*, etc., p. 136, act dated April 26, 1583, Mentone being named Feudo di Mentone. On March 31, 1588, the Emperor Rudolphus II. gave to Charles Emmanuel I. Mentone and Roccabruna.

penetrated into his apartment, murdered him, mutilated his body, and then threw it into the sea.

Honoré II. (1604 to 1662)

being a ward of his Spanish uncle, was brought up in a Spanish atmosphere, and in due time married to a Spanish lady. His guardian, caring more for the interests of his imperial master than those of his ward, made a treaty for the admission of a Spanish garrison into Monaco, with Spanish officers under Spanish regulations. It is true the prince was the nominal captain of the troops, but he could not judge or punish them according to his laws, although he had to maintain and pay them. Five hundred Spaniards entered on March 7, 1605, and the next day they issued an order that no one would be allowed to carry arms of any kind. The Monaco ward, under a Spanish guardian, satisfied his conscience beneath the Golden Fleece and shut his eyes under a Spanish helmet! In fact, the principality was a Spanish province in all but name. Philip IV. showered honours and titles on Honoré to gild the bitter pill of thraldom. The ancient order of Calatrava and a grandeeship of Spain dazzled the young prince. As long as his Spanish uncle lived all went on smoothly, but later, on growing in years and experience, Honoré felt more and more that he was after all but a vassal. His arrival in his capital showed him the abuse the Spaniards made of their power.[1] The sad fate of his cousin at Beuil[2] made him cautious, favoured though he was by circumstances. The French came into his immediate neighbourhood, reconnoitring Monaco from land and sea, and Honoré had a relative in the French army, a man of rare tact and talent. This man began negotiations, but whether acting on his own responsibility or on gentle hints from home, no one can tell. Suspicions, easily engendered, arose on many sides and delayed and protracted proceedings. The French and Spanish fleets watched and dogged each other constantly. The former, moving on September 7, 1636, in

[1] Appendix. See note D.
[2] He was executed for rebellion in 1621.—Gioffredo, pp. 1797-99.

smooth Mentone waters, was suddenly attacked, but got the upper hand in the affray and the latter had to take refuge in Genoa harbour.[1] Intrigues went on, however. Plots were quickly concocted, quickly given up. Spies plied for prey then as they do now. Four long years passed away without any visible advantage. A sudden change of locality, a transfer of the scene to distant quarters agreed upon between France and Monaco succeeded, however, in lulling all Spanish suspicions. Politics seemed to have gone abroad and diplomacy on a long pilgrimage. The prince pretended to be highly pleased with his Catalonian friends and retired to Mentone, where he ostentatiously busied himself with the embellishment or reconstruction of churches. Nicolas Spinola, then Bishop of Ventimiglia, was called upon to consecrate the church of the Conception, also called the Convent, because the Reformati, not the Reformers, had occupied it in 1640. Honoré went still further. He even married his son and heir, Hercules, to Aurelia Spinola of Genoa, of Spanish extraction, and the marriage was celebrated in Monaco in July 1641. This very prince, however, whose Spanish education, alliance, marriage, and taste, appeared to link him for perpetuity to the Spanish ruler and nation, was nevertheless soon able to shake off the foreign yoke. His power having become merely nominal, his principality a Spanish drilling ground, his person a cypher, his life a disguised captivity, his protector his oppressor, no one can wonder that his sole aim was directed towards the expulsion of the Spaniards, and no one can feel sorry his clever plot was crowned with complete success. Here again his Mentonese were on the foremost post of honour and trust. In spite of a recent order not to carry arms, many went about well armed, causing surprise to the uninitiated and alarm to the officials. One day there was a great stir and display of force, and Prince Honoré took an active share in the movement spread all over Mentone and Roccabruna, for the plausible object of catching the delinquents. This object he attained. The prisoners were conveyed to

[1] Gioffredo, p. 1886.

Monaco and disarmed and lodged in the castle. Both sides were satisfied. Spanish susceptibilities were allayed. Honoré's armoury was replenished.

The number of men on whom the prince could fully rely was limited to thirty. It was only possible to smuggle in a few more here and there. At a late hour the rising in all its details was agreed upon, the eventful moment arrived, the decisive blow was to be struck, all was ready.

At the momentous hour two incidents happened that seemed to portend signal failure. On preparing and distributing the arms one pistol went off accidentally. The Spaniards having, however, enjoyed an extra good dinner and an extra allowance of wine were fortunately sound asleep and did not hear the report. Shortly after a Spaniard found a letter carelessly dropped by the prince himself, providentially he handed it back to the owner without having shown it to any one. Providence seemed to favour the undertaking. The parish priest, taking an active part in the scheme, brought over many a waverer to his senses. A nine days' prayer had been ordered, ostensibly for the faster and safer defeat of the enemy, whom people supposed to be the French, but in reality to give a plausible reason for the general stir. These prayers took place every evening from 4th to 13th November 1641. On the last day of the devotional exercise the greater portion of the garrison was to leave for Nice, only 110 men remaining behind. This day was therefore fixed upon for the realisation of the plot. There were still too many Spaniards to admit of success being certain. A singular means of diminishing their number was provided by the soldiers themselves. They renewed this very day their complaint against the frequent arrears of their pay. Honoré, having shown his helplessness, feigned pity for them, and allowed the soldiers to quarter themselves on Roccabruna, whose inhabitants had long held back money they had promised. The soldiers, nothing loth, accepted this offer and took themselves off to the number of sixty. The above-mentioned thirtyMentonese had arrived two days before. Captain Jérome Monléon of Mentone had received

orders to assemble all his men, 200 in number, coming from outlying districts, to advance under night and to keep watch near the gates of the castle. Captain Jérome Rey, commanding the guards, was to take the side gate by assault, Honoré's son, the Marquis des Baux, a youth of seventeen years, another strategical point called Serraval, and the prince himself, with fifty men, the main entrance.

With the main population at church listening to the extraordinarily long exposition of their priest; with most of the Spanish officials seated at the prince's table; with a compact batch of picked men as resolute as their leaders, the attempt could not but succeed. When the palace clock struck eleven all the initiated assembled at their respective posts, and two columns emerging from their lanes rushed on the Spanish outposts, which for a moment were stunned, but soon recovered their wonted presence of mind and fought bravely against their less trained opponents. It was a most critical moment. The marquis was in personal danger; the Spanish captain brought all his individual bravery and the strength of his position into effective play; Prince Honoré came to his son's timely assistance; Monléon advanced steadily towards the gates; many Spaniards fell, many were severely wounded; the outposts, outdone by local knowledge and by the devotion both of civilians and soldiers, had to surrender; the garrison decimated, isolated, without provisions and ammunition, cut off from all outer communication, had to yield and was shut up in the palace yard. A heap of wood was set on fire, the signal of victory for Count Alais, who was watching and waiting beyond Cap d'Aglio. No incident occurred to mar the patriotic undertaking. The night of the 13th November 1641 was a memorable one. Prince, priests, and people, united for one holy cause, had gained their great object, the deliverance of their native soil from the foreign oppression of more than a century's duration.

A few days later, on November 18, the French entered, and in the presence of the two garrisons, one entering victorious, the other leaving beaten and captive, Honoré, true to his name and principles and acting up to the generous

dictates of his heart, divested himself of the collar of the Golden Fleece and the insignia of all his other Spanish decorations, and remitted them to the departing captain, Caliente, with a letter running thus: '. . . If I take what is mine it is but just to return what is your Majesty's. The order of the Golden Fleece was conferred upon me as a sign of my servitude and the only reward for my having consigned my own case into your royal keeping. Having out of sheer necessity broken the tie, I send back this collar so that it may be employed in gracing or fettering any other ally or vassal who may be a happier, but can never be a more faithful servant to your Catholic Majesty than I was. . . .'

Honoré acted most nobly throughout the whole transaction, for he fought against the system and not against the man. In parting with the garrison, the agent and not the cause of the long oppression, he furnished all with provisions, gave them extra pay, returned their swords to the officers, and paid a handsome tribute to their past conduct under such trying and anomalous circumstances.

Therewith ended the Spanish rule in Mentone. The vernacular, very different from that of the neighbourhood, had retained a great many Spanish terms of which, however, but few are now traceable, nearly all being either distorted or amalgamated with the local dialect.

The collar of the Golden Fleece enables us to settle pretty accurately the time of the construction of the Bastion fort (p. 23), which was in a state of dilapidation, but has been repaired, adorned with a weathercock, and is now only used for the two great State monopolies, salt and tobacco. The collar was received in 1616 and returned in 1641. The arms of the fort, now no longer visible (the restoration destroyed them), were those of the Prince of Monaco quartered with the Golden Fleece. Honoré had been almost entirely excluded from the government of his own land, and feeling acutely the humiliation inflicted on him by an ambitious uncle, spent nearly all his time in Mentone in improving or restoring public buildings. If we assume that the construction and restora-

tion of some churches—the churches of the Capucins and St. Michel—occupied his time up to 1620, that his marriage was celebrated about the same year, that his young wife died in 1638, we cannot be very wrong in asserting that the said Bastion was constructed between 1620 and 1638, most likely constructed on an old foundation, a former fort of very early date.

After several visits to the court of France, and after the reception of many favours in lieu of others forfeited or returned when changing protectors, Honoré had also the satisfaction of seeing his devoted servants rewarded. In 1642 Captain Rey was styled Jérome Rey de Villarey and Jérome Monléon became Jérome de Monléon. The latter family has, however, an older pedigree, one of the ancestors being *maire* of Mentone in 1535, and another attested, as Beneventus de Monléone, an important document, on January 30, 1298.

Ten years of peace and happiness passed fast away and then sorrow again visited his home. His only son, Hercules, his right hand in the memorable November 13, 1641, a most hopeful prince, and created Marquis des Baux, went on August 2, 1651, with his wife to Carnolese in order to discharge a pious duty and to implore the indulgence of the still famous Church des Recollets. Their prayers and devotions over, Hercules, in company with several of his followers, went into the pleasure gardens of St. Ambroise adjoining the cloister, in order to amuse himself with target shooting. A carabineer of the guard, whom he bade show his skill, got his pistol entangled in his shoulder belt, it exploded, and the shot struck the prince in the spine, causing a fatal injury. He was at once taken to Monaco, but no human skill could save him. Eighteen hours after his arrival he expired, demanding and obtaining a full pardon for him who had unintentionally shortened his days. The man who exposed his life in many an engagement died thus in the midst of peace and pleasure. Eleven years later Honoré followed his son to the grave, universally regretted on account of his learning, valour, kindness, and prudence.

Louis I. (1662 to 1701)

inherited his throne but not his kindly disposition. His reign was almost sterile and void of any measure that might promote the happiness of a small nation. He began with a few pious deeds, the founding of chapels and convents and left the rest to routine. Unhappy in his marriage and domestic relations, oppressed by family misfortunes, he threw himself into a series of scandalous adventures, became dissolute in his conduct and prodigal with his money. Yet at Texel, in the most memorable of all naval engagements, memorable for its duration and memorable for the courage displayed on either side, he showed a bright spark of his intrepidity and presence of mind when he had to swim for his life, carrying his sword away between his teeth. Later on he framed a code of miscellaneous laws enacting, as expressions of his own personal suffering, draconic penalties against immorality, adultery and vice.

Being sent to Rome by Louis XII. on a most delicate mission, his diplomatic skill was only outshone but not outdone by the luxurious display of his equipages, his horses being shod with silver shoes, and purposely shod so loosely that they might drop off the more easily, and his carriage wheels bound with silver tyres. The immediate consequences of this absurd extravagance abroad were arbitrary measures, misrule, abuse, and usury by his officials at home, laying thereby the corner-stone of subsequent immoderation, taxation, and general discontent, and the ultimate loss of the two most valuable jewels in his crown, Mentone and Roccabruna. He died in Rome in 1701 hardly regretted by his subjects. He died just when the Spanish succession was causing universal anxiety.

Antoine I. (1701 to 1731)

began therefore his reign literally beset with difficulties on every side. The rapid development and final velocity with which great events moved over the political stage required the undivided attention of those who had even

the smallest share in guiding the diplomatic chariot. From the safe distance of about 180 years we calmly look back and pick out only such dates as refer particularly to Mentone and places treated within the narrow compass of this book.

At the outset Mentone did not suffer much, because Monaco was recognised as a neutral power, and the Savoy garrison was disarmed by the French general, Consul Mussau, who occupied the Quartier St. Benoît. However, the unexpected issue of the battle of Turin, September 8, 1706, forced the French to a hasty retreat, inducing the Piedmontese and Imperialists to an inconsiderate pursuit and a few months later to a hurried return, and brought both armies twice within our neighbourhood, when Mentone had to pay heavy contributions. The French under d'Artagnan destroyed all the roads except that leading to Castellare and Castiglione. As this was the best track, and yet one fit for mules only, what must the other roads have been ! The Imperial troops passed only one night here. These military operations induced Antoine to yield to the repeated representations of the French general to repair and strengthen the castle of Mentone. He did it the more willingly as this would secure the road to Castiglione and check the hold of the Genoese over Balsi Rossi. The French promised to defray the larger part of the outlay, but never did so. When in July 1708 things looked graver still, Mentone received a garrison of fifty dragoons, who were to watch the Genoese whose entrenchment worried La Feuillade, the French general, as he had been positively assured that it was impregnable without cannons, unless approached and stormed from the heights above, accessible only by the track leading from Grimaldi by Ciotti to Castellare. These outposts and earthworks are still visible in many places as one passes over the Giraude, and considering that 180 years have passed, their remains indicate that their construction must have entailed a good deal of time and labour. All these precautions on both sides caused an unusual stir in the little boundary town, and finally ended in the

peace of Utrecht on April 11, 1713. Monaco, being on the wrong side, had to acknowledge the Duke of Savoy as her suzerain for eleven parts of Mentone and the whole of Roccabruna. The duke was, however, generous and permitted the ceremony to be gone through by proxy.

The continual influx of troops caused an immense deal of misery to all classes of society, especially to landowners; fields remaining uncultivated, crops failing, whole hamlets and homesteads being deserted, towns and villages decimated, and hunger setting in in its most hideous forms and accompanied by its most distressing associates. The opening of new and improved communications between several places and the carriage-drive round Cap Martin, completed in 1713, gave occupation to only a few.

Antoine was a shrewd economist, and a speculating father. Having a number of daughters and still more empty coffers, he bethought him of a healthy and wealthy young nobleman who might satisfy two conditions of his matrimonial and genealogical scheme, a rich husband for his eldest daughter and a rich successor for his principality. The two old, noble houses, Grimaldi and Goyon-Matignon, united on October 24, 1715. The ancient aristocracy protested loudly against such a humiliating union as they called it, but the king of France favoured the alliance, smoothed down divers scruples and healed various sores by bestowing new titles and new favours on the closer union between south and north. Antoine died in 1731, and was greatly regretted as a brave soldier and an honoured prince.

Louise Hippolyte

succeeded him, but died on December 29, 1731, the last of the direct line of the Grimaldis. After eleven months enjoyment of the principality she was succeeded by her eldest son

Honoré iii. (1731 to 1795)

This succession was disputed by the Antibes line claiming to be the male heirs direct, though the Archbishop of Besan-

çon, Anthony Grimaldi, was the only real claimant up to 1748, when he died.

There are now other claimants, one of them, an English gentleman, William Beaufort Grimaldi, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make at Mentone, when he was in search of evidence to establish his rights as a Grimaldi.

With Honoré III. begins a new line, as with his mother the direct branch of the real Grimaldi stock expired, and during his minority his father, the duke of Valentinois, was charged with the administration of the principality.

Some one has said : 'Treaties are made to be broken.' That of Utrecht, at least, was no exception to this rule. Previous wars not having consumed all the political ire, the Austrian succession was greeted as a welcome opportunity for beginning open hostilities again. I say *open*, because hostilities were carried on by diplomatic cabinets whence violent attacks were soon launched on the battlefields and discussed under the shelter of glittering swords and roaring guns. The originally more local conflagration soon became general, and the numerous explosions were felt even in remote corners that had not the slightest interest in either side. Mentone became alarmed. The English fleet had already destroyed several Ligurian towns, and began to bombard it also. It was saved only by the heroic and generous intercession of its governor, Count d'Adhémar de Latagnai. The Spanish landed reinforced in the Golfe de la Paix, and Las Minas had his headquarters in Mentone all July 1746. The presence of the English fleet was altogether an incidental and perhaps ill-timed operation of Admiral Matthews, who was not quite up to his task. Admiral Haddock, his predecessor, seemed to have been more resolute and decided. There was, however, a good deal of hesitation and division at home. Walpole, then minister, strenuously opposed an open declaration of war against France and Spain. War being, however, declared, he exclaimed on hearing the church bells being rung : 'You are now ringing your bells, but before long you will be wringing your hands.' There was also great confusion, France being ally or enemy according to circumstances. Matthews was only appointed

in March 1742. Perhaps he did not like the prime cause of the quarrel, the loss of sailor Jenkins' ears. They were cut off in 1731 in the Gulf of Florida, and the gallant captain carried them about him carefully wrapped up, and even exhibited them at the bar of the House of Commons as a proof of his sufferings by the hands of the cruel Spaniards. The story as told before a Committee is long, and inquisitive readers are referred to 'Hansard.'

There was a serious check sustained on the Col de l'Assiette on July 17, and a hurried retreat. On the 27th of September 1746 the Sardinian general, Marquis de Balbiau, marched down from Pigna with 8000 men on Dolceacqua; nine Spanish battalions were so terrified that they left their quarters, blew up the old castle, retired along the river and occupied the Roya. Martini, a bold Piedmontese captain, displayed his small band very cleverly, chased the enemy towards Castiglione, and drove them down to the Bevera. This untoward movement endangered Count Mallebois' right wing and forced him to leave Ventimiglia, entrusting the castle to a small garrison, whilst he himself moved westward, strengthening the heights from Gorbio to Turbia. The head of the imperial army reached Mentone[1] on October 12, having left a corps of observation to watch the Ventimiglia forts. Charles Emmanuel did not remain inactive, he urged the Austrian general Goravion to attack the enemy on his right while he himself hurried on to Mentone and Turbia. The general's troops suffered a great deal from the Gorbio redoubts, and could not have

[1] On another occasion, May 1800, a few days before the battle of Marengo, when the Austrians were again fighting the French, the Austrian troops under General Melas were about to be billeted on the inhabitants of Mentone, much to their annoyance. The general had an interview with the maire, M. Horace Preti de Saint Ambroise, who in a friendly way held out to him his snuff-box, on the lid of which was the picture of a young officer in Austrian uniform. It caught the general's eye, who asked, 'Who is that?' 'It is my son,' he replied, 'the Chevalier Michel Preti de Saint Ambroise.' He had taken service under Austria, and was in Austrian uniform. The general was so pleased to meet the father of his young officer that he withdrew his troops from Mentone, and the town was spared the annoyance with which it had been threatened. This story was narrated to me by Admiral St. Ambroise Galleani, grandson of the young officer whose portrait saved Mentone, when I called at the family mansion, Maison Galleani, 45 Rue Longue. The deed signed by General Melas, giving a slightly different account of the imposition laid on Mentone, I have seen in the hands of M. Biovès, ex-maire of Mentone.'—Ed.

borne the murderous fire much longer, had not timely assistance come from Nice. Notwithstanding the loss of their general, the Sardo-Austrians dislodged their adversary from every position as far as Turbia, whence the Franco-Spanish retreated partly by Laghetto and partly by Villafranca, and a panic striking confusion into their ranks, they did not stop until they had reached the other side of the Var.

Michelet's corps remaining firmly posted at Laghetto facilitated the removal of the wounded and the evacuation of the hospital. The general's rejoicings were, however, most imprudent, and gave the beaten army plenty of time to reorganise, to return, and to become victorious.[1]

These political quarrels became contagious, since even the fathers of the Holy Catholic Church were affected by them. The Bishop of Ventimiglia found fault with many persons and circumstances within his immediate vicinity and retired to Mentone in 1746, and in spite of all the military movements, held his synod there and excommunicated Honoré III. for a trifling act of jurisdiction. Honoré was, however, too strong for the meddlesome bishop. He not only compelled him to quit Mentone, but obtained from Rome an apostolic legate, (then as now, Monaco had a certain influence in Rome), with episcopal authority independent of the see of Ventimiglia; and town and chapter, people and priests compelled the blind old man to retire to Bordighera where a stroke of apoplexy ended the days of this misguided bishop.

Mentone became comparatively quiet, gradually recovering from its long sufferings. In 1757 it took an active part in the gay festivities of the court. Honoré III. took unto himself a wife, one of Genoa's loveliest, handsomest, and noblest maidens, the fair young Catherine of the ancient house of Brignole-Sale. The chief magistrate of Mentone, H. de Monléon, was sent to escort her to her new home. They arrived in a boat. Thousands of curious people lined the port of Monaco, hundreds of boats surrounded the state barge, all gaily decorated. All was ready for the landing, when in the midst of the national enthusiasm an ugly question of etiquette arose, threatening to break off the match and all the

[1] Rossi, p. 312.

festive preparations. The all-important question was: 'Who had to take the first step for the meeting, the bride or the bridegroom? and who was the higher in rank?' There was no court guide, no book about such all absorbing state ceremonials to settle the knotty point which admitted of no delay. Honoré wanted his bride, but his sovereign rank forbade him *de faire le premier pas*; Madame de Brignole would not yield, she was as hard as the rock on which she wished to build her daughter's future home. After a short but serious deliberation a friend of the families proposed to have at once a floating bridge formed between the port and the galley so that both parties might start at the same time and meet mid-way. This offer was gladly accepted, and the ceremony ran its natural course and ended in a happy wedlock.

A local question which had for centuries caused ill-feelings between two parishes, if not between two sovereigns, Turbia and Monaco, Savoy and Grimaldi, was brought to a satisfactory conclusion in 1760. Until that date the Liliputian principality had no tangible boundary. It existed somewhere on the Mediterranean confined but not defined. The war of contest raged especially about its northern limits. There was no legal mark. They there and then placed the stones. On November 24, 1760,[1] a day ever memorable in diplomatic transactions, Monaco entered into real and positive existence. The two communes, the residence of Hercules, and Turbia, the supposed birthplace of Pertinax, had then an official landmark; and though the mutual irritation broke out over and over again, it gradually calmed down, and there is no longer any fear that this question will again disturb the peace of Europe.

A few years later Edward Augustus, the Duke of York, brother to George III., having become seriously ill on his cruise in the Mediterranean, was obliged to take refuge in the port of Monaco, where he was respectfully greeted by the inhabitants and hospitably received by the prince. But in spite of every attention the royal visitor began to sink, and expired ten days after his arrival, namely on September 14, 1767. The room in which he died still bears his name.

[1] Métivier, vol. ii. p. 74.

CHAPTER V

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS COMPLETED

Amidst these various domestic affairs the outer world was nearly forgotten. But time wore on and events drew near, casting their shadows before them. Beyond these solid Maritime Alps there was an ominous gathering of heavy clouds, 'war-clouds that gather on the horizon dragon-crested, tongued with fire,' dispersing one day and reappearing all the more gloomy or fiery on the following morn. But these storm signals, coming and going, were not much noticed. People here concerned themselves more about their private affairs, their communal interests, their personal influences, and their corporation privileges. Now the latter were few and small. Mentone had a kind of consultative council composed of twenty-one members, with the faculty of proposing and debating different measures, the real legislative power being exclusively vested in the person of the reigning prince. Laws and rules of taxation issued from the private cabinet of the ruler, the former to be obeyed, the latter to be paid. The people seemed, however, to be happy and prosperous, more than can be said of many other nations largely invested with voting powers and expensive representatives.

The times were excited and disturbed, and we need not wonder that reckless agitators and repeated inflammatory calls for insurrection met with a willing response on the part of the numerous class of suffering humanity as well as of many others. In due course the agitation reached Mentone and set the council, if not even the council chamber, in commotion. Fresh powers were claimed with an unusual amount of celerity and courage, and Honoré hastened back to his dominions with the intention of weakening, circumscrib-

ing, moderating, or even finally resisting the wave of open insurrection. Had he yielded with good grace and granted little by little, he might after all have been successful. As it happened all privileges and feudal rights were abolished ; all reforms granted ; Honoré became a mere cipher ; he signed his death-warrant and returned to Paris. A few days later a petition numerously signed was forwarded to Paris, not to him, but to the Constituante, humbly craving for annexation as the sole object of their ultimate happiness and glory. Here is a copy of the letter :

'Monaco, Ville Libre,
'*le Janvier* 20, 1793.

'Dimanche dernier les assemblées primaires de Monaco, Menton et Roquebrune se sont formées et chacune d'elles après avoir prononcé la souveraineté du peuple et demandé à devenir partie intégrante de la République Française a élu quatre représentants qui hier se sont réunis à Monaco ; quoiqu'ils ne soient qu'au petit nombre de douze, ils se sont constitués en convention nationale particulière, en attendant l'adoption par celle de France.

'Aujourd'hui après-midi Grand Te Deum accompagné de quarante coups de canons, de brûlement des titres de Noblesse du pays et de celui du pavillon du ci-devant prince. Ce soir illumination générale.'

Their ardent desire was favourably received ; they were adopted as naturalised children of the great French family, and enjoyed their full share of *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité*. One of the warmest partisans of the new ideas was Massa, a chemist, a true apostle of ultra-radicalism. But it seems that the new order of things was favourably received among all classes, in spite of the lawless conduct of some Corsican bands marching along in rapid succession and causing an unspeakable amount of desolation and misery.

These hasty decisions of the municipal authority were of course not equally acceptable to all. There were animated and bitter discussions without and within the council chamber. Nationality will not and cannot be changed at the pleasure and dictation of a few exercising political influence according to their personal views or social standing or advantage. Personal wrongs blended with political

fanaticism and led to deeds that disgrace any cause. Thus it came to pass that women and priests were grossly insulted; that churches and altars were shockingly profaned; that saints and saintly pictures were draped in tricolour or red and decked with the Phrygian bonnet; that conspicuous houses were pillaged; that valuable furniture was broken and burnt; that precious books and documents and libraries and public acts and titles were openly destroyed; that private and public treasures disappeared; that heavy fines were imposed on a suspected family, and heavy ransoms exacted for absent members! Some fled with what they could carry away; others entrusted their valuables to old acquaintances, never receiving them back again; some concealed them, and they were lost for ever; a few resisted and were killed; fewer still submitted sincerely; but the fraction, or rather faction, constituted itself into a most dangerous and arbitrary majority. The first revolutionary bands that arrived were not soldiers, but loose fellows, thieves, criminals of the deepest dye, who turned liberty into licence, lawlessness into authority, bandits into battalions, by whom were committed the most disgraceful atrocities. Nothing was sacred; no one was respected. Young fellows and men of riper age formed themselves into companies to defend their homes, their property, to revenge the outrages committed on their wives, their sisters, their daughters, their children, their neighbours, and friends. They were called *Barbets*, and their system of defence was an inevitable consequence, an outgrowth of the turbulent times and general disorganisation. Finally French soldiers, though brave and regular, became the objects of their hatred, were waylaid, killed, mutilated, massacred by foes, Barbets, hidden behind a wall or issuing from an impenetrable thicket or descending from inaccessible rocks, gliding along a narrow defile, or dashing from a track whose stupendous height overhanging the road defied the bravest and boldest soldier. These Barbets, often homeless, sometimes outcast, outlawed, and always desperate, used their skill as marksmen and their agility as climbers to a frightful extent. Pursued, but seldom caught,

and never discouraged, welcome guests in lonely and miserable homesteads, they became dangerous assailants to the regular troops. Under a reckless leader and in moments of great distress they often degenerated from Barbets into bandits, as Durante says 'compelled to defend their lives by every possible means, because no quarter was given. They often used reprisals; in the blood of their enemies they washed the outrages, persecutions, and violence inflicted on their families. But the French must accuse themselves of having provoked such vengeance.'[1]

The abominable maxim of the Jesuits, 'the end justifies the means,' invented to cover illegal actions with the elastic cloak of false religion, was here frequently applied. It is almost superfluous to add that these political vendettas were often the pharisaical cloak to hide darker crimes with viler motives, and that many a villain enrolled himself as a Barbet who had no other object but plunder and bloodshed. The peaceful wanderer or pilgrim; the honest trader; the wealthy citizen in his isolated home; the peasant in his humble cottage; and the innocent messenger from place to place were perhaps as often attacked as the solitary soldier who could no longer follow his regiment. At a time when unspeakable misery kindles the lowest instincts of the human heart, it sometimes turns even a lamb into a tiger. We ought not to be so severe upon ill-guided persons. But let us quote a few French authors, explaining and extenuating circumstances and facts frequently too highly coloured. First of all Grégoire, a radical member of the 'Constituante':

'What has chiefly delayed the progress of the public spirit in the Maritime Alps, and what has even estranged many a heart, are the horrors committed in October last. The French under Anselme's command were received as brethren; but pillages commenced and continue there, and the open country has speedily become a prey of robbery and brutality. Houses are entered and everything eatable carried away. The unfortunate inhabitant loses his cow, his sheep, his fowl. They break his poor furniture just for

[1] Durante, *Histoire de Nice.*

the pleasure of destruction, and if they suspect money, he has no choice but to give it or to be hanged. The soldiery put a pocket-handkerchief around the neck of a poor peasant with the threat of strangling him if he does not at once provide a sum of money arbitrarily fixed. His broken-hearted wife, not knowing where to get it, runs wildly, madly about, and finally brings a neighbour as security, who in the place of the first victim receives the fatal cord until the ransom is paid.

'Women have been violated, morality has been outraged; even in the poorest cottage and in the midst of the ruins of his hut, the unhappy citizen sheds bitter tears over his wife, his children, his burning rags. The daily recital of these crimes and the picture of the misery inflicted on most communes are heartrending. How can we earn our daily bread without a pang of conscience if numbers of our brethren are the prey of hunger? The infamous deeds are witnessed in our cottages, in several towns, and especially in Sospello, six times lost and retaken and now but a heap of ruins. These horrors lead people to despair and incite to vengeance, and many a ruined man, seeing his family on the verge of utter misery, goes into the enemy's camp in search of a morsel of bread or of certain and speedy death. These are the causes that have lowered our credit, chilled patriotism, embittered the population, and stifled the revolutionary movement in this department. A cry of indignation rises against Anselme, whom the people consider to be the *Verres* of the district, against Férus, whose name makes them shudder, and against several others on whom they hurl maledictions. Besides the pillage of private houses, the state has been robbed; the coffers of emigrants have been rifled; money and furniture have been carried away. In the stores of Villafranca two hundred thousand dollars have disappeared; and a pamphlet published at Nice values the loss of the department at fifteen millions!'[1]

And again: 'Les rapports des espions indiquaient une grande indignation contre les Français qui commettaient

[1] *Rapport présenté le premier Juillet* 1793 *à la Convention Nationale*, Henri Grégoire, député.

toute sorte d'horreurs contre la religion, l'honneur, la vie et les propriétés des habitants. Sospello d'un côté, Levens et Lantosque de l'autre, furent spécialement saccagés de la manière la plus barbare. Les malheureux habitants poussés à tout s'armèrent et, tombant sur les postes détachés, les massacrèrent. A Levens les Français perdirent le détachement entier qui y était cantonné. Dumerbion y fut envoyé par Anselme pour réprimer l'insurrection et il l'étouffa dans le sang. Les horribles dévastations entraînèrent ces montagnards belliqueux à abandonner leurs foyers. Animés par la vengeance et par le dévouement à la cause du Roi, ils s'organisèrent en compagnie de Milice. Ces volontaires actifs infatigables, audacieux jusqu'à la témérité, harcelaient sans cesse l'ennemi, rôdaient autour de ses camps et éclairaient la marche des troupes royales. Tombant à l'improviste sur les postes isolés, sur les convois, et sur les dépôts, ils enlevaient tout. Surmontant les obstacles dont sont hérissés les Alpes, ils se jetaient inopinément à de grandes distances sur les derrières des Français et ramenaient au camp des prisonniers encore tout ébahis de leur capture. Tantôt embusqués au fond des vallées tantôt éparpillés sur les hauteurs, toujours poursuivis, jamais atteints, ils ne se décourageaient aucunement.' [1]

In order to show our perfect impartiality we only quote French authors. Toselli, almost an eye-witness and a very sage guide says : ' Les habitants des villages de la montagne que l'on nomme *Barbets*, ont le cœur si ulcéré qu'ils ont juré d'exterminer tous les Français qu'ils rencontreraient. C'est la seule guerre qui nous inquiète. Chaque jour ils nous tuent du monde jusqu'aux postes de la ville. Ils se cachent dans des taillis, dans des rochers; ils tirent très juste. Cette petite guerre fatigue nos détachements. L'armée piémontaise est bien moins à craindre.' [2]

And again : ' Ces bandes composées de la plus vile canaille entrèrent dans Nice aux cris mille fois répétés de : " Ça ira ! à la lanterne, les Aristocrates ! et vive la liberté ! " Leur

[1] *Mémoires sur la guerre des Alpes Maritimes tirés des papiers du comte Jonace Thâon de Revel* (page 17).
[2] Toselli, *Récits historiques*, vol. i. partie 1e, page 97.

premier exploit fut de s'emparer de trois paysans que l'on avait arrêtés comme suspects d'espionnage, et sans forme de procès ils allèrent les pendre aux arbres du Cours ; le géolier des prisons ayant osé dire que ces hommes étaient innocents, fut accusé aristocrate et on lui fit subir le même sort. Quelques jours après, le 19 Novembre, un pauvre montagnard, nommé Tordolo, venant de Tourette avec une charge de châtaignes et de bois, espérant recueillir quelques sous pour soulager sa famille, fut arrêté du côté de la Pairolière par une troupe de ces brigands qui parcouraient la ville pour fraterniser, comme ils disaient alors ; ils voulurent lui faire crier : vive la république ! Le pauvre homme étourdi par tous ces cris, resta comme un imbécile et ne répondit rien ; les bandits insistèrent ; le pauvre misérable se jeta à genoux ; exaspérés de ce qu'il ne criait pas comme eux et avec eux, ils se jettent sur lui, le terrassent et l'assomment ; avec la corde qui servit à tenir la charge de son ânesse on le lie par les pieds et on traîne par la ville son cadavre sanglant ! D'un coup de sabre on lui coupa la tête, qui fut promenée au bout d'une pique, forçants les passants à baiser ce vil trophée du crime. Dans leur promenade ils eurent la cruauté de faire baiser cette tête à une femme enceinte qui approchait de son dernier terme, elle en mourut de frayeur. Une certaine Me. Cognet, femme de grand courage, eut la bonne inspiration de répondre à celui qui voulait la forcer à baiser cette tête : " Comment citoyen, vous auriez cette prétention ? Mais je vous embrasserais plutôt mille fois, vous que cette tête de mort ! " Sitôt dit, sitôt fait ; ce vil vaurien sauta au coup de cette femme en criant : " Ça ira ! Vive la bonne citoyenne ! " '

The Barbets were in the beginning of their organisation, a mere band for legitimate self-defence, but many escaped criminals joined them, for all the prisons were opened. The celebrated Marseillese Phalane originated and degenerated them.

The persons most to be pitied were the exiles. Some could not return because they were too much compromised and would not be allured by liberal promises of pardon and

[1] Toselli, vol. i. partie 2e, p. 97.

reinstatement in their former rights; others could not return because their homes were down and their property swept away; some had been betrayed by friends to whom they had entrusted nearly all that they had been able to save. These friends were either induced by the incessant threats of corrupted officials to give up money and money's worth, or by their own covetousness to keep for calmer times what was not their own; or they went even so far as to become willing traitors, and keep the larger share of the sacred trust to build up their private fortunes on such base and shameless principles.

Several years passed rapidly away, regiments continued to pass to and fro, some better, some worse, all exhausting the country which, by its very nature, is poor in cereals. Hundreds of men were constantly taken from neglected homes to exchange the rusty spade for the bright sword, the tool of production for the weapon of destruction. Commerce was hampered, interrupted, paralysed; industry deprived of hands was dormant; the whole population sorely tried, cruelly abused, sadly decimated, continually bled; yet human charity flowed still freely. When thousands of soldiers came and were quartered along the shore or in the olive and lemon groves, whether as allies or enemies, they all found willing and generous hearts to quench their thirst and satisfy their hunger; to relieve their numerous wants, especially to minister comfort to the wounded, sick, and dying, and if we call to mind that food was scarce and that a loaf of bread fetched sometimes one hundred francs, we may perhaps realise their self-sacrifice and self-denial. Victuals became still more scarce, and reached a fabulous price, a price only within reach of the few. The Countess Cessole had to pay twenty francs for a few slices of bread for her starving children.

One of the finest roads along a most delightful coast was begun and continued to Mentone, and though the child of war and revolution, confers still its peaceful blessings upon posterity. This gigantic construction, accomplished under no ordinary difficulties, and comparatively speaking within a short time, will remain when every trace of misery, and

every shadow of ill-will and hatred have been long buried and forgotten. Napoleon the Great, who often drove and rode along this petted Riviera, pondering over an unexpected defeat in one quarter, a glorious victory in another, encountering open foes without and secret ones within, scheming new alliances, and planning new attacks, outwitting opponents at home and duping allies abroad, raising new armies and opening new resources, meddling with the destinies of nations, and settling at the same time family quarrels and domestic concerns, restoring religious principles and keeping a pope captive; Napoleon has, in the construction of this road, erected to himself a monument that will proclaim his genius to many future generations.

Napoleon became an exile! 'As we were!' was the motto and aim of the new Royal and Imperial Geographical Association. As John Ruskin says, 'The great firm of the world is managing its business at this moment just as it had done in past time.' The latest formation of states was consequently annulled, the previous one was almost entirely restored and propped up by military weapons. Monaco, miniature Monaco, did not escape their solicitude, and again became a Principality. According to the *status quo* before the fatal "92," Mentone became as it had been. The prince, however, to whom it rightfully belonged, and who had so miraculously escaped from Robespierre's hangmen, while his consort fell a victim to the lawless band, having died in 1795, and therefore before the restoration, left the succession to his son,

Honoré IV. (1814 to 1819)

He being too great an invalid to fulfil his duties as a ruler, appointed first his brother Joseph to govern in his stead, and then his son as

Honoré V. (1819 to 1841)

who reigned nominally from 1814,[1] but really from 1819.

[1] The sovereignty of the Matignon-Grimaldi family was really lost for twenty-two years, from 1792 till 1814.—Ed.

He was most unfortunate in the practical application of his profound studies of political economy. He followed the bad example of his royal and imperial cousins, whose frantic joy was suddenly interrupted by the almost miraculous appearance of Napoleon on the Ligurian coast on the east side of Cannes, where Honoré IV., on his return from Paris to his dominions, met the Great Emperor. I need not repeat here how new hopes, new enthusiasm, new deceptions, and new defeats passed in rapid succession over the political stage of Europe. As soon as the decisive blow was struck, the Holy Alliance began its sittings and its work of reorganisation more vigorously than ever. The general and passive reaction was taken for a tacit approval. From extreme radicalism to extreme despotism there is but a step. Extremes always meet. Mentone could not expect to fare better than the rest of Europe. There was no need for any extraordinary outcry against modern tyrants. One little prince could not possibly struggle against the tidal waves of reaction. Self-preservation is a quality common to all of us. But servile and unscrupulous ministers may distort the law, abuse the master's confidence, and frustrate the most wholesome measures, and if such measures are exceptional and restrictive, they become intolerable by dishonest management. How far this may apply to our case will soon be seen.

Mentone having been restored to its legitimate prince, the former administration was *ad interim* resorted to, and it had therefore four councillors whilst Monaco had three and Roccabruna two. The tax on landed property was virtually abolished, the duties on imports reduced, and yet these measures were ill received. A sullen opposition was manifest on the part of the people. Haughty and inexperienced officials acting harshly seemingly cannot perceive or appreciate popular feelings, and their ultimate consequences. The laws exist, they must be executed. The summer of 1816 was unusually bad. Fields having been neglected yielded nothing. Bread was scarce, bad, and dear, much dearer than in Nice. A monopoly was granted to a man to provide this important

supply as cheap and as good as in Nice. Flour mills were included in the monopoly. This clashed with private rights. All was bad now; the flour and the bread and the price. Extraordinary measures demand extraordinary caution. But instead of conscientious reporters there were spies; instead of forbearance, vexations and provocations; instead of calm inquiry, a real inquisition. The good intentions of the prince were arbitrarily executed. The bread question was the first step to a sullen conspiracy.

Then came the establishment of a mint from which Mentone was to derive particular pecuniary advantages. But in order to realise a prompt gain the contractors acted most unwisely in introducing the coin too largely into France, where administrative measures, orders against the fast influx, though not against the coin itself, were considered as impairing its intrinsic value, and so brought the Sou de Monaco at once and for ever into bad repute. Thus actually proscribed, the ambitious and childish scheme, which ought never to have been hatched, expired before the mint was closed. There is a similar thing practised in France now where some administrations refuse the Italian copper.

The strict regulations against the cutting down of trees of every kind were undoubtedly most excellent in their principle as far as forest and agricultural laws go, but harsh in their strained application. The tax itself was not heavy, and the collecting of it not excessively severe. The people here being collectively and individually sworn enemies to trees and birds, the former are recklessly hewn down and the latter killed and trapped in season and out of season and cruelly interfered with during their breeding time, and this by old and young roughs and others who ought to look after the roughs. It would be a blessing for the whole Riviera if forest and game laws were more strictly carried out. The laws themselves are good, but are not enforced, and since 1863 I have never seen an official withstand bird-catching. His eyes and ears are hermetically closed, birds are killed, and so insects and caterpillars

do their destructive work, and there are no warblers in either woods or fields.[1]

The most absurd ordinance, and one for which no one, I firmly believe, ventures to break a lance, was the petty interference with the breeding, disposing, and slaughtering of domestic animals. A formal declaration had to be made for every head born, and a permission to be obtained for killing and selling it. Such a vexatious meddling with the homesteads was too revolting, and engendered more bitter feeling than any other measure, especially among the numerous small proprietors. That was another step towards discontent and revolt.[2]

The establishment of a workhouse where regular vagrants and casuals, and they were numerous and bold in 1816, could earn their daily bread honestly and temporarily, so as to check mendicity and pauperism, met stubborn resistance in a land where religious associations set a bad example, and where begging is no disgrace, but a standing evil. Had the prince left the support of such an asylum to private charity, and given a liberal donation himself, and not imposed a compulsory tax, he might have carried out his philanthropic object, removed a social sore, and caused a salutary reform, as the idea is founded on a sound principle, and seems to be realised in Nice and elsewhere under the name *Bureau de bienfaisance et de mendicité*.

Neither could a cotton or oil mill find favour here and succeed. The innate taste of the people is opposed to indoor occupation and factory life. They are satisfied with little, and are fond of open air life and what their campagne may produce. Spinning-rooms would not do, though a few old women, unfit for field work, have taken to weaving; and the oil mill now belonging to the parish, though constructed on what they called improved principles, had then, and has still, too many private mill-owners

Some improvement has during the last ten years been effected by the passing of a close time law. But there is much room for more.—Ed.

[2] The same order is now more strictly enforced under French rule, and no one resists. I could not even lead my pet chamois up and down the mountains without permission and without paying a small sum.

THE THREE MILLS, VAL DU CARÉI

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AN OLIVE PATRIARCH

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to confront, and they swell the ranks of the opposition to such a degree that the public interest is paralysed and improvements are out of the question. The oil mill, the thrashing-floor, the plough, and the way of watering gardens do not date from the Christian era !

The only thing that seemed to have taken a permanent root, and agreed with the taste and custom of the inhabitants was straw plaiting, busily, and I should say profitably carried on, especially in Roccabruna, occupying many hands and filling many a show window.

The whole badly digested and sadly executed system, which entailed a large number of insolent and inquisitive agents and frequent domiciliary visits, with a continual prying into private affairs, chilled every undertaking in its very inception, so that even the prince's best wishes and proposals were but grudgingly accepted as insufficient palliatives.

Need we wonder that the old and radical opposition, so deeply rooted and so systematically kept alive, should soon be manifested in open dissatisfaction to being ruled by Monaco, and in a growing leaning towards Sardinia, as plainly shown in the liberal movement of 1821, which ought to have been taken as a timely warning. It would have been expedient rather to conciliate the Mentonese by wise and temperate measures and to forgive and forget than to provoke and alienate by harshness and continued essays in political economy entrusted to men without experience and tact ! Whatever Mentone may have suffered under the last Honoré and under its first and last Florestan, its providential position in one of the loveliest indentations of the whole Riviera, and its delightful climate, causing a steadily increasing influx of strangers, have amply compensated and largely counterbalanced former wrongs it may have endured. Its princes, in spite of a later Napoleonic recoupment, have been the greater, in fact the only losers.

Ere we close this political sketch, we ought perhaps to mention, even if only in outline, the names of those men who worked in the interest of their town in order to bring about healthy changes, to develop commerce and

industry, to sever the tie that had united them for five hundred years with Monaco, to enter into a closer union with Sardinia, and to oppose or to favour the annexation to France in 1860. But the political events with which all these patriots are so intimately connected are too recent to be impartially judged. We merely attempt writing an epitome of the history of the place, and not a biography of each leading man, and as we should not like to imitate either Métivier on the one hand or Rendu, the narrow-minded French chronicler on the other, both abounding in angry vituperations or suspicious flattery, we close our sketch and leave this important task to others better acquainted with all the documents and circumstances connected therewith, and proceed to other places, taking people and things as they are and not as they ought to be.

CHAPTER VI

CAP MARTIN, OR CAP ST. MARTIN

Distance, about 2 miles.

'His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree.'
HOSEA xiv. 6.

CAP MARTIN is not only the nearest, but the easiest and loveliest drive, ride, or walk near Mentone, where one can enjoy the pure air saturated with the saline evaporation of the sea and the turpentine exhalation of the pine-trees, the solemn calm and rare solitude, and last, not least, the landscape all around. The walk through the majestic olive grove is charming. These trees, of every form and shape, that bear the heavy weight of a thousand years and more, these trees, time-honoured, but weather-beaten, ill-used by tempests and by man, these trees that never die, that link a long series of centuries together, might, could they but speak, relate the history of many races, sanguinary scenes, and mighty changes.[1] And these noble trees are cut down wholesale for firewood! It is true some years ago a few dry seasons and the *Keiron*,[2] a most destructive insect, have greatly reduced the quantity and quality of the berries, and consequently the production of oil. As these sons of Athena are disappearing, the country loses its most characteristic charm; ancient Olivula will weep and mourn, and pen and brush will soon have no more chance to dwell and write and paint in stately olive groves. We can, therefore, not restrain from quoting the following passage of a well-informed French engineer:

'Mais ce qui donne à cette partie de l'extrême France un caractère antique et presque sacré, ce sont ses magnifiques bosquets d'oliviers plusieurs fois séculaires. On ne reconnaît plus le sujet chétif et rabougri, quoique productif, de

[1] The picture shows one ancient olive-tree, so old that the heart has died out, but the rest has grown into several almost distinct trees. Such is the vitality of the olive.—ED.

[2] *Cynips* or *Dacus oleae*.—ED.

la vallée du Rhône, de la plaine d'Aix et de toute la Provence pierreuse. L'arbre de Minerve atteint ici des proportions colossales ; ses branches indépendantes s'élèvent à vingt mêtres de hauteur. On en voit qui surgissent comme des colosses au milieu des champs de violettes de Parme et mesurent au niveau du sol près de quatorze mêtres de circonférence. La Grèce et la Palestine n'en ont pas de plus beaux. C'est bien l'arbre roi dont l'Écriture parle ainsi : ' Les arbres allèrent un jour pour s'élire un roi et ils dirent à l'olivier : Commande-nous (Juges ix. 8).' Son âge nous échappe, et il est impossible de compter le nombre de siècles qu'il a traversés en renaissant constamment de sa souche. Vieillard, presque squelette à la base, il rajeunit presque éternellement à sa cime ; et son feuillage aux teintes pâles, emporte la rêverie aux lieux les plus célèbres du monde et réveille le souvenir de toutes les grandeurs de l'antiquité.'

Some people will, however, have it that the olive-tree is a native of the soil, and was improved by culture and grafting.[1] It is true the natives did not at all, or at least but imperfectly, know the value and use of the berries until the arrival of the first peaceful invaders and settlers. The principal varieties are the Ponchineri, the Pignole, the Couloumban, the Spagnou. As it can stand as much as 18° Fahrenheit of frost, but not a prolonged frost, it never suffers on the Mediterranean, and grows up and prospers well to a height 1800 feet above sea-level.

Other trees, chiefly the Aleppo pine and ilex, with bushes,[2] enhance the beauty of the place, each one adding its particular shade of green, all melting into one soft harmony so pleasing to the eye. After having passed beneath the railway bridge we skirt one of our largest orange groves. The perfume of all these blossoms in spring is almost overpowering. But the orange-tree (*Citrus aurantium*) is at the same time the most useful gift nature has bestowed on these southern regions. The whole tree is most valuable.

[1] The wild olive or oleaster, with small berries of the size of black currants, is a native of the Riviera, but the cultivated olive was first brought from Asia by the Phœnician trader a thousand or twelve hundred years before the Christian era.—Ed.

[2] Myrtle, cystus, terebinth, genista, and heath.—Ed.

OLIVE PICKERS

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CHAPEL OF ST. MARTIN AT THE CAP

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The fruit, fresh or preserved in various ways, is sweet and wholesome ; the flowers, gracing bridal brows or perfuming the air of the fields or the boudoirs of ladies, have but few peers, the leaves provide both shadow and a calming remedy ; the wood as an excellent material for furniture, and the bark as a medical substance are highly appreciated ; and the tree, when groaning beneath its golden apples, is the grandest and most imposing picture. We ought to be very grateful to the Portuguese who brought it from China, and in whose honour an orange is still called Portugallo, though it is said that orange-trees came into France much earlier. Our orange and lemon trees require twenty years to come to perfection, and to yield an abundant harvest, and may even reach the patriarchal age of two hundred years. But how many die before they reach that age, and how very few pass even one century ! Frost, drought, disease, and rarity of birds, are continually working against perfect maturity. These trees, too, need a little more care, manure, water, and good soil. The orange-tree, moreover, infuses into the soil a kind of bitterness which is repugnant to most vegetables, and excludes, therefore, every other kind of cultivation. Their sweet blossoms and their golden fruit entail much toil and expense, and we ought to pay cheerfully our small outlay, both for fruit and perfume, so as to encourage an industry equally pleasing to the eye, the nose, and the palate !

Yonder desolate chapel [1] and three villas further on illustrate, and strikingly illustrate the saying, ' Don't reckon without your host.' The first owner—these villas here change hands more frequently than tenants—thought that strangers coming out for health would like to settle here, so as not to have too much sun. But it is just the early disappearance of the sun, the frequent east wind, and the want of drinking water that made him not only lose the expected ten per cent. but the very capital sunk in this property ; a residence both unsuitable in winter and too hot in summer. Then comes the Roman arch, as some wit will call it. Had the contractor shown a little more skill

[1] The Chapel of St. Martin.—Ed.

and used more freely old Roman mortar and imitation old bricks, the deception might have succeeded. As it is, the work is too clumsily done, though the conception may have been excellent. But the walk and view from here and on to the round point no pen can adequately describe; a painter only, 'who has learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed,' can capture it. All along the coast on to Bordighera there is an endless variety of views; the mountain chain 'tossed into ever-changing heaps, now of perfect repose,' each creek, each nook and corner, each village, each gorge has its own individual charm, and Mentone is the gem among the jewels. This view is always beautiful, but it looks quite fairylike just before the sun is setting, 'when the whole sky from the zenith to the horizon becomes one molten sea of colour and of fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied shadowless crimson and purple and scarlet, and colours for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind, things which can only be conceived whilst they are visible.' I venture to assert that few pictures can vie with this one and fewer still surpass it. The point of this peninsula, with its little platform and its storm-beaten rocks,[1] changes the scenery altogether. Monte Carlo and Monaco, St. Jean and St. Hospice, the Lérin Islands and the Esterel, the Tête de Chien and Turbia all appear, and all embellish what really is already wonderfully beautiful. The drive up to the Semaphore makes the extensive view still more extensive, and the panorama is everywhere.

Following a small track along the shore one arrives at the blow hole,[2] to be seen at its best in all its roaring power when the mistral unmercifully sweeps over land and sea, or when a south-wester dashes in with all its fury. A vessel driven against these shores must perish. There is no escape from the lashes of these tremendous breakers against these open and hidden rocks. There were

[1] The point has changed in appearance since the erection of the Mauresque Pavillion.—Ed.

[2] This is merely a passage which the water has gradually worked through the limestone rock. From the sea-level it is about six yards inland and about three above it.

MONTE CARLO AND TÊTE DE CHIEN FROM CAP MARTIN

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RUINS OF MONASTERY, CAP MARTIN

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some wrecks not many years ago. Fortunately such tempests are rare; one of the most violent I have referred to under Villafranca.

The walks are very numerous. I cannot describe them. Visitors will be all the more delighted to find them out on their rambles. The more often this short tongue of land is visited the more it will be appreciated, for all the winter there is a fine St. Martin's summer here.

It is generally called Cap Martin, but frequently St. Martin and Cap St. Martin. Both names are historically correct, the former refers rather to its original use, the latter to its later destination when it was crowned by a convent. *Cap Martin* clearly comes from Campus Martius, the Romans having had a camp here and their god his temple. Mars was worshipped all along the coast; the Romans never left him behind nor forgot him, or more correctly speaking, he never forgot the Romans nor left them. And that is the reason why we have so many hillocks, hills, and peninsulas called Martin or St. Martin. There is Colomar—*Collis Martius*; Camas—*Campus Martius*; and Mont Martin is plainly *Mons Martis*, or *Mons Martius*. The Christian soldier, fully armed, replaced the ancient gods; St. Peter, who opens the gate of Heaven, has in the same way dethroned Mercury, the conductor of souls into the Elysian fields; just as St. George and St. Martin dislodged Mars, the gods of warriors. Moreover Mars, having very nearly become a topical divinity, is naturally more frequent in woods, on hills, and capes. We have thus, Mars Cemeneleus, Mars Jeusdrinus, Mars Ollondius, Mars Segomon, Mars Vintius, and Mars Majurrus. But those who do not like these heathen derivations and these pagan names changed into or transferred to Christian saints and martyrs will say, perhaps, that there are two Christian saints and martyrs, and why should they not have their holy names stamped on these hills, hillocks, and peninsulas? It is true there is a St. Martin, confessor, on the 11th, and another St. Martin, pope and martyr, on the 12th of November. Both figure in the Roman Calendar; the former a greater personage than the latter. Both were great and saintly

men ; both would confer honour and glory on a hill, peninsula, monastery, or church. But though Martin the Pope, who died in 655, 'was a man well deserving respect and sympathy, yet it is only by a little stretching the term that he can be called a martyr, as he died from the cruel treatment he had received in his exile at Cherbon.' If our Cap Martin is, however, to be the godchild of either saint, we should give the preference to St. Martin of Tours, who is, I believe, the father of our St. Martin's summer. Who has not heard of St. Martin of Tours, the confessor, the great St. Martin, the glory of God, and the light of the Western Church ? This question is too big and thorny for my superficial knowledge of these and all other saints, and the subject has already been exhaustively treated by several great scholars, viz., Cardinal Newman in the *Church of the Fathers*, Alban Butler, in his life of St. Martin of Tours, and in *Lives of the Saints*, by the Reverend S. Baring-Gould. These authors ought, therefore, to be consulted to decide the question.

Later on the Saracens transformed whatever they found useful into a Fraxinetum. The Ligurian coast became a continuous line of forts (originally Roman) used as outposts, retreats, or watch-towers according to their strength or distance from the sea, so that between Spain and Italy no merchant ship could ply without being immediately espied, signalled, chased, and captured by these daring pirates. Whether or not they destroyed the first Christian refuge or hermitage here cannot be proved. The ruins of a later cloister are still partially visible and can be traced in their foundations. These are, however, of mediæval styles, and bear a strong family likeness to many other constructions of the period in the neighbourhood. The skeletons and especially the heads of nuns that were found in 1865, and of which discovery I could never get a reliable account, have been disposed of, as the keeper of the signal station positively assured me. But there is no direct documentary evidence about St. Martin as a religious establishment. And even the following story connected, I fancy, with some other nunneries, belongs to the vast realm of legends :

The nuns, being much frightened by the atrocities committed along the coast by invaders and pirates, made an agreement with the inhabitants of Roccabruna that they should come down in large numbers and well armed on the first sound of the alarm bell. Being somewhat sceptical, they wanted to test the ready faith of the Roccabruners. On a dark and stormy night the alarm was given, and within a short time the men were on the spot to protect the pious maidens. When told that it was a mere test, the people felt rather vexed, but returned home without much grumbling. A few weeks passed away ; the invaders came nearer, attacks increased, the nuns became very nervous and would test the Roccabruners once more, who responded quickly to the call. This time no excuse would calm them, and they went back full of anger. Then arrived the Saracens. There was real danger, great danger. The alarm bell sounded loud and long, but no help came. On the morrow they found some nuns had been carried off and the rest killed. The good Roccabruners felt heartily grieved. But who was to blame ?

Unable to find anything certain about this mysterious convent, may we not assume that it owed its second origin after the departure of the Saracens to the general panic that prevailed between 1000-1150, when the counts, having become unjustly and immensely rich, and apprehending the end of the world, created no end of monasteries and convents, and endowed them most liberally. The counts of Ventimiglia, when they made over the land about here to the abbot of Lérins, might have had this cloister built. This is all the more likely, as in the act of donation the cape is called Mount St. Martin, and the church ecclesiam St. Martin. This is the only clue we possess. According to several historians the Knights Templars had about nine thousand commanderies along the Ligurian coast, most of them being ancient settlements dedicated to Mars, and later on placed under the patronage of St. Michael and St. Martin. The convent again destroyed, must have been reconstructed and finally been abandoned. But when and why and how no one can tell. The road we have already described was

first constructed by Antoine I. in 1713, and has been greatly improved since.[1]

Before closing this sketch of the Cap, I must mention Lumone, a small Roman ruin.[2]

[1] Since Dr. Müller wrote the foregoing account Cap Martin has greatly changed. The Cap became some years ago the property of Mr. George Colvin White. The fine Cap Martin Hotel has been erected on the promontory, the chosen abode of the royalties and aristocrats of Europe. A Mauresque Pavillion decorates the extremity of the point close to the rocks and the sea, where of an afternoon hundreds congregate, who are quite as intent on tea and cakes as on the splendid views to be had all around. Several lots of the Cap have been sold off and villas been built, among others, Villa Cyrnos, the residence of the ex-Empress Eugénie. Roads have been made through the pines, and the electric tramway from Mentone to Nice passes through the northern part of the property, surmounting the ridge of the Cap by a steep gradient ziz-zag and a cleverly constructed tunnel. The Semaphore still crowns the height and does good service, but the little chapel of St. Martin is in a very decadent condition.—Ed.

[2] This most interesting structure, the only bit of old Roman building to be seen in this neighbourhood, is a tomb. It consists of a façade with three arched niches, the middle one being rather larger than the other two. Some traces of the original frescoes which lined them may still be discovered. At the lower part is a string-course, consisting of stones neatly arranged in a sort of mosaic, known by the name of *Opus reticulatum*, which style of work dates from the time of Hadrian, emperor from 117 to 138. We thus get some idea of the age of the erection. The upper part shows a course of double bricks, and a space, which was doubtless occupied by the marble plaque, bearing an inscription which has disappeared. This most picturesque little ruin has been placed under the protection of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments.—Ed.

ROMAN TOMB, LUMONE, CAP MARTIN

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PLOUGHMAN OF CASTELLAR

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CHAPTER VII

CASTELLARE, OR LE CASTELLAR

Height, ...	1186 feet.
Distance, direct, . . .	3 miles.
,, by Cemetery ride, .	4 miles.
,, carriage road, . .	5 miles.
Fête Day, San Sebastian, .	January 20.

THE immediate neighbourhood of Mentone ought not to be explored in one, two, or even three series of walks, but by degrees, so as to vary the subjects.

The excursion to-day was to be to the village of Castellare. The meeting-place was to be Rue du Castellar, time nine o'clock, on an early November day, 1865. After a quarter of an hour's rather steep ascent, we reach the plateau once covered with venerable fir-trees. Men who did not plant them cut them down without caring for replantation; rain swept away the soil, bare rocks remain, and though they seem to have no value whatsoever, two neighbours quarrelled some years back about their possession; but they found out soon that law paper is dearer than the hardest limestone.

We enjoy the lovely morning. A few fleecy clouds chase each other in quick succession and light and shade have therefore full play. The picture alters with every step. The air, too, is pure and soft and pleasant; the numerous indentations of the coast offer far east and west a great variety of views; the Lérin Islands look dim; the Tête de Chien as a dutiful dog is wide awake, though he seems half asleep; Cap Martin, not in its brightest of humours, wears a thin grey veil—not quite out of mourning yet; besides it is St. Agatha's day,[1] and she may have been one of the martyrs; Mentone looks better, seen from the Arbutus ridge; Grimaldi and the more distant Bordighera are evidently the favourites of Helios; the eastern mountains, in their deep grey, form a strange contrast to the western slopes, where

[1] St. Agatha's day is really 5th February.—ED.

rosy sunbeams play at hide-and-seek ; Annunziata, remodelled and whitewashed and embellished, looks by far too gay for her brownish monks ; Gorbio, the sober-minded, is meditating on her glorious past, and still bewailing those five hundred men and women once carried off as slaves by savage Turks ; the castle of St. Agnès feels lonely on its lofty cone, but still bears witness against the destructive actions of time and man ; Aggel once trodden by Roman soldiers, and Baudon, with its defying slope, and Grammont, big and clumsy, and Bresse, the cradle-shaped, with all their satellites, offer a stout resistance to chilly Boreas, and do not seem to suffer from Eurus. Such is the revolving picture we behold as we advance, and our frequent stoppages and exclamations prove that we appreciate it too. It is, indeed, an interesting canvas south, east, and west ; the present and the past, the warrior and the monk, strangers and natives, land and sea elbowed, and still elbow each other in divers ways to make the picture all the more sublime.

When once beyond the cross, the track leads to a noble olive grove. The trees are full of berries, and promise an abundant harvest, and many people are already busy in picking the oily fruit that falls rather early. For many years these giant trees were barren ; droughts and insects were their enemies ; but a few good seasons make up somewhat for former losses. Before we come quite close to the village we cross the new road several times, climb slowly up the last incline, turn to our right and take possession of the square and its stately elm-tree, the usual halting-place. The tree bids welcome to all comers, and shelters many sparrows which watch the display of our baskets' contents quite as eagerly as do the little children who scan us with sparkling eyes from head to foot. What a pity that their pretty little owners seem to be so shy of water, brush and comb, and leave the brightness of their handsome faces eclipsed by various meteors !

The iron gate in the southern wall, just opposite the tree, a relict of the last decade of the last century, leads to a beautiful vineyard where a hovel, the only remains of the outbuildings of a former castle, is occupied by an obliging

peasant who gives us free admission, though I often see kindly disposed visitors drop a coin into his leathery hand.[1] The unpretending walls formed once the manor of the Lascaris, who frequently intermarried with the Grimaldis and the counts of Ventimiglia, possessed large properties within and beyond the Maritime Alps, and swayed their political influence for many centuries over the events of this region. The family which saw one of their ancestors emperor in Constantinople (1222), held this barony till the dissolution of the feudal system in 1792, and covered their honourable shield with fame and glory. Up to 1886 there was still a family living here descended from the original lords, but it has gradually sunk into comparative poverty, lost every connection with the noble stock, like many an old house out here, and become mere peasants. The extensive estate of the Lascaris was sold in small lots, and has suffered endless and ruinous subdivisions, in keeping with the unfortunate custom of the country, where they continue dividing until there is no more left to be split up.

The two streets might be cleaner and better paved, but they are in true keeping with the houses whose ground floors are invariably reserved for the mule, donkey, sheep, and fowls; the first two are the faithful and untiring companions or rather workmates of the peasant. Some of the wealthier people possess even a cow or two and a few goats. The rest with more windholes than windows, is allotted to the family or families, as the houses are often portioned out into floors, and the floors into apartments consisting frequently of one room and a kitchen only. Between the two fountains that supply the village with a sufficient quantity of water brought down from a considerable distance, is the ancient castle, now the property of twenty-one families. The lady who held it divided the whole building into twenty-four lots, each lot containing one room or two, seldom three. Three lots are seemingly still to be disposed of. But this does not matter as things change from year to year. Each lot fetched from

[1] A large underground cistern, 12 metres by 5, which formerly supplied the castle is still in existence, and some hard to be deciphered human features are to be seen sculptured on part of the remaining wall, also a fragment of an arch.—Ed.

thirty to seventy pounds, and if we take the average as thirty-five pounds, we get the present value of this seigniorial residence to be eight hundred and eighty pounds. This is rather good for such an old-fashioned construction. Admission is willingly granted to those who wish to visit the former abode of the Lascaris, now the simple and cheerless dwelling of peasants.[1]

The first floor, consisting of five dwellings, contains—or, perhaps, we must now say contained—some tokens of princely magnificence. One shows some well-preserved scripture frescoes, especially Moses striking the rock when surrounded by Israelites ; the history of Adam and Eve ; and a few traces of the arms of the ancient occupants. In a large hall with a western aspect, divided into four chambers which, with those beneath, formed a memorial hall, are depicted the feasts of the gods presided over by Jove himself in the best of humours, though his table seems but scantily provided with victuals and wines, for his heralds and butler, jovial Mercurius, three graces, and two nymphs, very pretty girls, but very indifferent attendants, do not at all look after their Olympic master's comfort. Then there is Daphne represented as pursued by Apollo smitten with her charms. And close by, as a companion picture, is Syrinx, the proverbial Arcadian beauty, who also was pursued, but jumped into a river and was changed into a reed. Again, just over the door, is Hermes playing, who by the sweet enchanting notes of his lyre sends Argus to sleep and kills him whilst watching over his precious charge, the handsome Io. Opposite is Hercules, wearing the poisoned garment of the Centaur Nessus, and throwing Lichas his attendant, who brought it to him, into the sea, where he was immediately changed into a rock, now forming the Lichades, three small islands between Eubœa and Locris.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century there existed two palaces for the two branches of the Lascaris family, represented by two brothers. One day they quarrelled,

[1] On the door-post of one of the rooms is scratched the words Joannes Paulus Augustinus Lascaris, 1497.—Ed.

REMAINS OF SOUTH CASTLE OF LASCARIS, CASTELLAR

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CHAPEL OF ST. SEBASTIAN, CASTELLAR

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and the population, siding with him who dwelt on the northern slope, made the manor of the elder branch unfit for habitation, and in 1792, when hatred and revenge executed hideous work unpunished, it was entirely destroyed, and nothing was left standing but the four walls we noticed on our arrival.

The church dedicated to St. Peter, recently restored, formerly adjoined the manor and the chapel of St. John by arcades or cloisters. Opposite the main altar, but now separated from the body of the sacred building, and near the principal entrance, was the sepulchre of the counts of Lascaris. The vaults have not been desecrated, but filled up and covered. A marble slab, at the entrance of the mortuary, is still to be seen.

A few steps beyond the gateway there is a fine view of Castiglione, which, after having been quietly seated on a ragged saddle, changed its position in consequence of the destructive effects of the earthquake in 1887. This ridge separates the Bevera valley from the sea. Old Castellar—Lo Vecchio Castello—the cradle of its namesake, cannot be seen. One of Orméa's bleak and rugged outriders conceals it from our eyes. The real founders of this old settlement so high up are unknown. Peglia's early settlers beyond Mount Baudon, being frequently assailed by eastern invaders, determined, it is said, to stop up one of the passages or make its access more difficult, and built, or at least strengthened, a castle already existing. They turned it into one of the safest strongholds within this Alpine range and fortified the whole spur, an almost impregnable position for the time, too strong even for the Saracens. It is mentioned as early as 779, 806, 954, and in 1002 we read that the flag of the Ventimiglian counts waved already from its pinnacles. These valiant knights held it then, under their bishop, a man who knew, like many others of his order, that the sway of the spiritual power very often needs, though very seldom deserves, the sway of the warrior. The counts seem to have done well in verifying the old adage :

'Sous le Bâton pastoral
On ne vit pas du tout mal.'

In fact they must have done uncommonly well. In places of less consequence they put the weight of the government of the viscounts on their lieutenants as they did in Castiglione. Their residences were numerous and vast; their equipments costly; their horses of a superior breed; their falcons well trained; their table abundantly supplied. But their extravagance injured their power, and curtailed their influence, because it lowered their credit. This is perhaps the reason why Count William ceded his patrimony to Count Charles of Provence in exchange for other lands, far away and less independent. Moncy was the principal agent in this disadvantageous transaction, for, according to the convention signed at Aix on January 19, 1257,[1] he got a good round sum in hard cash and a promise of more. Nevertheless, this must only have been a cession of personal sovereign rights, for the counts remained after all, and exercised at least the lower jurisdiction. A concentration of power in one strong hand was almost unavoidable in those days when party spirit engendered party feuds which often assumed vast proportions. That the counts of Provence had really acquired sovereign rights over the place, the history of which we are sketching, is clearly shown in an understanding arrived at between them and the Genoese in 1296[2] enjoining the exclusion of all the Ghibellines as outlawed from all their territories. And on February 9, 1331, a large number of Ligurian states affirmed anew that Guelphs and Ghibellines could not pass into each other's country. Charles Grimaldi, as governor of Ventimiglia, signed this treaty on behalf of Castellare. In 1388 it belonged to the house of Savoy, and in 1394 we read already of a Henry Lascaris making his will on March 9 in favour of his son, Guido, and leaving considerable legacies to the cathedral of Nice, to the monks of St. Honoré, and others.

For two hundred years Old Castellare shared all the vicissitudes of party warfare and change of masters, their respective fortunes and defeats. It was alternately Guelph and Ghibelline, papal or imperialist just as the master's

[1] Rossi, p. 83. [2] *Idem*, p. 127.

advantage, prudence, or necessity suggested. In such a wild retreat, very wild then, amidst extensive pine forests and craggy rocks stretching their prickly bluffs deep into olive groves, many a piratical outlaw found shelter and protection, especially when the governor connived at the nefarious traffic and shared in the spoils. This naturally caused many complaints, which the various treaties mentioned above sought to remove. The times became gradually less favourable to such lofty and out-of-the-way haunts, and the palatial residence up here got neglected, and by and by uninhabitable. Rain, storm, and wind worked an easy and free access through all the ancient lordly halls. The walls began to crack, the turrets to totter, one had, in fact, already given way ; the gates could no longer be closed. The whole spur exposed to frost and heat having been laid bare, gave signs of decay, lost the former bulk of solidity, and the foundations of the various little castellos became more and more insecure. The surrounding houses of the burghers sank into a most deplorable condition, and the church, whose walls were evidently more solid, began to succumb too. Things had thus come to such a pass that Henry and Leonis of Lascaris, the then proprietors, decided on giving up their time-honoured stronghold altogether. The counts of Savoy, the former holders of this mountain fief, owned a bit of table-land lower down, well adapted for a settlement with plenty of arable land around it, and at a convenient distance from the sea, so that the inhabitants could more easily dispose of the products of their soil. The plot of land, called S. Sebastian, after a very old chapel still existing, was purchased in 1435. The Old Castellarians were allowed to construct, within the space of five years, twenty-nine new houses, corresponding in every respect to their former dwellings, the materials of which were more or less used for their new abodes.[1] This partly explains why so little remains of the mother settlement. The houses just examined have thus literally been moved from the mountains to the plain, a fact which even our American friends have not yet attempted. These

[1] Gioffredo, p. 1055.

dwellings are therefore about four hundred and seventy years old, and can easily be distinguished from those more recently erected. If judged from the gates, etc., Castellare, then as now, had two streets merging into one near the church, the western or lower one being evidently for communication with the public court and the northern gate, and the upper one, between the two castles. Around the primitive chapel of S. Sebastian a small colony may have already existed and was most likely merged into the new one.

The festival is celebrated on the 20th of January, and not on St. Peter's day, the patron of the parish church. S. Sebastian, born in Narbonne, was a captain in the Pretorian army, under Diocletian, and having been early converted, had a good many opportunities of assisting his persecuted brethren. When the persecution reached even him, and he was ordered to abjure his new faith, he remained unshaken, and was then handed over to the Mauritanian sharp-shooters, who lodged not less than one thousand arrows in his body, leaving him for dead. A Christian woman, Irene, on attempting to bury the body, found Sebastian still alive, and thus saved him. But this very same saint was soon afterwards flogged and put to death on January 20, 1288. He is also held in high veneration for his special power against the pest, and is the patron of sharp-shooters and riflemen.

Historical records concerning New Castellare are very scanty, or coincide with facts quoted elsewhere. In 1464 a monk attracted large congregations, wrought many miracles, and prophesied the plague in this place, the desolation of the plain of Taggia, and a famine all along the Riviera and even further.[1] The inhabitants were, afterwards, exempted from all taxes in consequence of their endurance and devotion during their local trials. Their lords, represented by Bartholomew and Onorato Lascaris,[2] sat in the councils of forty of the city of Nice.[3] Colonel Giov. Lascaris died a glorious death before that city, when it

[1] Gioffredo, p. 1119. [2] *Idem*, p. 1138.

[3] Louis de Castellare fut en 1543 nommé Capitaine des Arquebusiers niçois, hâtivement formés contre les Turcs.—Durante, ii. p. 283.

was besieged by the Turks on August 15, 1543, and when Maufaccia, the great Nice maid, delivered her native town from the arch-enemy of Christendom and civilisation. The Lascaris of Castellare must have been a different branch from that of Gorbio, since, in 1517, two different masters are named for these villages, and in 1533 they are again quoted as vassals of the dukes of Savoy.

The great reformation of the sixteenth century did not spread far over this last ridge of the Maritime Alps, those affected by it were chiefly the dwellers along the Bevera and Roya. There were, however, some heretics burnt in Sospello, and a good many ill-treated near Ventimiglia.

In 1747 General Leutron formed an extensive line of defence against the Austrians reaching from the heights of Belvedere, in the Vesubia valley, over Braus, Authion, to Bruis, as far as the Berceau, with strong detachments on all these and some other intermediate points, also at Castiglione, Castellare, and Baussi Rossi.[1]

The Lascaris remained in sovereign possession of Castellare until 1792, when the violent changes wrought by the French Revolution swept away their feudal rights, and inflicted much misery on Liguria, and on all the immediate neighbourhood, when lawless bands of the lowest class without any honest leader struck terror into every place and household.

Before I conclude these historical remarks, or rather monotonous description of Castellare, I cannot refrain from telling how the last two scions of the Lascaris family fared during the abominable revolutionary movement. All are more or less acquainted with the state of things in 1793, and the following years: the popular, or rather officially imposed rejoicings over theft, robbery, violation, and murder; the famous, or rather infamous trees of liberty, and the frantic, scandalous dances around them, whilst abject misery shed bitter tears in desolated homes or sobbingly ate the hard bread of exile. Those poor, wretched exiles and emigrants were, however, not forgotten.

[1] *La Guerre des Alpes*, p. xvi., par le Comte Jonace Thaon de Revel. Turin, 1871.

On the contrary they were carefully watched and often betrayed into unguarded words or movements in order to get at their fortune. The last Count of Castellare, Jean Paul Augustine Lascaris, seventy years old, is but one example out of the many thousands that might be furnished. A childless, helpless, and almost friendless cripple, he left for Piedmont long before the arrival of the French, to be nursed by a kind-hearted, distant relative. In the middle of an extremely cold winter he was summoned to return within two months unless he could show a legitimate cause why he should stay away. On his applying for a new leave of absence he obtained only thirty days more, expiring on the 24th of March. Now though the passage over the Col di Tenda was impracticable, and the road along the Riviera encumbered and unsafe, he set out for Nice, though borne down by age, infirmity, and fatigue. On his arrival he ventured to observe that he should consider it a great favour if the Republicans would kill him. They did not kill him, however, but sent him to Montpellier and recommended him as a good old citizen to the indulgence of the authorities there. According to an act passed on September 5, 1797, Lascaris could not stay there, and was requested to leave in spite of his warden's report that he was too dangerously ill to be removed. The judges sent their medical men to examine him, and their four doctors declared him quite unfit for travel. And yet those very judges, who seemed to conform to the letter of the law, overruled the medical opinion and ordered his immediate transfer to Nice. On his arrival he was forcibly put into a boat and sent to La Cuse, then Genoese territory though near Mentone, where he soon expired, his death being undoubtedly accelerated by the harsh treatment of those in authority. This, as we shall soon see, was skilfully planned, and must have been done with the connivance and help of a person who knew the locality and had, perhaps, a pecuniary interest in the case.

And why was ' radiation ' or the striking off from the list of exiles granted to so many others, refused to this venerable old man, the last descendant, perhaps, of an honourable

noble house ? Because his estates were to be sold, his heirs being strangers living abroad, and therefore not entitled to inherit the property. And to save appearances, he had to be expelled again (into Genoese jurisdiction) ; he had to die on foreign soil and thus be maintained on the list, so that the pending sequestration might have a touch of legality, and not lay too bare the growing rapacity of the officials. They became even so bold as to put in sworn declaration that the money, jewels, and titles he brought back from Italy were not taken from him, casting thus a serious accusation on those who, at his death, lived in his immediate neighbourhood.

Such cases were rather the rule than the exception, unless large sums were paid down to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the rotten central administration, shamefully corrupted, from its director down to the lowest clerk. In Lascaris' case they demanded twenty thousand livres, and when told that it was a most monstrous imposition in such a painful case, one of the members of the court argued thus :

' Having already come to terms with my colleagues, I cannot take less. Moreover the Lascaris estate would fetch four million francs for the benefit of the government, and our percentage would amount to twenty thousand livres. Now we cannot " radiate " him unless you pay down the sum proposed, and considering that you will be the principal gainer as successor after this transaction you ought not to hesitate one moment.'

These outrageous conditions being finally accepted, the family plate was deposited as a security of the bribe. But when the bribe was paid down and the deposit plate claimed, the same depraved functionary merely added :

' Never mind the plate. It goes into the bargain when such a valuable estate is at stake ! ' And the plate was lost !

It is true the affair oozed out and the officials were dismissed. But this only happened because they had become reckless, and set too openly to their iniquitous work. And who was the gainer ? The government, of course, the Lascaris having died on foreign soil, and the promised

'radiation' not having been enacted. The government, seemingly so indignant at the base conduct of their agents, quietly confiscated the estate and ignored every previous transaction.

This is but one of the innumerable vile deeds that discredit equally the system, its authors, and its agents!

Another Lascaris, a direct descendant of the Castellare Ventimiglia line, born in Nice 1767, played rather a strange part in connection with the first Napoleon's great plans, and would have certainly played a greater one, had not events taken such an unexpected turn and blighted all his hopes. When at Malta he made the emperor's acquaintance, an acquaintance which rapidly ripened into intimacy, for he soon received orders to go to Aleppo, and to engage a courageous and trustworthy Arab who might become his interpreter and instructor in the Arabic language, to go to Palmyra, to travel among the Bedouin tribes, to befriend their various chiefs, to unite them into one confederacy independent of the Turks, to explore the Arabian and Persian deserts with all their tracks and roads and water-stations as far as India. Napoleon, we know, not only wanted to close the Continent to England's commerce, but to drive, with the co-operation of that Bedouin confederacy, a deadly wedge into India, and to attack, alienate, and separate this important colony from the mother country. Lascaris' diplomatic skill, endurance, and tact, discarded every difficulty and obstacle one by one; he created and cemented a powerful league among and with the chiefs. A genius himself, he appreciated Napoleon's still greater genius which, in fact, appeared too great for such a small play-ground as Europe could offer, and might have been suited to Asia, where the full-blown absolutism of an accomplished strategist and military despot could really play a gigantic game for centuries and not for decades only.

In all his sufferings Lascaris showed an unfaltering devotion to his ideal. His resolute advance and his successful understanding with the principal chiefs of all the tribes and their final consolidation was not an easy task, and could only be the result of the most earnest and strenuous efforts

of a mind thoroughly convinced of obtaining the ultimate object of his mission. In his intercourse with his guide and teacher, Fatalla, on the one side, and with the numerous chieftains and their tribes on the other, he displayed the most winning manners, a natural capacity for acquiring languages, and a rare gift of sagacious penetration and persuasion. Being fully satisfied with the result of his labours, he started for Europe to acquaint the Emperor with all he had seen and heard and done and achieved, justly proud of his great success. But on his arrival in the Bosphorus he heard of the fatal disaster at Moscow, and a little later of his master's further misfortunes, and his final fall. This was too much for his worried mind and weary heart, devoted as they were. Under the crushing weight of grief and disappointment his mental power and physical strength, too sorely tried and suddenly unstrung, gave way. His herculean enterprise and labours seemed to have been carried on in vain. All his clever strategy, all his stoic endurance, all his bodily hardships, all his hearty devotion, all his studies, his mappings, his schemes, his descriptions ; all, all a final disappointment and deception. Love's labour lost ! A life's labour lost ! What could he do now in Europe ? To be laughed at and scorned—unbearable ! He returned to Egypt and settled down in Cairo where, sorrow-stricken and heart-broken, he soon died. To enter into all the details of such a checkered life would lead me too far astray. They have been minutely related and feelingly described by Lamartine as he had them from Fatalla himself, Lascaris' faithful servant, companion, and friend.

These two noble scions of an illustrious house of world-wide fame, some of whose members have worn an imperial crown, these two noble scions were, I fancy, the last male representatives, and most worthy representatives too, of the worthy race of the Lascaris. Two good men die under the same revolution, one through and the other for it !

But we must return, and as we pass the eastern ridge called Cima di Gall our way is a little longer. Leaving S. Sebastian on our left on the road leading to Bress, Gram-

mont, Mulassier, etc., and a lower track to the Cascade, etc., we turn to the right and descending cross a kind of gorge which becomes wider year by year. In 1863 we passed along, leaving the chapel of St. Roch on our left, and joined the path we see opposite. A hundred feet of soil have thus been swept away within twenty-five years, *i.e.* four feet annually. A hundred plants of pines and acacia would prevent any further slips. After a rainy day it is not quite safe to ride over. Soon we reach the chapel of St. Roch. There we stop and hunt up a few early anemones. Above, around, and below the chapel there are several kinds, but at this time of the year we are very thankful to find about a dozen pink ones. On December 6, 1873, we found two kinds on our return from Berceau. Here we are just one thousand feet above sea-level. The big rock below our passage over the torrent fell down January 1879. The terraces on our left are, later on, full of anemones. We come now to a new torrent, calm at times, but when suddenly swelled a powerful stream, sweeping down everything in its way and loosening masses of soil and rock as it did in spring 1877, and barring the passage for several days. Then we reach what we may call the former sea-level, now eight hundred and fifty feet above it, a rocky corner full of shells of several kinds, specially nummulites. After having made a collection of these we proceed over and around the petrifaction corner, then cautiously down a steep narrow track and on to the top of the valley of St. Jaques, where our party divides according to the bay we live in.

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ST. AGNÈS AND ITS NEIGHBOURS

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CHAPTER VIII

ST. AGNÈS

Heights,	Pine ridge level, ...	800 feet.
	Pass or saddle, Chapelle S. Sebastian,	2000 ,,
	Village plateau, ...	2200 ,,
	Castle, ...	2500 ,,
	Highest spring, Baudon track, . .	2900 ,,
	First Col, snow line visible, . .	3100 ,,
	Higher Col, peep at Gorbio, . .	3500 ,,
	Baudon, or Aiguille, ...	4250 ,,
Distance,	to St. Agnès, ...	9 kilom., *i.e.* 5½ miles.
Time,	. . . . .	1 hr. 45 m. to 2 hrs.
	Fête day, ...	January 21.

'Like an eagle's nest
Hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.'—MACAULAY.

THERE are four different ways leading up to the giddy top of yonder peak, which looks almost inaccessible, though it is the site of a strong castle formerly occupied and stoutly defended by an unwelcome horde of foreign invaders. Frequently stormed and finally reduced to ruins, it is now fast falling into decay. The work of destruction which war and self-preservation may once have justified and even rendered inevitable, is now frequently carried on in vandalism and wanton mischief by those who visit these interesting ruins, and thus lend a helping hand to the ever-consuming influence of time and weather. John Ruskin truly remarks: 'Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm, we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish, ourselves who consume; we are the mildew and the flame, and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth, that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts when it cannot illuminate.' It so happens, therefore, that some of those very people who ascend thither for the avowed purpose of contemplating the sublime beauty of nature from this lofty spot in solitude, and beyond the

reach of human turmoil, indulge in the childish, nay wicked pastime of breaking the walls and throwing down stones that have resisted the gnawing teeth of centuries, have witnessed many important events, and which confirm the various records of ancient chroniclers. The remaining window and door, through which many a warrior's eye has watched the suspicious movements of a vessel or of a land force or followed in an evil moment the unsuspected traveller to rob him of his goods, and life too, will soon disappear, and thus destroy a prominent feature of the landscape, interesting to the antiquary and historian, and even to the ordinary sight-seer. But we anticipate !

The choice of one of the four roads was left to the guide, who decided on the one leading along the left bank of the Boirig, now Borrigo, called also Bourrique, a torrent, generally dry, but filling rapidly at times. It is a very pleasant road for the first hour at least, nearly as far as Cabrolles, but much steeper after this hamlet. From the oil mill, where the carriage road ends, the path is most agreeable, being but slightly shaded against the mild beams of an early morning sun by the overhanging branches of lemon and olive trees. A few birds having so far luckily escaped the cruel sportsmen, warble the last stanzas of their morning hymn ; a few industrious bees, members of a lonely hive in the window of a small cottage on the other side of the river, are already busily engaged in their sweet occupation ; a peasant here and there is hard at work among half a dozen trees, the only strip of land he can call his own ; a donkey attracts the attention of ours, and their united, unearthly chorus causes a roar of laughter among our younger friends ; a solitary butterfly flutters across the path in search of a flower or a companion ; these are the only living creatures we meet, and yet they make us nearly forget to catch a glimpse of old and odd Cabrolles embowered in an olive grove. By this time we have reached the bridge covered with ivy, both bridge and ivy seemingly as old and tenacious as the castle we are going to visit, and as a contrast there stands the shaky, tottering skeleton of an oil mill that may have merrily rattled away when water and olives were more

BRIDGE AND OLIVE MILL, CABROLLES

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THE VILLAGE OF CABROLLES

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abundant, and on our left over the bridge you see the ruins of a solid fort that formerly protected the castle road against invaders. Our donkey man was sighing for the good old times, when rain used to fall in due season and watered the land, so that it brought forth fruit in abundance. But he never uttered a word about five franc pieces being more numerous now and more easily gained.

After a few sharp and steep turnings we were within Cabrolles; Caperling would be a most appropriate name, for it is really a place where one must skip and caper from stone to stone, from terrace to terrace, in order to get along. To derive its name from Capriola, a wild goat, or even from Caprifoglio, the honey-suckle, for both are plentiful here, would be a guess as capricious as the configuration of the land. Yet such is the opinion expressed in one or two guide-books, whose authors have, perhaps, never studied the history and the language of the places they talk about, but have merely copied stereotyped phrases and written down mere hearsay for facts. As there is generally a great deal in a name, so there is here much of history in the appellation of localities, valleys, mountains, and tracks, and plots of land. And so our Cabrolles has its historical significance, which enables us, when we compare it with Agerbol and Latte, to say that it existed at least eight hundred years ago, and is as old and perhaps older than many of its neighbours. For *Cabrarius pro Caprarius, Caprarum pastor in lege Longob.*, means a shepherd, a goatherd, perhaps, because goats were numerous and sheep rare, but it was early applied to the pastor of a flock, a spiritual guide, and we have documents as early as 1200 that mention Capere se ad Feodum, occupare feodum, and Capere Bollanum (like Aggeris Bollanus, *i.e.* Agerbol), changed naturally and gradually into Caperbollanum, Caperbolle, Caberbolle and Cabrolle, or Cabrolles, thus denoting a place where they had a priest officiating, but depending from another church; the chapel being in the style of those we so often see remote from parish churches, all over the Maritime Alps. That this spot, a short distance

from the coast, was formerly more thickly peopled may fairly be concluded from the numerous chapels mentioned in the historical records, and one of them, Santa Lucia on yonder hill, is still in use on certain days.

The traces of the party warfare in the Middle Ages, and even in earlier times are visible all along, and there are some remains of rude, ancient stations or forts, most likely constructed for the safety of the road leading to the castle, and alternately occupied by friend and foe, and especially by the Saracens. They may then have been important outposts for sentinels, but are now used as barns or given up altogether.

As we ascend our view becomes gradually more extensive, and we often stop to admire the beautiful scenery beneath and around us, every one of us pointing out something striking or noteworthy, such as Old Castellare, with its few ruins on a sharp spur ; Castellare, the only offspring of the former ; Berceau, sheltering many homesteads within its flanks ; Grammont, with its few pines, its gentians and Alpine roses in early spring ; the Cascade, with its neighbour the Hermit's Cave ; Mentone gracefully following the windings of its two bays ; Grimaldi, half hidden amongst olive-trees just above Dr. Bennet's earthly paradise, and palm-famed Bordighera in the distance. But in spite of our halt at the spring, the rough road, and many stoppages, we reach the Cross of St. Agnès in two hours, and the castle itself a quarter of an hour later. The lonely little chapel, with its small, levelled square very quiet to-day, is most animated on January 21, the parish festival, when all make merry.

Upon examining the outer and inner ramparts of the summit, we find they were six in number of various strength and distance ; the lowest appears to have been the broadest, forming a kind of terrace, and undoubtedly requiring an uncommonly strong wall to support the upper structure. A good many outposts where brave natives defended their homes, or where captives groaned during their long seclusion are still discernible. From the uppermost part of the wall we espy just one snow-capped mountain, most likely the

Cima del Diavolo of the Nauea line, and looking nearer at hand, discern that all the spurs still bear traces of former fortification. The small plateau we stand on formed the tower where the governors used to reside.

Then we visited the spot where Mr. Joseph Tempelman Speer met his untimely death on January 2, 1876. Not listening to the warning of his companion, he rather rashly attempted to climb to the castle straight from the gorge, up the rocks. Whether fatigue or sudden giddiness caused the sad accident no one can tell. His companion, ascending by the usual zig-zag path, heard him exclaim : 'The ascent has begun.' Reaching the top and not seeing his friend, he felt very uneasy, and with assistance, went down the gorge. Far below he found his companion breathing his last. The fall must have caused instantaneous insensibility. Let his sad fate be a warning to those mountaineers whose daring is above their capabilities and experience !

After having paid our full share of attention to the extensive panorama from west to south and east, we finally settle down to our luncheon, well earned and thoroughly enjoyed. Whilst thus engaged, our guide gave us the benefit of Abel Rendu's exquisite legend of Anna and Haroon, and which runs thus.

Here on this giddy summit and in this very castle, the ruins of which are impressing on our incredulous minds the truth of the story, reigned, towards the middle of the tenth century, a renowned African chieftain, the leader of all the Saracen clans in the neighbourhood. Eza, St. Hospice, Mont Alban, Turbia, all these places, transformed into so many fortresses by the infidel, bowed to him. This power he owed neither to his birth nor his fortune, but solely to his persistent persecution of the Christians, in which he showed a heart of stone, a will of iron, and the strength of a Hercules. Being born and bred amidst the spoils of his kinsmen, his earliest fancies indulged in the wildest dreams, and from his very childhood he thirsted for adventures. The recital of his brethren's expeditions against the enemy's fleet, their conquests in Spain, in Gaul, and on the Ligurian shore, made his whole frame quiver and his mind eager to imitate

them, and to pounce, as it were, on the phantom of his frantic imagination, just as the lion is said to tremble at the bleating of the gazelle. Like Hannibal swearing in front of the altar an implacable hatred to the Romans, so he too, when hardly old and strong enough to bear, and still less to wield a weapon, swore over the tombs of his forefathers and on the Koran an equally deep hatred to the disciples of Christ. His memory held fast the vow he made, and would not forget it. Since he had crossed the sea and visited the new possessions of the Moors, he had given many a proof of his courage, and at Granada and Cordova he covered himself with glory. The mothers of Valencia, bewailing the loss of their captive daughters, had in the pangs of their grief but one name to curse by, and that name was Haroon, the daring young African. One hope only was left to them ; the hope of vengeance.

Tired of the Peninsular warfare, and being a true son of Atlas, Haroon made up his mind to change the scene of action and to encounter new dangers on the sea. The clever pirate selected the right moment. The galleys of the Barbarians furrowed the Mediterranean, the dreaded standard of the Mussulman was seen in every gulf, and from Marseilles to Genoa people were terror-stricken on account of the atrocities committed by the common enemy, and one universal cry of despair rose over vessels being captured, valuable freights lost, Christians captured and carried off. These pirates swooped down upon honest traders, sure of their helpless prey. But such capturing did not satisfy their insatiable covetousness. They laid waste the shores and plundered the settlements they had taken by surprise. The very wrath of Heaven seemed to swell their sails and to favour their nefarious doings. The coasts of Provence and Liguria had, for a long time, suffered from the incessant visits of these terrible invaders. The ' Grand Fraxinet ' was in their power, and no Christian could pass the Alpe Summa without risk of life or the paying of a heavy tribute.

The virgin rock of St. Agnès had not been profaned as yet by the presence of these infidels, though its lower ranges had

been already scoured by them. But even such a strong place was finally doomed to succumb to their power. Their progress seemed to stimulate their audacity, and make victory easy and sure. These Saracens had inspired such terror that it paralysed the natives' courage, and from Nice to Albenga, life and energy appeared to be asleep. The natives had retired into fortified towns or fled beyond the first ranges of the Maritime Alps. One day some fishermen bolder than others ventured to sea, and observed hostile sails on the main. They rowed back fast, and on their report bonfires were ordered to be lit on all the peaks. Haroon's formidable fleet was approaching. Just a month ago he had left Melilla and innumerable disasters had already marked his course. In order to gratify the brutal fancies of his wife, Haroon would sometimes send for young mothers and maidens, have them flogged in her presence, and their bleeding bodies thrown into the ocean. To be handsome and a Christian was in her eyes a twofold crime, and could only be atoned for by death. And death was always at her command. Among the young women whom Haroon led away prisoners on his flagship, there was a Ligurian maiden, fair, noble, and beautiful. The vessel, which was conveying her to her home in Spain, had met the pirate fleet, and after a short but sanguinary struggle, in which her father and her two brothers were killed, she and her attendants were removed on board Haroon's galley. Haroon having witnessed her courageous bearing during the fight, and her subsequent sobs and cries of despair, was moved to pity, and he who had, in the midst of carnage, never evinced the slightest human feeling, seemed to understand and appreciate her misfortune, and kept her under his own personal protection.

Her countenance once so bright, now bore signs of deep-set anguish. The Moorish chief tried hard to comfort and revive his victim, and was unceasing and unsparing in his care.

'You look sad, sir,' said Sarah his wife one evening, when bent on vengeance; 'an evil spirit besets you by day

and haunts you by night, yet, Allah smiles upon all your undertakings, blesses all you lay hands upon, and places the lives and fortunes of your enemies at your feet. All around you is gay, you alone are restless and melancholy. Whence this unusual sadness, my lord? What has happened? Or is Sarah henceforth no longer worthy of your confidence?'

'True, I am sad,' said Haroon, 'but do not try to solve the mystery. I myself do not understand it.'

'My lord, before your last victory, you were the ardent, joyous hero I loved so much; now I no longer recognise you.'

The Moorish chief was silent.

'You do not answer,' rejoined Sarah after a solemn pause. 'Well, then, I will tell you the cause of the change. On this vessel that carries all your dearest treasures—the Koran, your aged mother, and the wife you wedded—on this vessel lives also a young infidel woman, to whom you devote too much time, pay too much attention.'

'Sarah, who has told you that?'

'My heart has, can it be mistaken?'

'Your heart misleads you and dims your reason.'

'No, no,' cried Sarah, a prey to indescribable emotion, 'my heart has never deceived me. You love Anna, and Anna must die!'[1]

This sudden outburst of jealousy revealed to Haroon all the peril that threatened the young Christian. Leaving Sarah in her ire, he went straight to Anna's cabin. There a horrid sight met his eye; Sarah's revenge had preceded him. According to the orders of their mistress, two slaves had just tied Anna's feet and arms in order to throw the fair captive into the sea under cover of night. At the sight of this attempt against his authority, and against the life of her to whom he had granted protection, Haroon could not restrain himself. One single look of his confounded the two female slaves. He bade them loose their victim, and then put them in ward. On his return to Sarah he, without uttering a word of explanation,

[1] Gareth and Lynette.

excuse, or accusation, had her seized and fettered. On the following morning, before sunrise, three women were brought on deck, and in presence of the whole crew, were tied together, and at a given signal of Haroon thrown into the sea.

The fleet soon afterwards steered into the Gulf of Peace, so well named by the Romans, as affording shelter against the mistral, a real Sinus Pacis, to the west of our modern port, the elbow formed by the shore and Cap Martin.

Like the eagle that espies at one glance the place most favourable for his eyrie, so Haroon, at the sight of these imposing peaks, forthwith decided that he would plant his standard on the hill known in the country as St. Agnès. And so he did. He ordered all his galleys around him, selected three hundred of his best hands, informed them of his determination to uphold and extend the honour of Islam in these valleys and mountains, and invited them to follow him. One and all decided to follow their leader wherever he might go, and whatsoever he might venture on. Those only who had to remain on board felt disappointed. He bid them return to their brethren at *Fracinetum magnum*, in the gulf of Sambracia, and tell them that Haroon would carry on the fight in those mountains. Haroon having selected all he wanted, victuals, arms, and camp necessaries, having fettered all his captives except Anna, who, weak and resigned, moved among her sisters in exile, set out with his small escort.

The Saracen band advanced. There was no resistance. All the natives had fled. The road, though rough, did not delay their march. In a few hours they reached the peak and forthwith pitched their tents. On the following day they set to work in good earnest, planted the first courses of the fortress, and within two months all was completed and they could defy any attack. Haroon inaugurated this event by the songs and dances of his men, in the presence of the chiefs of Eza, St. Hospice, and the Great Fraxinet. They had come to offer him the supreme command of all the Saracen forces. The hero, proud of this mark of esteem on the part of his peers, accepted the flattering offer on con-

dition that he should only assume the general command on days of common danger, and in the meantime remain on the spot he had selected and intended to make famous. The leaders thanked him in their own name and in that of their absent brethren, and after having exchanged arms, they departed singing praises to Allah for having given them such a chieftain. Haroon, having made his camp impregnable, began his plundering excursions, perpetrated cruel massacres, laid the land waste, burnt down part of the forests, sacked homesteads and hamlets, assailed and carried other strongholds, and thought he was really doing a pious action and rendering himself agreeable to the Prophet in realising these words : 'Ye old and young join in the holy war, and consecrate your days and your wealth to the defence of the faith. There is no fate more glorious for you.' Being an earnest and even ardent believer, he deemed every good Mahomedan in duty bound to be a destroying angel, and he was almost afraid that he did not and, perhaps, even could not, sufficiently fulfil his saintly mission.

It was on returning from one of his frequent raids that the indomitable African presented himself before Anna, offering her his useless consolation and entreating her in vain to favour him with a smile. They were separated by the double barrier of faith and race, and a miracle alone could break it down. If Anna saw in Haroon the preserver of her life, she also saw in him a murderer, the murderer of her father and her brothers, the sworn enemy of every Christian family. His fanaticism inspired her with terror, and was, in her eyes, without excuse. Who would bring timid innocence in contact with open, odious crimes ? Who could unite by the bond of sympathy and love a Christian virgin and a Mahomedan pirate ?

Haroon knew all this, and lost hope. From the day he first saw Anna he had loved her, and this love which had grown upon him in spite of himself, and which he pleased to indulge in, weighed heavily on his conscience. As one of the Prophet's zealous disciples, brought up to hate the Christian name, he reproached himself for not casting off

this profane affection, for wavering between his holy religion and a guilty love ; and yet he often dwelt on this idea and this love. Anna was to him like the sudden dawn of an unknown, mysterious sentiment, full of sweetness and charm, sent to lead him into a new life. The Saracen had involuntarily yielded to the irresistible passion which ran through his whole nature at the sight of this angelic creature. He could no longer resist. Never before had a like being appeared on the scenes of his roving life ; he was vanquished. During the last few months a profound sadness had gradually glided into his heart, undermined his energy, nipped the very root of all his faculties ; his mental powers were paralysed. No longer eager for battle nor for long excursions into the valleys or mountains in search of foes, Haroon, once so bent on all such perilous pursuits, grew fond of rest and solitude. The first tidings of change of fortune in the Saracen camp were almost unheeded by him. This extraordinary change, this incomprehensible inactivity, caused much anxiety amongst his followers and damped their ardour, for their resolute chief was, to them, worth a whole army.

On the other hand his visits to Anna became more frequent ; every day he spent hours in her company. In their conversations he talked less of his love than of his ardent desire that she should abjure her religion and embrace Islamism. He who had hitherto only proselytised with the edge of the sword, now tried the force of argument, hoping against hope to convert her. Over and over again had he declared that he would place his heart, his fortune at her feet if she would only exchange the cross for the crescent. Anna's faith was stronger than a brazen wall. Haroon's pressing solicitations were met by deep-rooted convictions, by expressions of sincere gratitude for the respect shown to her sex and her creed. She took advantage of the liberty granted her, and sought in persuasive terms to show the superiority of the Christian doctrine ; thus places were changed, the virgin becoming preceptor to the hero.

One day, after one of these prolonged conversations

which invariably intensified his passion, weary of his continual and hopeless struggles, and having a vague presentiment of his final defeat, he entered his armoury, summoned eight of his most trustworthy companions, had his most valuable things brought in, his diamonds numerous and precious, enough to form a crown, his jewels, his gold, his arms; he himself filled three large trunks and sealed them with the seal of the prophet; then he returned to Anna for whom he was going to sacrifice all, faith, flag, and future. He found her on her knees praying for him, her eyes full of tears, raised to heaven. These tears, this humility, these looks of piety and resignation, this almost tangible communication with God, whom the orphan girl seemed to ask for a home, for protection, for deliverance, made a profound impression on the Moor, and the expression of his countenance, together with his faltering voice, betokened great agitation of his whole being. 'Anna,' he said, 'calm yourself. I did not intend to interrupt your solitude. You are praying to your God to be your succour, and perhaps he leads me now to comfort and save you. You know I love you; my life, my fortune, my future are in your hands, and there is no sacrifice that I am not willing to make for your sake, Anna. Will you then be mine?'

'Sire,' replied the maiden, whom this formal declaration had touched but not surprised. 'Sire, you are a Mussulman, and I am a Christian.'

This simple reply fell on Haroon's heart like a drop of water on hot iron. It stirred him to his innermost soul, and wrenched from his heart these hasty words: 'Anna, I love you, and you shall be mine.'

Perceiving at once his imprudence, and the shudder it caused, he quickly added: 'You shall be mine, not as a slave, not as a captive, but as a freewoman, as a respected wife, for I adore you as much as I love you. Listen but one moment. In asking you to unite your destiny with mine, I am fully aware of the difficulties I have to encounter, the obstacles I have to overcome, but I have foreseen them all. I also felt the great and grave objection you have just made. I expected it; I am prepared to meet it satisfactorily.

First of all I am glad and thankful that I have no rival. I am a Mussulman, you say, and you are a Christian ; that is true. You abhor my faith, I know ; I do not like yours, I confess, but I have no longer any faith ; you have taken it away altogether. I know not what magical power you possess, but ever since I have seen and known you, an extraordinary change has been wrought within me, and, Anna, you alone have wrought it.'

'Sire, this is not and cannot be the work of a woman God chooses his visible instruments to work wonders.'

'Anna, you alone have wrought this wonder. Without any effort you have changed my whole nature. I have now but one thought ; one affection ; one aim to have you as my lawful wife ; one faith, and that is yours. For your sake I am ready to sacrifice all ; my native land, the graves of my ancestors, war which is my second nature, my all ! I will learn and adopt the tenets of your faith, live in the land of your birth, the quiet and sweet life you long after. I have spoken.'

Anna could resist no longer, she merely uttered these words : 'Haroon, at such a sacrifice, the greatness of which I understand, I am yours.'

The chieftain then cast on the young Christian one of those glances which say more than lips can utter. At the same time he seized her hand and placed it on his heart. They were betrothed.

At midnight a small party left the castle quietly, hastening towards the sea. It was Haroon, accompanied by his aged mother, carried by four faithful slaves, who would not leave their infirm mistress, Anna and the female captives, and eight sturdy fellows. Haroon traced a few prophetical lines on the table of his armoury to warn his followers of the approaching decline and fall of the Moorish cause within Liguria, and to enjoin them to repair to the Great Fraxinet, where all would concentrate for the final struggle. As for him, he added, he was going where Allah, the master of our destiny, would call him. He was, however, at this hour, assailed by the most conflicting emotions ; at one moment, reproaching himself with deserting the fortress which his

own hands had built, and accusing himself of abandoning his brave companions, who had left home and fought the fight of faith with him ; at another, divesting his mind of all regret and remorse, he pictured to himself the happy days and the new life that were in store for him with her whom fate had placed in his adventurous path, and on looking at his fiancée all was forgotten. And putting himself at the head of his little troop, he led them to the seashore. There a bark, light and pointed as an arrow, constructed for a stealthy departure, and well manned, awaited them. All the treasures and provisions were carefully stowed on board, and Haroon, supporting in his arms his precious conquest, was the first to embark. An eastern wind bore them in a few hours to the gulf of Sambracia, where they were able to distinguish the lights of the famous fortress. Here our hero passed through his last ordeal, but assuredly not without remorse. The following day the bark cast anchor in the port of Marseilles, where, of course, no one expected the arrival of so dangerous a foe.

Anna's first duty was to render thanks unto God for having delivered her from so many perils. She led her betrothed to the Abbey of St. Victor, where she visited the catacombs and knelt at the tombs of the martyrs opposite an altar, where a priest was just in the act of elevating the host. Here, on that hallowed ground, she prayed for the speedy conversion of her infidel lover. Her prayers and supplication ended, she looked around for Haroon in order to remind him of his promise. But what was her astonishment when she beheld that once so terrible man on his knees in prayer in the corner of the chapel. His promise was already fulfilled. He rose a Christian. Heaven had answered her prayers, had touched his heart, had wrought his conversion. She went up to him, stretched out her hand to him and bid him rise. This merciful conversion completed her happiness. Henceforward the same religion would consecrate their love. On leaving, they walked straight to her mother's house, but sorrow and death were there before them. The cruel news that all her dear ones were either slain or captives had broken the

poor old woman's loving heart, and her unspeakable grief hurried her into her lonely grave. Still weeping, Anna, with Haroon, went to the bishop to claim, as shipwrecked pilgrims were wont to do, his fatherly protection. This was a happy day in the house of this good shepherd. All the noble warriors of Provence, who had solemnly pledged themselves to drive the Africans from Liguria and Gaul, were then just assembled around the bishop's table. The intrepid Viscount Guillaume de Marseilles, the chosen leader of the expedition, was remarkable for his stately and imposing figure. He had started and organised this crusade, and was therefore its real head and spirit. As soon as the prelate had learned the names of his visitors, and heard from Anna a brief account of her misfortunes, her firmness, and her successful missionary work, he embraced and blessed them. Then he hastened back to his noble guests to tell them the great news.

'My lords,' exclaimed the bishop, 'the formidable chieftain, Haroon, against whom you are united, is here, and is a Christian.'

The name of Haroon, strongly emphasised by their host, brought the whole company to their feet. One and all involuntarily put his hand to his sword. But when briefly told the sad story of their young countrywoman, and the solemn object of the voyage, a shout of admiration burst forth, and the startling event was pronounced to be a forerunner of certain victory. All promised to assist at the solemn abjuration and baptism of the far-famed African, and to give a sumptuous dinner to the celebrated couple. A short time after, Haroon, surrounded by the most faithful and famous warriors, abjured before the bishop that very religion whose apostle and defender he had been all his life-time, and received holy baptism. Twenty-four hours later his aged mother and her slaves followed his noble example, and within a week the whole city of Marseilles celebrated the wedding that had cost so many victims on either side.

All the nobility vied with each other in the splendour of the entertainments given in honour of the bridal pair. But Guillaume carried off the palm. He received them in

his palace, and brave Haroon and the noble viscount exchanged their most valuable and favourite arms. Provence and Languedoc shared in the legitimate enthusiasm of the Phocæan city.

The expectations of the chieftain were fully realised. He enjoyed the serene happiness he anticipated in a union with Anna. Sometimes, however, in thinking of his unhappy and forlorn countrymen, against whom a powerful expedition was preparing under his very eyes, a furtive feeling of regret stole into his heart and embittered, though momentarily only, the calm of his days. The great emotions and the sudden changes he underwent evidently told on his own constitution. Fights and hardships had had little or no effect on his iron frame, but worries and struggles of heart and mind took away his strength. The warrior was disarmed by a woman who succeeded in saving his soul, but all her prayers and care could not avert his bodily decline. After having lingered through a year, he gave up his redeemed soul unto Christ his Saviour, against whom he had so often drawn the sword.

The whole population, parishes, corporations, fraternities, citizens of both sexes, and all ranks followed his remains to the grave. At their head walked the Viscount Guillaume and his officers, clad in deep mourning, and the procession was brought up by the bishop and all his clergy. Marseilles seemed to have lost her best citizen.

Soon afterwards, when Guillaume had rid Provence and Liguria of the Saracens, and when Haroon's prophecy was thus verified, Anna, having already buried her grief in deep seclusion, resolved now to break entirely with the world and to spend the rest of her days on the very spot of her captivity. She divided her property between the Church of St. Victor and the Church of Ventimiglia, and retired to the quiet Vallée des Châtaigniers at the foot of the hill, where she had wept and prayed so much.

On the slope of the village she founded a chapel to which she often repaired to pray for the conversion of the Moors. The ruins of this chapel have entirely disappeared, unless some fragments of masonry on the western slope, hidden

amongst shrubs and trees, be the traces of that pious abode.

Anna was for long looked upon, not merely as a pious woman, but as the guardian angel of the country: all the inhabitants who had escaped the sword attributed to her powerful intercession the final expulsion of the infidels. When she ceased visiting their poor huts, and no longer prayed with them and for them in the chapel, they would not believe that she had died. According to them the kind-hearted genius of the hill had simply gone back to heaven.

After having left the ruins with which this story is so intimately connected, we paid a visit to the new churchyard, consecrated in 1862. The old one, a little lower down, and accessible from the church platform, is void of interest. It was merely a cave with a round opening, opened and closed by a movable stone, through which hole the corpses were thrown indiscriminately. A like way of burial is still resorted to in a small mountain village beyond Fontan, the French custom-house station on the road from Nice or Mentone, by Sospello to Turin. There the bodies are put in a sack and lowered into a cavern, the exact depth of which is unknown, and into which plenty of water rushes. It is indifferently closed, and on the small platform, in spite of the sickening effluvia, people amuse themselves and chat away their leisure hours, and dance on Sundays and festivals!

Ere we leave this old resting-place of St. Agnès, we must notice just above the door this very appropriate inscription:

'Vede, O Mortal, tu che vivi giocondo,
Ove finisce la scena del mondo!'

which I venture to turn into:

'Behold, O Mortal, still full of mirth
Where endeth your very last scene on earth!'

corresponding with:

'Whilst we think well, and think t'amend,
Time passeth away, and death 's the end. 1517.'[1]

[1] On the tomb of John Grunevay in the Parish Church of Tiverton.—*Notes and Queries*, January 20, 1883, p. 47.

Just opposite the church, on a stone, we read : Issi dievmf, surely done by an ignorant mason, and in the church itself is shown an old pyx, said to have belonged to the primitive chapel of St. Agnès. For if we may believe tradition, the origin of the place can be traced back to the very first centuries of the Christian era. A princess, named Agnes, whence she came no one knows, climbed these steep and rugged slopes with a few faithful attendants. Princesses then travelled less ceremoniously than they do in our days. The wanderings of a lady of high rank amid such wild and untrodden scenery are rare though not altogether unexampled. But this said noble dame, being bound for distant Tenda, was overtaken by a terrible storm and lost her way altogether. In her great distress she implored her patron saint's influence and her holy namesake to lead her to a grotto ; the grotto still exists, though much reduced, on the platform near the cross. In gratitude for this miraculous rescue from imminent peril the princess gave wherewith to build a chapel, provided that it should be called St. Agnès. It was built and called after her and after her saint. The chapel attracted worshippers and settlers, and became thus the nucleus of the present village of St. Agnès.[1]

There is a great gap between the period of tradition and that of real history, since the name of the place occurs only in 1102. This we learn from a document giving a kind of geographical sketch of the county of Ventimiglia, and which tells us that it was a dependency of the Marquisate of Susa, which extended from the Tinea valley, round to Turbia, down to the Ligurian sea and to Turin, and thus our St. Agnès [2] was within the county of Ventimiglia, but under the sovereign power of the bishop. Count Otho and his immediate predecessors and successors may have been good-natured and pious men founding and endowing churches and chapels everywhere, and exchanging lands with priests and abbots, but they did not always show signs of political wisdom and prudence. The counts were fond of good living, and were apparently satisfied to leave

[1] Durante, *Chorographie de Nice.* [2] Rossi, p. 38.

their numerous minor castles in charge of viscounts, and lived, as stated elsewhere, far beyond their means.[1] Their increase of wealth and influence was a mere sham. They became haughty and quarrelsome, and having no sincere allies, they generally lost their cause. If they had no outward foe to encounter they quarrelled amongst themselves or even with their subjects.

In consequence of such family disputes, the Ventimiglians, early in September 1184, marched against St. Agnès,[2] where Enrico and his son were entrenched. Roderico Borsa and Gandolfo Cassolo led the attack. The besiegers met with a stout resistance, and had to sustain a shower of arrows and stones, and buckets of boiling water and oil. Oil and water and wood must then have been more plentiful than they are now. Enrico, wounded though he was, escaped with the help of a faithful servant, and hastened to Dolceaqua. The Ventimiglians, hearing of it, followed, took the latter castle, and in their fury had the governor and his adherents beheaded for having granted an asylum to Enrico (who had the good luck to escape again), when peace was concluded on September 8, 1185.[3]

The village continued to prosper, and aroused thereby the envy and jealousy of its neighbours. The Genoese, encroaching perseveringly along the coast, cast a longing eye on St. Agnès. About seventeen years later, on January 19, 1257, Count Guillaume had to cede half of his rights to Countess Beatrice, acting and negotiating for her ward. The good people of Sospello protested against this transaction, lest such a powerful neighbour as the house of Anjou might feel tempted to infringe on their liberties as well; but the act was ratified notwithstanding their remonstrances. On February 16, 1296, the governor of St. Agnès was enjoined not to admit any fugitive Ghibellines, a blow aimed at the Grimaldis, who were then strong partisans of the pope.

[1] Archc Reale, foglio 141: De Gubernatis, memorie della nobile ed antica famiglia dei conti di Ventimiglia: Ego Gandulphus convenio et promitto tibi Othoni comiti Vintemiliensi non recipient aliquem de quinque castris, videlicet Zerbi, Gorbi, Poipini, Rocchebrunae et Dulciaquae, etc.

[2] Gioffredo, p. 193. [3] Rossi, p. 54.

But changes of religious and political creeds were then as common as they are now. One of the Grimaldis of a collateral line, having become governor of St. Agnès, and of many strong places around, signed on June 28, 1330, an agreement according to which both parties were pledged to live in peace and could only enter their opponents' dominion by special leave.[1] Sospello seems to have been the centre of this confederation.

Long after this amicable arrangement the inhabitants went to Nice and swore allegiance to a new master, Amadæus VIII., Count of Savoy. This took place on October 10, 1388.[2] On March 23, 1435, St. Agnès was sold to Antoninus Grimaldi, lord of Boglio, for the sum of 1200 golden florins, a small sum, considering that the repairs of the castle of Castellare had to be defrayed out of it.

For nearly a century, a time of continuous troubles and struggles, St. Agnès was alternately claimed by the Genoese, the Piedmontese, and the Grimaldis, and I fear the prosperity of the place greatly suffered through the mutual attacks of these paternal pretenders. In 1531 Augustin Grimaldi, Bishop of Grasse, purchased it for four thousand florins, from the house of Savoy, in whose hands it then actually was. The inhabitants not only put in a strong verbal protest, but even took arms. The prelate being, however, the stronger, they had to submit to his rule. So says Durante. Métivier, the able historian of the princes of Monaco, relates that Augustin attempted the annexation as early as 1529, but that the act was rescinded through the prompt and telling interference of the Sospellians. This seems to be the true version of the event, for in 1533 it was in the possession of the dukes of Savoy, since an enumeration of their domains within the different provinces reports it as part of the county of Ventimiglia.[3]

It is rather interesting to students of history, and perhaps to every one who spends a winter in Mentone, to hear of the comparative importance of various localities from the statistical statement furnished in 1544, according to which

[1] Alberti, *Istoria della città di Sospello*, p. 497.
[2] Gioffredo, p. 914.
[3] *Idem*, p. 1313.

Sospello provided forty soldiers, Peglia twenty-four, Peglione four, and St. Agnès eleven.[1]

Long and frequent wars with aggressive neighbours entailed heavy expenses, and the Duke of Savoy had to get money as best he could. Thus it happened that a Captain Stephen Barretals became the owner of St. Agnès on December 10, 1588. But as he died before all the formalities of the purchase had been completed, his nephew and heir, Camille, received the investiture of it. The inhabitants, apparently accustomed to protests, made such an obstinate and resolute resistance that he did not enter into regular possession till four years later.

This was a year in which the Benedictines were successfully bent on a large extension of their order in various ways. Some towns and villages obtained their contingent from Italy, but St. Agnès got them from Antibes.

During events and wars of more than local range, small places like St. Agnès, where only short halts were made, or sentinels posted, begin to lose their strategical importance. During the Franco-Austrian war it is only mentioned once, July 1691 ; during the Spanish war of Succession (1701-1713), and during the more stirring and thoroughgoing French Revolution in 1792, it is almost forgotten, though it must have gone through much suffering like the rest. If it escaped all the horrors of that period of unbridled passion, lust, and outrage, so much the better. But I fear it had its full share of all the abominable crimes inflicted by bloodthirsty, plundering bands, on whom the word liberty meant slavery, meant shame and infamy. A glorious history unavoidably entails great sacrifices in money and men. But what did these toilers and tillers of the soil care for glory ? They ate their frugal meals most truly in the sweat of their brow. In its present more humble position, St. Agnès may go on prospering for generations to come. Though the forests, its most valuable resources, have disappeared, and replanting finds great opposition here, there is plenty of soil left for cultivating oil and wine and fruit and corn. There is an abundant

[1] Alberti, p. 510.

spring of excellent water on the north-eastern slope of Mount Piauli, which a well-maintained aqueduct leads up to the village. Though this spring, I am told, is getting gradually weaker, they have but to capture the water more carefully, plant plenty of trees on the slopes, and keep their goats and sheep off these plantations, and water will become more plentiful for them, their cattle, and their crops. It is not likely that any more battles will be fought up here ; there might be some fighting and a change of masters, that is all, and as long as the people are satisfied, chroniclers ought not to grumble.

As I said at the beginning of this sketch, the 21st of January is the great festival day, when the usual religious ceremony with the solemn procession and the various amusements take place, much tamer, however, than those I describe under Gorbio and Roccabruna. Singing, drinking, dancing, and smoking are the chief features during these merry days. Young men, with a basket of rosettes and flowers, offer the former to gentlemen, who are expected to silver them, and the latter to the ladies, who accepting them are booked for a dance. Many fair maidens of Albion have joined in a dance, and been pleased with their partner's natural grace and politeness. Here young ladies ought to be in the sweetest mood and on the best terms with St. Agnès, for on this her festive night she presides over the fate of their dreams and visions. In an old dream-book of great authority I read this, and I extract the following lines :

> 'St. Agnes, be a friend to me
> In the gift I ask of thee,
> Let me, to-night, my husband see !'

According to previous agreement, we returned along the Madonna ridge, enjoying the view over both valleys, and the pretty spur itself studded with pines and arbutus-trees, laden with ripe and unripe fruit and flowers. The sun was setting, and his golden rays stole rapidly over the eastern range of mountains, down the Red Rocks into the sea, covering them all with a rosy veil deepened or heightened

by the hue of the background, and in bidding them good-night with a variety of soft tints such as no human skill can capture, but Longfellow's pen can describe :

> 'The day is done, and slowly from the scene
> The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts
> And puts them back into his golden quiver!'[1]

[1] In 1909 I made the acquaintance in Mentone of the intelligent Abbé Felix Gourio, who serves the Chapel of the Madone of Carnoulès. He showed me a vellum charter which he had purchased from a man in the village of St. Agnès, who used to pick up old books, of which the curé had purchased several. One day he showed him this charter, and when asked what he was going to do with it, replied, he was going to give it to the boys to make a drum of. No doubt similar charters are to be found in the mountain villages which would be treasures to the antiquarian collector, though some may receive the base treatment with which this one was threatened. The charter, which is in well-written but much contracted Latin, not very easy to read, dates from 1357, but founds upon an older one of 1218. It is a grant to the village of St. Agnès by Charles, Count of Anjou.—Ed.

CHAPTER IX

CARNOULÈS, OR CARNOLESE

Carnoulès is the name borne by that part of Mentone which lies between the Union Bridge, spanning the Gorbio river, and the drilling-ground, Place d'Armes, generally known as the Madonna quarter. It formerly included all the plain from the Borrigo valley to the said Union Bridge. The name is said to be derived from *Carnis læsio*, an attack on flesh, a slaughtering, a battle-field, because some say a battle was fought here in 70 A.D. between Vitellius and Otho, rival emperors, or between their adherents. This interpretation is not rational; it is fanciful and, notwithstanding the astonishing pliability and stretches of etymology, is really too far-fetched. Ducange, an undoubted authority, says that *Carnulentus*, *Carnolentus*, means rich, fat, and Carnolentes, easily shaped into Carnolese and Carnoulès, means therefore a rich soil, a fertile plain or field. And this derivation I consider all the more natural, correct, and conclusive, because Carnolese is a plain, and it is fertile. This plain was very early occupied by a religious order, and monks have invariably chosen a fertile and beautiful position. Their churches and land were later on made over to the monks of the Lérin Islands, and their monastery must have been of some importance, since one of their abbots had to attest a treaty.

But now comes Mons. Brun, an architect by profession, but an archæologist of undoubted authority and zeal, a member of the Historical Society at Nice, who will have it that Carnolese is a pure Celtic name. *Karnoles*, he says, 'was a group of houses where, most likely, resided a chief.' This might be accepted as most probable, as for the word *Kaer*, it merely signifies a village, and the word *les* or *lez*,

the residence of a chief or king. And by a singular series of circumstances this seat of a Keltic chief had become the property of the princes of Monaco. All this is rather a conjecture, but I mention it on account of its very strange affinity. I leave it to my learned readers to decide who is right.

All the authors mentioning the transfer of this place Carnolese, to the monks of Lérins have already been quoted ; and I add only Tisserand's statement that Albert Bertrand, a prior of Carnolese, signed, with several others, the act that conveyed, in 1077, the priory of St. Michael to the monks of Lérins, and in 1082, Cap Martin to the same religious order.[1]

This monastery, together with Lérins and St. Hospice, was a kind of resting-place for pilgrims going to Rome, and as early as 742 St. Boniface wrote to Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, the following complaints: 'I cannot disguise from you that all true servants of God complain that the righteousness and modesty of your Church is at stake, and that it can only be remedied by a council forbidding nuns and women their frequent journeys to Rome. Most of them lose their character, and there are few towns in Lombardy and in Gaul in which there cannot be found proof of my assertion. And this is a scandal to the Church.'[2]

In the year 921, 923, and again 929, chroniclers recorded that English pilgrims proceeding to Rome were attacked by the Saracens while crossing the Alps.[3]

Pilgrimages seem to have been as numerous and frequent then as they are now, and the Abbey of St. Victor, Marseilles, and St. Honorat and Carnolese have merely been replaced by Paray-le-Monial and Lourdes.

But Carnolese was a religious station long before the birth of Christ. It owns its origin to the Phocæans, and these mercantile explorers came here a few hundred years before the Christian era, and naturally spread their religious ideas and worship among those peoples with whom they traded,

[1] *Histoire de la Cité de Nice*, vol. i. p. 132. The Cartularium abbatiae Lerinensis mentions this transfer under fol. 76, 5 vo., year 1061, and under fol. 77, vo. 19, Mart. 1082.

[2] *Histoire ecclésiastique*, par Fleury, vol. vi. p. 377.

[3] *Words and Places*, by Isaac Taylor, M.A., p. 72.

dealt, associated, and lived. Now Strabo says somewhere that when the Phocæans left their home, an oracle enjoined them to ask Diana for a guide on their journey. They went therefore to Ephesus in order to learn how the goddess would wish them to carry out the suggestions of the oracle. Diana appeared then in a dream to Aristarcha, one of the most esteemed women, ordering her to depart with the Phocæans, and to take with her one of the statues consecrated in the goddess's celebrated temple. This was done. The statue was placed in the first temple of the natives they met. Aristarcha was appointed guardian and priestess, and this first temple, appropriated or erected, became the rallying-point of all other temples scattered along the coast as far as Mentone. Every important place in connection with the Phocæans had thus its temple near or at least never very far from the port, and this temple was invariably dedicated to Diana. Now it so happens that the chapel of Carnolese, a part of the Madone belonging to the lamented Dorident, is, by the people at least, still called the temple of Diana, and is, moreover, not very far from the Sinus Pacis, or what is now called the Eastern Bay. The whole structure, as it now exists, bears more or less the style of an early temple. But I should not like to say much about that, nor venture to assert anything. The only matter that I positively know of is the inscription on the pillars on the right and left of the interior of the chapel. Since the restoration of both the interior and the exterior in 1868, I fancy all has been changed, and an interesting link of antiquity entirely destroyed. At the time when the restoration of the two pillars just mentioned was going on, Mrs. Müller and I passed the chapel on our way to Gorbio valley. It must have been in June or July. On entering the place we noticed the pillar on our right already deprived of its more modern coating, but could still distinguish the traces of some ancient Greek letters. I told the man who was removing the mortar of the other pillar to do his work as carefully and gently as possible as he would surely find an inscription, more or less covered by previous restoration. And in order to get my request attended to, I added that I would

reward him for his loss of time in working more cautiously than he would otherwise have done. On our return early on the following day we found nearly all the mortar removed, distinguished only a few lines with unmistakable traces of antique characters, and could only clearly decipher these two words, or part of two words, which Mrs. Müller at once copied as faithfully as possible. It was a most determined vandalism, especially as the contractor or architect, I do not know which, was by the mason himself informed of my request and of my willingness to pay for lost time, and this man simply told the mason to go on and not to mind any one. Had the whole, or the greater part of this inscription been preserved, we might have got hold of the key, or a valuable addition to the earliest history of this little temple of Diana. I myself cannot decipher the meaning of this fragment, nor could any of my friends. On sending a copy to Monsieur Brun, already quoted, I received the following reply :

'Il n'y a d'étranger dans l'inscription que vous me signalez ; c'est une simple date ainsi que vous pouvez vous convaincre en retournant la feuille. Ce n'est que la date de 1530 en caractère de l'époque ainsi que vous pouvez vous en assurer en retournant l'écriture. Il est possible que la chapelle ait été édifiée à la place d'un ancien temple payen.'

Now with all due deference to Mons. Brun's learning and experience, I cannot accept this interpretation. It is bold, it is one-sided ; for Mons. Brun takes the first part of the inscription only, which coincides with his views and entirely ignores the second and perhaps more difficult and interesting part. But supposing even that Mons. Brun is correct, what does he say to the three dots below the I, dots which are somewhat peculiar in shape ? I hope we shall obtain a more complete and a more satisfactory answer about these eight letters. I must, however, not forget to mention that Mons. Brun's view is quite in keeping with the changes and reparations operated within this chapel during the long and eventful reign of Honoré I. (1523-1605).

But why write that date with many other words on a

pillar? You cannot turn a pillar and read the words or letters or numbers as they ought to be read! It is a mystery.[1]

The inscription on the corresponding north pillar will show that it coincides with the other pillar; but the characters are quite different, and why record the same event twice? The two designs (see photograph) vary but little, it is true, but on following Honoré's military career, we easily discover that one pillar was restored before, and one after his Oriental campaign, and both must have been done between April 14, 1532, the date of the death of Archbishop Augustin Grimaldi, and 1540, when Honoré became of age. From 1532 to 1540 Stephen Grimaldi was governor of the principality. Now both inscriptions bear his name with a very slight variation, a variation of great importance. Both inscriptions have Steph. Guberte. (= Gubernante) and H. G., which indicates that Stephen was governor during Honoré Grimaldi's minority. But there is this significant difference, that one has the lozenges between the H and G and the other the lozenges between Stephen and Guberte, and that the latter has I H S, the monogram of Christ, between the H and G. I conclude, therefore, that the former pillar was restored before, and the latter after the return from his famous expedition against the Turks in 1535, and that Christ's monogram was added in order to give a kind of public expression to his services rendered to Christianity against its arch enemy, especially after the flattering letter addressed to him by the Emperor Charles v., and dated April 25, 1532, Ratisbon. Here are the two capitals of the columns, and after having read my historical sketch, Honoré i. (p. 101), the reader will come to the same conclusion as I have.

[1] Before we relate the following events we must mention that Pomelline, John's widow, was by Lambert permitted to reside at Carnolese, living very retired, and being beloved by all the inhabitants. This was about 1493. In May 14, 1493, Lambert leaves to Our Lady of Carnolese, Marie de Carnolesio, a certain sum to have perpetually a lamp burning, and the syndics of Mentone have, on assuming office, to swear that the obligation will be faithfully kept. Some years previous, in 1466, Lambert de Lue received the submission of the rebellious Mentonese in a chapel near the seashore and road leading to Roccabruna. This must be Carnolese.

INSCRIPTION FORMERLY ON RIGHT-HAND PILLAR IN TEMPLE OF DIANA, CHAPEL OF MADONNE, CARNOULÈS

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CAPITALS IN THE CHAPEL OF LA MADONNE, CARNOULÈS

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A few years previous, in 1523, a certain dame, Francesca, Lambert's daughter, and therefore Lucian's sister, both of Monaco, and widow of Lucas Doria, lord of Dolceacqua, made a small bequest to Carnolese for spiritual comfort she had received there. Having purchased from his cousins a large fraction of the domain of Mentone, Lambert began to improve his part, and especially Carnolese, whose little chapel attracted large numbers of pilgrims, and the miracles wrought by the Holy Virgin caused so much sensation and astonishment that Lambert solicited Pope Sixtus IV. to order a strict inquest on this delicate point. Father Martin of Bologna, a learned divine, having carefully examined every case, and favourably reported thereon, the chapel became still more famous, but too small to hold half the pious crowds that flocked to it, and with the sanction of the pope a church and convent were planned, begun, and literally sprang into existence as if by a miracle, and were entrusted to two monks with the power to add more as time and circumstances might demand. This convent was called Madonna di Carnolese. 'Tel qu'il est maintenant ce n'est plus qu'unc annexe du palais de plaisance. En 1573 le pape Grégoire XII. accorda une indulgence plénière à quiconque après s'être confessé visiterait pour la première fois l'église de Carnolèse à la fête de la Nativité de la vierge Marie et y prierait pour la concorde des princes chrétiens, l'extirpation de l'hérésie et la tranquillité de notre Sainte Mère l'Eglise.' [1]

This once so celebrated building belongs now to the Dorident family, who have transformed it into a comfortable villa.

The renown and sanctity of Carnolese founded in 1482 by Father Martin of Bologna, were greatly enhanced by Thomas Stridonio, from Stridonia in Sclavonia, a very pious monk and an eloquent preacher, who prophesied things to come, and worked several miracles. The influx of pilgrims became so great that he had to address them in the open air. In his impressive sermons he upbraided, admonished, warned, and implored sinners to begin and lead

[1] Métivier, vol. i. p. 173 (written before 1849).

a holy life ; he condemned, especially heresy and its leaders, and earnestly entreated his flock to repent, to walk steadfast in their faith. He frequently visited the people along the coast, riding on an ass up the valleys, deep into the mountains to instruct the people and to keep them within the pale of the Church. One day, finding that his donkey had lost a shoe, he requested a farrier to put on a new one. This being done, the muscular son of Vesubius, not satisfied with the priest's profuse verbal gratitude, demanded to be paid for his work. The poor friar, not having the smallest coin to bless himself with, asked the man to do it for the Holy Virgin's sake. Not accepting her as a paymaster, and charity not being his coin, payment was insisted upon. Father Stridonio, seeing that this farrier's heart was as hard as the anvil he hammered on, turned to his ass, and in a solemn voice addressed it thus : ' In the name of Jesus Christ I command thee to throw off that new shoe.' And the beast immediately carried out its master's order, by knocking off the shoe against the heartless worker in iron, who with several bystanders was so overawed that he was unable to utter a single word of excuse or repentance.

Preaching one day to the sailors at Villafranca, he reprimanded them severely for taking out their boats to ply their trade before having been to mass, particularly on Sundays. Instead of taking his admonition kindly, they merely smiled, shrugged their shoulders, and sailed, thus disregarding Stridonio's renewed entreaties not to tempt the Holy Spirit who spoke through him. But they would brave the divine warning. And they paid dear for it, for they had hardly reached the main when a sudden gale sprang up and all hands perished.

Quite as wonderful was his gift of prophecy. Once when he met Honoré, the heir presumptive, still a minor, and the Archbishop of Grasse, his uncle and tutor, who both were anxious to see him, he passed them without taking the least notice of either. They recalled him and asked his motive for not saluting them. He said that having only bad and sad news to tell them he preferred avoiding them altogether.

'And what is the sad news?' observed the prelate. 'Well, it is very sad indeed, for the Spirit of the Lord has revealed unto me in a vision that Lucian will soon be assassinated by an intimate kinsman with whom he lives on the most friendly terms, and who has frequently sat at his table and enjoyed his hospitality and confidence.'

The archbishop became very thoughtful, and after having given his apostolic blessing to the humble friar, left with his nephew to ponder over this strange revelation when alone in his private room. How soon this prophecy was to be realised is related in my historical sketch of Mentone, p. 100, and also in the accident that happened here to the Marquis des Baux, p. 111. The saint is buried in San Remo, and was beatified in 1612.

Before leaving this interesting Templum Dianæ, we must mention that numerous pilgrimages came here from all parts of the coast and the mountains, especially the large and imposing one of the Sospellians on July 27, 1688, when the whole town walked over to crave for mercy. At that time Sospello was a more extensive and important borough than it is now, since it possessed several monasteries and convents, a cathedral, many religious companies, and confraternities, a score of churches and chapels, an academy, colleges of lawyers, notaries, and a host of scribes, a garrison, and forts on all the passes.

The following inscriptions found on pictures behind the altar tell, by their style and characters, their age and value. I copy them without any further comment:

SANTUS CORPORE
ET SPIRITUS

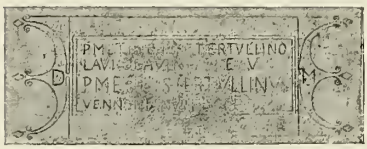
SACELLUM
DIVE LVCCE DICATUM
NUNE RESTAURATUM
ET EXORNATUM
MDCCCXXXXI

We proceed now to ancient Carnolese, formerly the residence of the princes of Monaco, the gardens of which are, for Mentone, extensive and pretty, and are now the property of Mr. Savarèse.[1] These gardens were once plentifully

[1] Now the property of Mr. Phelps Allis, an American scientist, who has greatly embellished it.—Ed.

supplied with water coming down from yonder northern spur, which was captured together with the rain-water in large deep cisterns, partly still existing. But then the property was vaster, going down to the sea, including all between the Gorbio river and the drilling-ground. Let us now hear what Sulzer says and what he saw there in spring 1776: 'This summer residence contains nothing worth mentioning except the ventilator which, consisting of lattice-work, profusely covered with silken and velvet fringes, moves up and down, and to and fro, as if by clockwork, and is a very ingenious contrivance for driving the flies away and cooling the air. But the pleasure-garden around, though the prince spent last summer there, looks so neglected that it is difficult to discover the box which surrounds the flower-beds, as all is covered, thickly covered, with tall weeds of every kind.'[1]

To return to our object, on the western wall of this property, now within a hen-house, we find a large stone fitted into it, after it had been broken. The mason who put it up must have been very ignorant, or rather his master must have been so, since the two main fragments were set in the wrong way. Here is the inscription, as it had been originally on the stone, which is 0·77 by 0·43 centimetres, and is to be read: 'Diis Manibus. Publio Metilio Publii filio, Tertullino, Lauro Lavinensi, egregio viro, Publius Metilius Tertullinus Vennonianus, filius vivus posuit.' And to be translated: 'To the Gods of the shades. To Publius Metilius Tertullinus, son of Publius of Laurolavinium, a learned man, Publius Metilius Tertullinus Vennonianus, his son, during his life has erected (this stone).'



Another similar inscription is in Albenga. It was copied, and kindly sent to me by the honourable syndic of that town, on February 2, 1881, for which I feel very grateful and heartily thank him, and give it here just as it came to me:

[1] *Tagebuch einer Reise von Berlin nach Nizza*, and *zurück in den Jahren*, 1775, 1778. Published by Weidmann, Leipzig, 1780.

P. METILIO
P. F. FAL
TERTULLINO
VENNONIANO
C. V. LAVR. LAVIN
QUAESTORI DESIGNATO
PATRONO
PLEBS VRBANA
ALBINGAVNENSIS
L. D. D. D.

Before closing my sketch of this interesting quarter of Mentone, I must quote Mr. Edmond Blanc's remarks :[1]

'Ce texte se reconstitue facilement à l'aide de deux autres inscriptions qui mentionnent le même personnage ; l'une de ces inscriptions fut trouvé à Albenga. Publius Métilius y est qualifié clarissimus vir, de *questor designatus* et de *patronus*. Le Monument lui est élevé par la plebs urbana Albingaunense.'

'Cette inscription est aujourd'hui à Menton dans le mur de la maison d'habitation de la villa Savarèse, qui appartenait autrefois aux Galleani de St. Ambroise. M. A. de Longperrier prétend qu'il y a à côté un Temple de Diane.'

The construction of which M. Ed. Blanc speaks and considers of a Roman appearance, and which is within the Galleani property is a warren and hay-loft surmounted by a cupola of a somewhat more fanciful than ecclesiastical look, and has not the slightest resemblance to a Phocæan temple. The Diana temple is on the right in taking the Gorbio road, the basement, in fact, of the ancient cloister, the present Madonna, the very temple we have been describing.

My short narrative may stimulate new researches and induce others to correct and complete mine, and finally prove that this little temple is undoubtedly of real Phocæan origin.[2]

[1] *Annales de la Société des Lettres, etc., Nice*, vol. vi. p. 257.

[2] Through the kindness of Mr. Phelps Allis, to whom the Palais Carnoulès belongs, I was permitted to visit and examine the Roman inscription. It is no longer in a hen-house, but forms part of the western wall of the property. It is somewhat difficult to find, being entirely screened by a plantation of bamboos. The stone with its two misplaced parts are as Dr. Müller describes. Professor Rossi in his volume, *Iliguri Intemeli*, p. 123, tells the story of the stone. It did not belong originally to Mentone, but was found among the ruins of the theatre at Nervia in 1835, was brought by a lemon merchant to Mentone, was purchased by Baron G. B. Galleani di S. Ambrogio, and was placed by him in the wall of the property as described by Dr. Müller.—Ed.

CHAPTER X

MONACO, OR PORTUS HERCULIS MONŒCI

Monaco, the capital of a small but rich state, derives its name, perhaps, from *Μονοικος*, Monœcus, signifying one person, one inhabitant, and may therefore claim not an ecclesiastical, but a heathen denomination, an epithet of Hercules, he being considered the only and earliest conqueror of Liguria.[1] M. Charles Lenthéric derives Monaco from *Monoicos*, *Μόνος οἰκῷ*, alone in the house, a divinity that rules absolutely, exclusively, and tolerates no rival power, and connects it with Melkarth, the strong god of physical rather than of spiritual influence. His arguments, deductions, and conclusions are too long to be quoted, and I refer my readers to his books.[2] The Herculean size and muscular strength of the two monks that support the arms of the Grimaldi seem to tell in favour of his reasoning. But wherever the protection may come from, whether it be monastic or Herculean, it has now lost its prestige and could not even prevent the final secession of Mentone and Roccabruna. Through the generosity of the late Emperor Napoleon III., this loss in land has been made up by the handsome sum of four million francs, which the French nation had to pay into the Grimaldi exchequer in order to show the emperor's respect for the great principle of Divine right. Now it is only about two miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad, but it is most prosperous, has no standing army, and imposes only taxes for stamp duties on the transfer of property.[3] M. Lenthéric, just quoted, gives a very graphic description about that, which I quote :[4]

[1] Hercules dictus autem *Μονοικος* vel quod pulsis omnibus illic solus habitavit ; vel quod in ejus templo nunquam aliquis deorum simul colitur, sicut in Jovis Minerva, Juno, in Veneris, Cupido.

[2] *La Grèce et l'orient en Provence*, pp. 382-383 ; *La Provence Maritime*, pp. 509-513.

[3] All municipal expenses are defrayed by the Société of the Casino.—Ed.

[4] *Ce dernier livre*, p. 518.

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'Le peuple minuscule, unique très certainement dans le monde, vit exclusivement de l'argent de l'étranger auquel il ne donne absolument rien. Les rouages de la machine gouvernementale partout ailleurs si compliqués, si fragiles, sujets à de graves dérangements et à de coûteuses réparations sont ici d'une admirable simplicité. Quatre petites roues montées sur pivot vertical, et qu'un enfant pourrait faire mouvoir à la main, tournent jour et nuit, et sont chargées d'assurer à la fois et le fonctionnement régulier des finances de l'état, la fortune du Souverain et le bien-être de son peuple.'

'Par une singulière anomalie, les habitants du pays sont les seuls qui ne payent aucune taxe, aucune redevance, aucun impôt direct ou indirect. Les vrais contribuables de Monaco sont les étrangers, qui seraient les premiers à réclamer si on leur interdisait la faculté de venir périodiquement verser leur or sur les tapis verts de Monte Carlo. Le casino est en réalité la caisse centrale de la Trésorerie de ce bienheureux petit peuple. La contribution est volontaire ; le recouvrement facile, immédiat, assuré et la prospérité du royaume monégasque se trouve ainsi hypothéquée de la manière la plus solide sur l'exploitation intelligente de la passion du jeu, au développement de laquelle on donne les facilités les plus grandes et que l'on surexcite sur les raffinements les plus exquis.

'L'ancien royaume d'Hercule est devenu une opulente maison de jeu. La peau de lion et la massue du fils de Jupiter sont remplacées par l'habit noir et le râteau du croupier.'

I have just said there is no standing army ; there are, however, about three hundred men, all told, whom the prince,[1] being very fond of reviews, pays out of his private purse. This small army represents the most cosmopolitan troop existing. The present influence of this petty state is considerably smaller than its size. But this is not the fault of the reigning prince, who is a kind-hearted, and in consequence of his blindness, a very unfortunate man. Time and circumstances, and the system of modern warfare are

[1] Father of the present Prince Albert.—Ed.

the real causes of this limitation of influence. The Grimaldis have always been brave, and are a race as old and valiant as any reigning European family. They fought in many battles, in many countries, and their renown and decisions reached far and wide, far beyond the Maritime Alps and Liguria, where they held their ground and swayed their power in spite of mighty rivals. In my sketch of 'Mentone as it was,' I have done full justice to their long line of worthy ancestors and gallant deeds. Here I mean only to allude to a few facts that I could not very well bring in elsewhere. Besides its antiquity and position, the latter will be most exactly given in my notes on the Roman road, the former[1] in the historical part. Lucanus, *Pharsalia* 1, i. 413, refers to Monaco :

'solus sua littora turbat
Circius et tuta prohibet statione Monaeci.'

And Virgil, *Æneid* vi., 413 :

'Quantas acies, stragemque ciebunt!
Aggeribus socer Alpinis, atque Arce Monaeci
Descendens Gener adversis instructus Eois!'

That it was one of the earliest Roman stations is mainly due to its naturally strong position as an important naval, military, and strategical point. The port as well as the mountain fort, called Abeglio, were therefore in two directions at least, connected with the Roman road. The Saracens turned it to good account, and held it most tenaciously until their final departure. During the Crusades, and especially during the Guelph and Ghibelline period, it suffered much in various ways. But for that the princes have only to blame themselves because they changed sides almost with every quarter of the moon, devastated when victorious their neighbours' homes and fields and forests, and when defeated had, of course, to put up with severe reprisals. Their wavering and fickle line of conduct will hardly find a parallel even in the behaviour of some German princes during the Napoleonic campaign. The various encounters during the Spanish and Austrian wars of succession brought on Monaco as much misery as on its neighbours, though it enjoyed alternately the French and Spanish protectorate. The more recent political changes

[1] Dr. Müller's notes on the Roman road cannot be found.—Ed.

having been already depicted, we now close our historical data and walk up the castle road, a very easy one indeed, hewn in the solid rock on which Monaco is so snugly settled. The new place between the railway station and Monte Carlo has a surprisingly short existence. It has sprung out of the ground within a very short space of time indeed, for in 1868 there was scarcely a house to be seen. It is called Condamine, like a good many small plains, patches of land between two small states or baronies or independent parishes, belonging to both. Ducange defines it thus: 'Condamina vel Condomina Narbonensibus Condomine quasi Condominium a jure unius Domini dicti, vel ut alii volunt quasi Campus Domini, nam in Occitania, maxime versus Sevennas Camp, aut Con, Campum sonat, ubi, hae Condaminae ab omni onere agrario immunes consentur.'

The definition can be applied to any Condamine. But judging from various cessions frequently made to a church or a religious order, and from the numerous quotations in Gioffredo, it appears that it meant a piece of neutral ground conjointly held by the two neighbours. Here Turbia and the Grimaldis used alternately their right of fishing in the harbour, at Mentone the Condamine was shared between the Ventimiglian counts and the Ventos on the one side, and the Grimaldis on the other; between the two Lascaris branches of Castellare and Castiglione and so on.

We must now direct our attention to the four gates that lead to the princely residence. On one of them we read:

I H S
H G
DIE JANUARI 1533

which is very similar to that in the Diana chapel at Carnolese, near Mentone.

The other reads thus:

ANTONIUS I
MUNITO PORTUS ADITU
ARCEM ROSTI VIAM
RESECTIS RUPIBUS FECIT
TUTA HYPOGEA
HANC ET ALTERAM PORTAM
ET PONTEM
EDIFICAVIT MDCCXIIII

The square offers nothing of interest. There are a good many rusty cannon-balls, a score of old, useless guns, a few trees, and a dozen soldiers. The façade, frequently injured and often repaired, still shows traces of the mischief done by the first revolutionists in 1791, and even by subsequent restorations. The *Cour d'honneur* has not exactly a princely appearance, but bears the imprint of quietness and taste, and though the northern wing of the parallelogram is only partially and imperfectly arranged, and its interior even in the same state as the first French invaders left it, the southern wing, with its graceful staircase and splendid arcade, largely makes up for it. It has required great skill and talent, a thorough artist in fine to restore in their primitive character a series of classical frescoes that have been so wantonly disfigured and mutilated by the apostles of liberty or rather licence. The archives and library, with their precious manuscripts, documents, and books; valuable objects and priceless treasures brought together, for centuries, from all parts of the world wherever the Grimaldis had been fighting (and where did they not fight ?) nearly all have been injured, dispersed, or destroyed. This princely residence remained in a state of desolation until 1815. The princes, having suffered and lost so much, shrank from the heavy outlay a thorough repair would entail. Since that time, however, the restoration has been steadily carried on by eminent artists who have really imbibed the author's sublime design and colouring as the subjects of the arcade and the frescoes do prove. Through one of the gates, now a secondary one, passed many crowned heads, several pontiffs, and numerous celebrities. The following inscription alludes to this fact :

H II
Cryptoporticum hanc etsi Regum Imperatorum et Pontificum maximorum ingressu decoratam tamen tantae molis vastitati angustam amplificavit illustravit exornavit anno salutis. MDCXXXII.

The suite of apartments, open to all comers twice or thrice a week, comprises several beautiful rooms. As the attendants explain everything to sets of visitors admitted gradu-

ARMS OF THE PRINCE OF MONACO

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PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF MONACO

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ally, I merely mention the names of two connected with some historical incidents. The Grande Salle des Grimaldi, the monumental chimney of which had a narrow escape from being transferred to the museum in Paris; the Duke of York's room, in which the Duke of York, brother of George III., died on September 14, 1767; the remaining rooms, more or less interesting, once contained the invaluable treasures brought from the Orient, but 1793-94 destroyed them, dispersed them, or housed them no one knows where.

The gardens are quite in keeping with the palace; small but beautiful; antique appearance admirably blended with modern taste; foreign plants and shrubs and trees gracefully clustering around the native vegetation; fertile terraces hiding barren rocks; redoubts, strong in bygone times and useless now; towerlets, offering a lovely view over land and sea, a panorama quite unique in its kind; a bit of ancient fortifications strangely contrasting with the mural and earthworks of our days; broad walks along the sea-wall rising almost perpendicular from the water; smaller paths branching off here and there; graceful climbers all along the southern façade, such is the garden which Florestan I. had traced in 1848, other more urgent and more expensive affairs having swallowed up all the money that flowed in so slowly after the disastrous years of 1793 and 1794.

Before leaving this pretty garden, consisting of several divisions, evidently added by degrees, we were told that all this space was once occupied by a set of forts running parallel with the present palace; forts against which many a powerful assailant wasted his energy and powder; all made useless during the first French Revolution; then dismantled and finally demolished in 1848, and gradually turned into the present garden. We ought, therefore, all the more to admire the lovely flowers that peep out from every nook and corner, the giant geraniums that cover yards of ground and walls in every variety of shape and colour, and have stems as hard and thick as trees; elegant creepers that delight the eye and fill the air with fragrance; and especially the aloes on the rocks, and the prickly pears that

grow nowhere better and bigger than here, seemingly rewarding the Grimaldis for having imported them first.[1]

Our stroll through the town will be short. In fact I leave it entirely to personal curiosity to visit the numerous chapels and churches of the town and neighbourhood. The new parish church,[2] into which all the monuments and tombs of the old building have been transferred, is worth a visit, also the former convent of the visitation, founded in 1673, and transformed into a barrack from 1793 until 1860, for the Sardinian corps of occupation, when it was handed over to the Jesuits, who established therein a noviciate and a large school of considerable repute.

The hospital, the asylum, and the schools are well managed and well cared for, and the instruction, a trustworthy person informed me, is of a high standard. The prince is said to be very liberal and greatly interested in education. The government house is small, but well adapted to its purpose. Justice is chiefly administered by French lawyers mainly belonging, or rather having belonged to the former imperial law courts, and I understand all the higher officials are Frenchmen. Moreover France—or, perhaps, rather French papers—claim a legitimate protectorate over Monaco. It is chiefly for this reason that the old Monaco dialect, quite peculiar, a fusion of the old Provençal, with the corrupted Italian and French of the neighbourhood, and a strong infusion of the Castilian idiom will gradually, but very gradually disappear, and with it the principal feature of nationality. For Monaco, small as it has always been,

[1] The gardens along the south front of the rock have been encroached upon by the erection of the magnificent Oceanographic Museum of Prince Albert, opened March 1910, the building of which took eleven years. It occupies the extremity of the rock, and, indeed, projects over the sea, being buttressed up from beneath. In it are stored among other things the rich collections gathered by the Prince of Monaco during his scientific and dredging expeditions, chiefly in the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans. The aquaria in the basement show a number of the Mediterranean fauna in life and motion. The new Anthropological Museum opposite the Cathedral exhibits, besides Roman monuments and inscriptions, the numerous prehistoric remains obtained from the two caves at the Rochers Rouges, acquired and excavated by the prince. These contain, besides other prehistoric skeletons, those of the new race of Grimaldi, as it has been called, which bears distinct negroid features.—Ed.

[2] The cathedral now occupies the site of this church.

and shorn as it was in 1848 of two important townships, certainly had the imprint of a nation. Idioms and nations die but slowly. Peculiar laws and customs and traditions, a personal government, the close, might I say, family relationship between the rulers and their subjects of a thousand years' standing, gave to this little state a certain individuality; but through the cosmopolitan nature of Monte Carlo and some minor causes, this characteristic is visibly melting away. Métivier, the impartial biographer and historian of the Grimaldis, is quite sorry that the Monaco idiom is dying out, whilst he records with real French pride and pleasure that 'Charles III. conserva toujours des sympathies toutes françaises qui devinrent dans la suite pour la principauté une source de précieux avantages; que toute sa cour était toute française; que toute la France veille sur le prince et sur ses sujets en protectrice vigilante et désintéressée; que la justice est administrée à la française par des juges et administrateurs presque exclusivement français,' etc., etc.[1]

The once famous procession on Good Friday, of which Roccabruna alone preserved a skeleton, exhibited in August, was, through its gorgeous sumptuosity, almost profane, and therefore interdicted by the late bishop of Nice, but permitted again since the prince obtained a separate and independent ecclesiastical organisation, presided by an apostolic legate in immediate and direct communication with the pope.

In the now defunct Monaco newspaper, *Eden*, No. 48, we read the following enthusiastic description of this Good Friday procession:

'We are in the full swing of the Middle Ages. Strangers and natives seem to have been transformed within this city of the Grimaldis. Jewish soldiers, relieved every two hours, armed with their antique lances, watch over the tomb of Christ. A reddish, lurid light shines on their armours, their black flags, and the different emblems of the chapel. Then follows a torchlight procession; that of Mary in deep mourning in search of her son. They chanted sad, monoton-

[1] Métivier, etc., vol. ii.; Charles III., etc.

ous hymns. She passes through the principal churches and returns to the Chapel of the Black Friars, whence the procession starts in the evening through the narrow street brilliantly illuminated, torches flickering in corners and beneath vaults, pots and pans full of burning pine cones, carried and swung about on high sticks, represent scent boxes, and the deep, hollow sounds of a muffled drum announce, accompany, and follow the funeral train, slowly advancing between a thick, motley, but orderly crowd. The procession is led by the captain of Herod's troops, bedecked with plumes, his soldiers, swords in hand, march silently behind him ; then come Adam and Eve, an old couple indeed, attended or perhaps watched by the angel of paradise—Eve offering the apple to her mate, the angel pointing to the gate. This first transgression is followed by Christ's suffering to redeem it. Herod, surrounded by his suite, slaves acting as train-bearers, one holding a huge parasol over his master's head, heads the march. Every station to the cross shows its own particular Christ. At the Mount of Olives an angel offers him the cup. Judas precedes Christ, and on shaking his money-bag, the armed men of the chief priests make a rush at him. After that, Christ bearing his cross, his hands tied, men provided with sticks around him threatening him constantly, striking him often. Then Christ, with his crown of thorns, soon followed by another group, with Christ being offered the sponge dipped in vinegar mixed with gall. Then we notice Peter cutting off the ear of Malchus ; soldiers casting lots over Christ's garment ; the scribes condemning Jesus ; Pontius Pilate washing his hands, and between these different figures we observe St. Catherine, St. Mary Magdalene, and Santa Dévota, Monaco's patron saint. Then comes Christ, bearing his cross in the midst of soldiers striking him, Simon helping, and Veronica sustaining him, men carrying a ladder, nails, etc. Two angels accompany the sorrow-stricken mother. Finally appears Christ dead, watchmen around him, his mother and three young maidens thickly veiled. Then there is a band playing woeful tunes, the doleful accents of a fiddler, the funeral sounds of the drum,

the painful silenee of the erowd, the extreme sadness on every faee, the solemn pantomime of the dejeeted aetors, the whole show makes a eertain impression on your mind. You excuse, perhaps, the performance, thinking of the holy faets they mean to eommemorate, the good sueh passion-plays may have done in their infaney, and forget what is vulgar, absurd, and profane in sueh proeessions ! '

In the *Rue de Lorraine* is the house then and now ealled Mon Désert, where the unhappy Marie de Lorraine passed her solitary days when separated from her faithless husband, Prinee Antoine I., and where she planted the beautiful palm-tree we still admire. The prinee was base enough to inerease her grief and lowered himself to sueh a point as to lodge in Villa Giardinetto, Rue de Briques, only a few yards from Mon Désert his mistress, who lived there in the most luxurious style, thus adding insult to injury.

The last plaee we visit is the Promenade de St. Martin, laid out under Honoré V. after his own plan. For a small town like Monaeo, perehed on a roek, it is not only a beautiful, but a large publie garden, where old and young, natives and strangers may enjoy themselves. The flowers, the perfume, and shade of a large variety of plants, shrubs, and trees ; the play of the sunbeams through the foliage and on the smooth Mediterranean ; the oriental appearanee of Monte Carlo ; the Tête de Chien, with its new fortifieations ; the old, gigantie ruins of Turbia ; Roeea-bruna on its movable pudding-stones ; bright Bordighera at the foot of an eastern spur ; and all the undulating hills, here barren, there wooded, lower down studded with olive and earuba trees ; and finally the lemon groves along the shore ; one and all add their eharm and make this plaee a real little jewel. But we must pass on, just notieing on our way the large eistern eonstrueted in 1709 to supply the town with the indispensable drinking water. It is surrounded by easements wherein the inhabitants might take refuge in ease of a bombardment. Since 1816 the supply of water has been increased and improved by the administration of Monte Carlo, and quite reeently through the extension of the waterworks of the

Vesubia company. The fine road we walk down was opened in 1836, and naturally facilitates the access to this princely residence which, before that date, was only accessible to visitors on foot or on horseback, up a broad track leading directly to the castle square. The gate is called *Porte Neuve*, but ought to be named after its creator, Honoré v., who also opened the road to Spelunca, and thence to Mentone.

Just before us, and beyond the railroad, between Condamine and the Monte Carlo rise, there stands a modern chapel, erected on the spot of an old one, the gift, I believe, of the same munificent hand that showers charities and donations even beyond the principality. The valley, called Gaumates, is now dry except after heavy rains, when it may, for a short time, be filled with muddy water. Many hundred years ago it must, however, have been a limpid rivulet, a kind of Bethesda, in which the people never failed to wash their hands and face ere they entered the little sanctuary, in order to purify themselves, as it were, from their bodily and moral leprosy. If by mishap they omitted it, or did not, or would not remember a particular stain, the skin of the culprit would peel off forthwith, and the poor creature would be treated as an outcast. A pilgrimage to Rome barefooted, and the kissing of the holy father's right slipper, could alone atone for such a crime. If any one should have ventured to go through this sanitary process out of sheer curiosity, malice, or unbelief, he would, if discovered by the watchers, have been at once reported, and most severely punished. According to Guyot de Merville, who travelled through Provence into Italy between 1716 and 1717, the old chapel was in a very dilapidated condition, but was, nevertheless, as much resorted to as ever. Amongst other curious statements scattered all over his book, he relates that in this chapel he saw a hole into which a person suffering from neuralgia might thrust his head after having, of course, devoutly prayed and conscientiously confessed. In that position he had to remain for fully half an hour constantly repeating, 'Santa Dévota, my faith in thy grace is unbounded.' This devotional exercise having been

successfully endured, the neuralgia disappeared for ever. But there was a peculiar and even dangerous condition to ensure success. If by any chance the devotee had been incomplete, neglectful, or light-hearted in his confession, and had thus not made a clean breast of all his sins, he would be surely caught, for the hole, contracting at once, would become a trap, and retain his poor head and squeeze it gradually until a priest arrived and pronounced his absolution over the sufferer's head, when the hole would expand to its normal size, and release the penitent from his extraordinary captivity.[1]

This is one of Santa Dévota's ways to expose, punish, and convert sinners, but to relate them all would take too much time and space, and I simply give a condensed translation of her wonderful history. In the time of the emperors Diocletian and Maximian, there lived in Corsica a young Christian girl called Dévota. Having been informed of the approaching arrival of a new prefect reported to be very cruel against the Christians, she took refuge in the house of Euticius, a senator, and passed all her days in ascetic devotions, singing psalms and hymns, reading religious books, observing a rigorous fast, taking substantial food on Sundays only, literally macerating her frail body. Euticius could not dissuade her from excessive austerity, and she merely replied: 'I do not inflict any cruelty on myself, I delight in the gifts the Lord showers down on me day by day.' And in saying so her eyes beamed with joy and bore an expression of supreme happiness.

In the meantime the new prefect arrived, and the official world offered him a sumptuous repast, during which one of his agents informed his superior that in the house of Euticius there was hidden a maid who would not worship the gods nor offer up any sacrifice unto them. As the prefect could not get hold of the girl, and as he did not like to quarrel openly with a senator, he had her poisoned. Still alive she was finally brought before him. At his command her mouth was crushed so that she could no longer blaspheme the gods, her hands and feet were tied together,

[1] *Voyage historique d'Italie*, par Guyot de Merville. Hagues, 1724.

and her body put on the rack. But after all these cruelties she was enabled to exclaim : ' Lord, listen to the prayers of thy humble servant and receive among thine elect, Euticius, who was killed for having sheltered her.' And a voice from heaven replied : ' My servant, thy prayer has been granted and all thou hast asked and wilt ask shall be accorded unto thee,' and all of a sudden a dove flew out of her mouth and up to heaven.

The prefect, on the advice of his satellites, forbade to bury her, as he wanted to have her body burnt on the morrow. At that very time a Savoyard priest, Benenatus, was hiding in the caverns abounding there, and near him Apollinarius, a deacon, who each had a vision instructing them to take away the body from the island. They came to an understanding with Gratian, an experienced mariner, and assisted by a band of virgins, carried the body to a boat, and made for Africa. But a strong southern wind frustrated their plan. The boat began to fill, and all their efforts to keep down the water were in vain. Gratian, exhausted, fell asleep, leaving Benenatus to manage the vessel. While he slept Dévota appeared, roused him, and said : ' Pilot Gratian, the storm is calming down, and no more waves shall endanger you. You and your saintly companions watch attentively, and when a dove flies out of my mouth follow it to a place called Monaco, in Greek, and Lonely in Latin. There bury my body.' Watching, they saw a dove rise from her mouth. They followed it till it perched in the valley Gaumates, near a chapel dedicated to St. George, and there they buried the body of Santa Dévota on the 27th of January.[1]

This saint is still held in high honour both by prince and people. On solemn occasions her relics are brought to the castle, kissed and adored by the sovereign and his family, whilst his devout subjects kneel in front of the palace praying for their benign ruler. And on the memorable anniversary the inhabitants of the principality, both high and low, those who rule and those who are ruled, betake

[1] *Ex Chronologia Lerinensi. Acta Sanctorum januarii.* Apud Abel Rendu, Menton et Monaco, p. 318.—Ed.

themselves in solemn procession to the sacred shrine and sing hymns to the praise and glory of their mighty protectress, in whose favour Sixtus IV., in 1475, and Benedict, in 1725, granted a two years' indulgence to all who contributed to the restoration and maintenance of the chapel, and visited the tomb on the 27th of January.

Here we leave Monaco which was, is, and seemingly ever will be :

'Son Monaco sopra un scoglio
Non semino e non raccoglio
E pur mangiar voglio.' [1]

Yes, sing and play and eat and rejoice, and take it easy whilst fools work for you. Standing on such a firm Herculean foundation ; patronised by the Church and her agents ; protected by Santa Dévota ; your coat-of-arms sustained by two devoted robust monks and favoured by many circumstances, you may look cheerfully into the future, and with all maintain your independence and prosperity. But mind there are rocks beneath these smooth Mediterranean waters and thunderbolts hovering over these seemingly protecting mountains ! Do not fall asleep in your present ease and peace !

I, Monaco, on my rock so bare,
For sowing and reaping did never care,
But eat I do, I will declare.

CHAPTER XI

MONTE CARLO

Distance, ...	7 kilometres, or nearly 5 miles.
Time, along the upper road, . .	1 hr. 40 m.
,, over the neck of Cap Martin,	1 hr. 30 m.

Monte Carlo is the name, quite a modern name, given to the beautiful plateau we are going to. Formerly it was called Spelunca,[1] which means a cave, a den, from having been the resort of smugglers and pirates. That race has now died out. Yet the name clings to the place. People do not like to give up old familiar expressions. Sometimes they have even become pet names. Spelunca would not, however, attract strangers, rich people at least, and whatever the country may have been in ante-Christian times, it was quite early very much frequented by daring traders, and was, as Monaco, in direct communication with the most opulent cities of Asia Minor. Thus its present wealth stands on an ancient, sound, commercial footing, as sound as any of the oldest trading houses in the world. Then the Romans came, less for commerce than for conquest, which, though often destructive to life and ruinous to property, was almost invariably followed by a slow but sure civilising progress. The Goths, too, came and ruined the land and the people. The Saracens repaired and used what was good for their object. Spelunca remained a wild spot; plenty of rocks, little good soil, few trees. Centuries sailed by and left their traces of destruction here, of civilisation there. The land remained in its primitive wildness, a wildness growing stronger and civilisation weaker. Up to 1855 there was hardly any change. There was a gambling-room in Monaco. Monaco is pretty, the climate could not be better; it was rather lonely, but the access was compara-

[1] Gioffredo, p. 728; Métivier, vol. ii. p. 356.

tively easy. The primitive casino became too small. It could hardly be enlarged, was hardly attractive enough, for gold is a magnet ; it draws, entices, it becomes a centralising power, a monopoly. A bright idea struck a clever man. He cast his eyes on Spelunca ; Spelunca was selected as the spot that would ultimately allure and concentrate glittering wealth, doubtful honesty, suspected morals. The plan was skilfully conceived, it was steadily, perseveringly, and successfully carried out. Rocks were blasted, trees felled, terraces levelled, roads laid out, gardens and plantations charmed out of the barren soil ; aqueducts supplied plenty of water, and centenarian trees plenty of shade. The central hall of a vast building, designed after old, notorious German gambling-houses, rose rapidly, and was opened in 1860. Hotels, restaurants, cafés, and shops multiplied ; all went on well. The principal building had two wings added, these wings grew fast ; new walks led to new wonders, the railway necessitated and facilitated a splendid terrace ; a bridge connected the casino with the sea and pigeon-shooting ground ; the best musicians delighted the ear, the most renowned actors charmed the eye ; and every addition proved a new attraction and tended to its present harmonious completeness. Spelunca was dead and buried in spite of popular belief and historical records.[1] Monte Carlo usurped its place and extinguished its name, and added a fame and lustre hitherto unknown along the sunny Mediterranean. It is of bold conception, of an infallible speculation, of undeniable beauty, of multifarious, artificial attractions ; a natural or unnatural child of the present state of society ; a mirror wherein a goodly number of our shortcomings and weaknesses and tendencies are faithfully reflected ; a photograph in which many a contemporary cannot fail to discover the traits of his character. But the place has succeeded and success is half the battle. Monte Carlo had taken a firm footing on Spelunca and a firm hold of many men and women !

It is sometimes said that miracles, spiritual miracles, are

[1] The name Le Mont Charles, Monte Carlo, was given to the old Spélugues by Charles III., father of the reigning Prince.—Ed.

becoming rare, though there are some new, powerful shrines ; but money, under the princely wings of the noble house of the Grimaldis, the influence of the Jesuits, and the saintly halo of Santa Dévota is working miracles every day. The agent of these Monte Carlo wonders sets up an ever-varying picture for his own personal benefit first, and by a sideway, for those who sanction and sanctify his rolling-stock. He is a real conjurer. Hospitals, charities, associations, municipalities, churches, monks, journals and journalists get their annual share ; French lawyers, retired colonels, captains, and sergeants, wearing and displaying their decorations and medals, are largely employed in the courts of law, administration, and police of the principality and gambling-house. Would this show of medals and crosses be deemed correct or be tolerated elsewhere ? French generals and prefects, mayors and deputies *grace and honour* the table of a director, a count now, but a former valet of the late Napoleon the Third. But this is no surprise, because real nobility and dignity elbow each other daily with assumed names and titles. These gratuitous treats and pleasures ought to be very sweet unless a very scrupulous friend of mine is right in saying that it is wrong to derive pleasures from polluted sources ! I wonder where that Puritan gets his bread and wine and beer and grocery from ? Why they are all, if not exactly polluted, shamefully adulterated everywhere ! The gambling world is bad, but there are black stains in other industries ! Monte Carlo is bad, very bad, but there are things as bad, and worse even, here and everywhere !

Besides, Nature herself is a great temptress. She charms the eye and elevates the heart ! The vast expanse of the sea in its fairy tints ; the countless bays and creeks and capes and peninsulas created by capricious waves ; towns and villages coquettishly distributed along the shore, pinned to the slopes or saddled on a ridge ; the pale green olive gardens and the dreamy lemon groves pleasantly relieved by clusters of deciduous trees ; a rustic cottage, a dilapidated barn, an antique chapel, an elegant villa, a barren spur, and a fertile valley ; the lofty mountains of historical renown above, stretching their massive limbs

deep into the sea or turning east and west ; they all, individually and collectively, are grand and beautiful and enshrine the tiny state, the old, tenacious principality of Monaco !

No wonder that thousands of people come here with an eye for nature's genuine beauties and for art's tasteful oddities ; a shop of fancy goods stands on an olive trunk ; a pottery transforms coarse clay into exquisitely shaped and coloured vases ! But the artist is never satisfied. He metamorphoses from day to day. Nature is less fickle. But she must submit to human freaks and speculations. Once upon a time the road followed the sinuous pranks of nature, and was dangerous, steep, and narrow, so that Sulzer found it difficult to pass in 1777. And yet Napoleon's soldiers toiled and trotted along this very road by thousands ! But what a change. What a change from year to year. What an easy access to all sorts of pleasures, smooth and full of light. Look around, and you cannot help admiring the creative mind and liberal purse that caused such prodigies. Here, there, and everywhere villas of all sizes, forms, and tastes—an avenue large enough for twenty men abreast, and well lit up at night. There are new churches and old chapels for Roman Catholics, but heretics—Protestants and Anglicans alike—are not permitted to worship according to their rite within the principality, where Jesuits and gamblers can only live in perfect freedom. We approach the centre of attraction and drive down the gentle slope. Flowers and flower-beds, lawns with rare trees, grass-plots with shrubs and plants, a bubbling fountain playing in all the colours of the rainbow ; a barn and stable which were burnt down in 1864, transformed into elegant shops ; an art gallery ; convenient billiard and refreshment-rooms, where the Teuton relishes his beer, the Italian his sugar-water, the Gaul his absinthe, the Briton his whisky, and *all* their pipes, cigars, and cigarettes ; and on your right, above, below, and everywhere, hotels built with a view to taste, where comfort administers to the wants and luxury of visitors, the choicest wines and daintiest of viands. There is no lack of pleasure and supply.

And just before us, the Casino surrounded by palms, all sorts of shrubs, innumerable flowers, graceful creepers, trim borders, delightful paths, extensive terraces, an arena for pigeon-shooting, various amusements for old and young children, plenty of kiosks for trade and pleasure, a beach for bathing and swimming, an abundant supply of water to wash away every stain and to keep everything clean and fresh and healthy, a sea of lights at night, and every day a pleasure-ground unparalleled—a gem !

Such is Monte Carlo viewed from without.

And all for nothing, remember. Come and behold !

The band begins to play. And what a band ! Let us enter the hall, spacious and commodious, where all the latest news, flashed from the furthest corner of this immense globe, is stuck up from hour to hour. Just cast a passing glance on those people seated around. There are some who have lost, some who are ruined for ever, some expectants, some hopeful, some despairing, some indifferent, whose hearts and minds can hardly be deciphered. What a study for a physiognomist ! The concert room is almost crowded. There is hardly standing room. It is Thursday, a gala day, when all the grand folks come to see and hear, to listen and be listened to, to chat and criticise, to admire and to be admired ; to lose and to be lost ; to win and to be won ; to scorn, blame, and cry down. What a sight ! A galaxy ! A galaxy of all the stars, suns, planets, comets, satellites ! The highest, noblest, wealthiest, and most respected gathering of the whole world, with a few spotted individuals, a mere speck on the sun's disc that cannot be noticed except with Mr. Bischofsheim's biggest magnifying-glass which, fortunately, is on Mont Gros.

But the magic strains of the orchestra do not allow you to observe and scrutinise. Your ears and eyes are not at your command. You must needs listen. You are a slave enchanted by the choicest compositions executed by real artists, inspired by a leader, a man, of talent, and of taste, himself a tried composer. There is no better band in Europe. And if you doubt my saying, do tell me where to find it !

And all for nothing, remember. Just come and listen!

And the new opera, or theatre, or whatever you may call it. In design and execution, in taste and decoration, in acoustic power and skill, in harmonious arrangements and gorgeous splendour, it has, considering its dimensions, no equal. Actors and singers are recruited out of the very flower of the stage. The administration shrinks from no sacrifice to ensure the greatest talents of the day.

Then there is a most commodious reading-room, profusely supplied with reviews, magazines, newspapers, illustrations; papers clerical, comical, satirical, of every nation and language; an accumulation of science, art, and commerce; a room where you may read and write and study to your heart's content.

And all for nothing, remember.

But let us now enter that mine of inexhaustible wealth whence all this splendour comes! The days being short, it is Christmastide, the height of the season, all the passages and corridors and apartments are very early brilliantly lighted. The night seems brighter than the day. And outside a thousand lamps defy the prince of darkness.

The rooms, lofty and spacious, run from south to north, and from west to east, with large windows on either side, between them glitter, long ere the sun has set, Herculean arms that hold forth such mighty jets of light that they rival the sun. Each table has, moreover, its own solar system. But few people seem to appreciate the efforts to captivate the eye. Surely if anything is wrong here, no attempt is made to hide or to conceal it. All is open, fair, and bright. And if disputes occur and doubtful claims are made, they are most liberally settled. There is no rest, no holiday; the tables work all the year round; there is nothing sacred, the high festivals of the Church are ignored. And why? Because the Jesuits have sanctioned and, perhaps, even hold some shares. No one will therefore be surprised to hear that the holiest of holy feelings, religion, is sometimes profaned and outraged. Look in yonder corner. There I saw, in 1868, a tall and handsome man of middle age, a regular attendant, but an unlucky player, yet who means to

win to-day, nay, more, to break the bank. Why, there I saw him say a silent prayer to the Holy Virgin or to his patron saint, for gamblers have their patron saints as well as other people, so after having duly crossed himself, he sets to work with a will. This morning's post brought him a goodly sum. His monthly bills are paid. He wants so little. His only passion, much stronger than he fancies, his only passion is to gamble. Like many others, he follows the centripetal power around a kind of billiard-table of somewhat large dimensions. How shall I begin to describe the picture ? Shall I tell you that fortune, here, turns really on wheels ? That the die is cast, or rather the ball is lodged before you have a second to reflect ? That loss and gain depend on numbers odd or even ? On colours red or black ? That thirty-six, for there are thirty-six numbers and a zero, full thirty-six times are the chances against you ? That ladies of rank and station sit down side by side with their fallen sisters. That many lose and only one out of a million may get rich ? That earnings of a week, a month, a year, a whole honourable life drop in the deep beyond the reach of diving-bells ? That well-established incomes, fair prospects, a smiling future are for a long time, perhaps for ever blighted ? That a family, a good old name, long-standing, sterling qualities, are gone for *ever*, never to be retrieved ? That some who had come out so prosperous, so happy are doomed to ruin, to an ignominious flight, because one weak member of the flock, the guide and keeper of the purse, was insane enough to stake his all, his money, and his honour ? That gentlemen, surprised by a passion they were quite unaware of, losing their generally well-balanced head, borrow from coachmen and waiters, dragging thus poor, honest servants into the abyss ? That yonder invalid, trembling with emotion, has gone many yards nearer his grave ? That captains sell their pensions, the dowries of their wives, and carried away by sudden death, leave their dear families in abject poverty ? That once a general lost his equilibrium and money, and had to beg his fare in order to go home ? That the man who prayed in yonder corner before he went to play, lost all, looks as pale as death ?

'Rien ne va plus!' This warning, so monotonous and yet so ominous, makes some people only all the more eager to get rid of their silver, gold, and notes. What a study in these physiognomies, where hope and disappointment tell so sad a tale, and drive a deadly wedge into the strongest constitution! Where noble feelings are on their sorest trial, and where honour and self-respect capsize into fraud and lasting shame!

Rien ne va plus! Et on y va toujours!

Such is humanity! We move on to the 'Trente et Quarante' where only gold and notes are to be seen, and where the lowest stake is twenty francs, and twenty thousand is the highest. It looks quite different, less exciting, calmer, less crowded, more select, less fussy, more composed, less plebeian, more aristocratic; there is seemingly less chance, more calculation. But the danger is the same. These two tables are much less frequented, because no silver is accepted, but speculation through two similar channels leads or empties all the money lost into the same bag.

But let us leave these rooms! We do not want to see the end, and how the mammon is, after the stroke of eleven—for all is clockwork here—roughly counted, quickly put into sacks, immediately sealed up, carried upstairs, and placed under lock and key. A scene of witches and Mephistopheles! The house is closed before the solemn hour of midnight has sent its thrilling sounds abroad, the death-knell of the departed day!

Our carriage was waiting and we drove home. The night was glorious. Early spring they call it here. A soft gentle breeze played wistfully up from the sea and amalgamated with the sweet perfumes of flowers, trees, and shrubs. The wavelets down below exchanged their evening murmurs with the pebbles of the shore, which we, poor mortals, could not understand, and were not in a mood to listen to. Luna had just gone to rest. It was very considerate on her part; for Monaco and Monte Carlo look all the brighter, all the more enchanting. A sea of lights, a sea on fire, transformed the whole panorama into a fairy land. There was but little talk. The rapid visions and the various scenes seemed to be

reviewed and sifted privately. I wonder what were then the evolutions and conclusions of our younger friends! Paterfamilias alone moralised, hardly audibly, on the degrading effect of a regular open gambling-house; but after having evidently carefully revolved the knotty question, he said, only half aloud, as if not quite sure of his conclusions: 'Since some people will lose their money, let them lose it openly when public opinion and a wholesome press exercise a salutary control and check, and where you can only lose what you actually possess and have in your pocket. In other places hard and fast play is practised within closed doors, under the privilege of association; where the police and the public are excluded; where touters, having ascertained your financial position, lend you any amount until they have you fully within their clutches, and where are consequently the heaviest losses sustained and the most ruinous engagements transacted. Such places are infinitely more mischievous than the 'Rouge et Noir' or the 'Trente et Quarante' of Monte Carlo. But both come under the same appellation—Spelunca.

I am not in favour of either establishment, but I greatly prefer Monte Carlo to any club, circle, or casino, where they play hard and fast, and I have been told by many a German that since the abolition of their famous gambling-houses, private and secret gambling has alarmingly increased. Nor must we attempt the closing of such places by getting up petitions to the French legislative body to ask them to interfere with national and sovereign rights. The Prince of Monaco is as independent a sovereign as any royal and imperial family in Europe. Besides Italy has older and more legitimate claims than France. Napoleon's three or four millions paid to a prince whom he considered illegally deprived of his rights, do not prove anything. It was merely a shameful, disgraceful transaction. It is always impolitic to use pressure on weak and small states. Besides, would we tolerate any interference about our clubs and races, where there is a vast amount of betting and many a man ruined? Moreover, not very many years ago, Frenchmen talked very big about erecting gambling-houses in every

corner of their country to bait and to fleece strangers for the benefit of French trade and industry, and the national cash-box. There are plenty of clandestine and tolerated roulettes in France and everywhere, and gambling can never be rooted out by legislators. Morality, public opinion, an independent press are the only effective levers that can shake and move and upset such infernal machines. Monte Carlo is especially singled out because of world-wide renown and because all the suicides, and they are certainly numerous, committed within its precincts and the principality, are put down against the establishment.

'Il est trois portes à cet antre:
L'espoir, l'infamie, et la mort;
C'est par la première qu'on entre
C'est par les deux autres qu'on sort!'

CHAPTER XII

GORBIO

Height, ...	1320 feet.
Distance, ...	7 kilom., or about 5 miles.
Time, ...	about 1 hr. 40 m.
Festival, St. Barthélemy, .	24th August.

It was a lovely morning in August, just such an one as excursionists or holiday-makers would wish or even order if they had the command over the weather. When we set out for Gorbio, the outrider of the heavy thunderstorm that had during the night roared in the direction of Bordighera and poured down on its parched fields buckets of refreshing water, reached even as far as here, but only cooled the air and laid the dust and revived the drooping vegetation; so that gardens, terraces, hills and dales, trees and plants looked quite fresh and cheerful on our emerging from Mentone. The little river too received its share, and well deserved it, for he never forsakes his bed entirely as do many others, and the tiny streamlet murmurs along to escape, as it were, the leaky aqueducts that catch the water up and divide it into endless branches, so as to keep plants, lemon and orange trees alive, for they cannot stand a long drought. This little valley is therefore never quite out of season, looks lovely in summer and winter, and is a favourite drive now, and will be still more so when the road reaches the village.[1]

Now the flowers alone are wanting (conspicuous by their absence), in which this valley abounds in early spring. Then the modest violet lines almost every path, peeps out of walls and corners, covers grass plots early in February, and literally saturates the air with its exquisite perfume, for we need not go far to realise Shakespeare's—

> 'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,'

[1] The carriage-drive now reaches up to the village by means of a number of zigzags, which climb the eastern side of the valley.—Ed.

THE GATE OF GORBIO

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THE VILLAGE OF GORBIO

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the tulip in faultless stripes of pink and white, and crimson sisters here and there, flowers proud of their showy, bright appearance to catch the wanderer's eye, the hyacinth both sweet and beautiful, the narcissus of various tints, the numerous species of the orchid, the anemone in cardinal pink or scarlet, we all regretted their absence now because we hunted them up and gathered them abundantly last spring. But whilst Flora is more than half asleep, Pomona, on the other hand, is smiling everywhere, and peaches, figs, and grapes abound.

After half an hour's steady walking, Gorbio, the final object of our journey, came into view, astride on one of father Aggel's spurs. The road is very good, follows an aqueduct, leads over the torrent close to an old oil mill, and then winds and creeps heavily up the olive grove that grants us welcome shade. Before we crossed we noticed the remainder of a solid wall, whose foundation lay bare. A thousand years' erosion has carried away more than fifteen feet of the underlying limestone. These olive groves right and left have for many years suffered from want of rain, but are recovering fast and yielding plenty of fruit and oil, and the proprietors now stop cutting them down. These stately trees grow up to a height of 1700 feet above the sea, whilst peas, beans, egg plants, cucumbers, and gourds, etc., thrive best near cisterns and watercourses, and form a pleasant contrast to the grave and sturdy grove through which the road climbs up. The rapid passage of a deep black cloud, bringing light and shade into full play, adds to the beauty of the fields, the slopes, and peaks. Various groups of merry country people and sprightly townsfolk, all in their best attire, we overtake, moving very slowly up the steep incline. The festive place picturesquely pitched on this spur, and clustered around two seigniorial castles or manors rather, sends forth its merry peals inviting the approaching or expected visitors to hasten their steps. Though deprived of its noble founders and stripped of its former importance, Gorbio has preserved a good deal of its antique look. When near the cross where people generally rest to pass in review all that is beautiful around

Mentone—the sea as a near, and Corsica as a distant, background, and whilst admiring the picture spread out before us, the boom of ten big blunderbusses let off in quick succession and fifteen times repeated by Echo and her descendants hidden among these gorges and passes, the flanks of Monts Baudon and Aggel, made the air vibrate and quiver and frightened many people. The roar was a tremendous surprise, and the pilgrims were loudly told to hurry up, and stragglers made a last effort in order to witness the very beginning of the ceremonies about to take place within and in front of the church. Just as we were setting foot on the plateau, five more detonations started within two minutes of each other, and caused the very soil we stood on to shake ; and these ten minutes seemed to last interminably, for the echoes were distinct and wonderful, and died slowly away in their mysterious abodes.

We received a hearty welcome, and were politely decorated with favours in the French tricolour. This was a sign of being admitted members of the social and jovial, urban and rural gathering. The few worshippers in front of, and the multitude within the church looked all very cheerful, very tidy, and very clean, and made a most favourable impression on all the strangers present. We found just standing room, from which we could observe all that was going on. But holy administrations and earnest prayer were evidently not the order of the day ; all were bent on merry-making, on exchanging smiles and greetings. The church was filled with sight-seers rather than with worshippers, all gaily dressed and bedecked with flowers and favours. The boys and girls in bran-new dresses formed two rows facing the altar ; the weaker sex, much more numerous than the stronger, wore white veils in Genoese fashion. Introductory prayers had already begun. No one was listening. There was a general bustle. Shortly after our arrival the celebrant, assisted by two neighbouring priests, pronounced his first ' Dominus Vobiscum,' and in came four musicians, a viola, a flute, a cornet, and a bass, who passed up the aisles and took their places on the epistolar's side. The faces of the younger members, bright before, now shone.

The first part of mass being over, the small band struck up a lively mazurka. Feet were gently beating time, smiles were exchanged for the first mazurka in the afternoon. As soon as the preacher had ascended the pulpit, the merry strains of the instruments died away, and people seemed disposed to listen to the sermon, delivered in an unaffected, impressive style, too lively perhaps, but in the broad, hard vernacular of the place, accompanied by a variety of gestures to give greater weight to his weighty words and illustrations. He spoke loud and fast, and full of earnestness. He had to stop for five minutes to wipe away the perspiration. The band played a waltz. The heat was unbearable. My thermometer marked 110 degrees; and the church was crowded! But the congregation did not seem to suffer. The second part of the sermon had hardly commenced when the devout attention of the worshippers was strangely interrupted by the sudden, but evidently anticipated appearance of a tall, stalwart fellow, soon followed by another, each one bearing on an antiquated halberd, profusely decorated with fine old Coventry ribbons, such as are now seldom seen, four fat, full-grown, live cocks suspended from the cross-piece, one at each corner. These eight unexpected representatives of the farmyard seemed to me quite out of place here, but they seemed to feel quite at home, for they proclaimed their entry in true cock fashion, and as worthy messengers of their numerous tribe, heralded their presence within the sacred edifice with a long and unanimous shrill tri-ki-ri-ki! All smiled. No one was surprised, neither priests nor preacher nor people at this extraordinary, untimely, profane proceeding. A good many members of the congregation were more amused at our astonished looks than at the religio-comical exhibition.

We sight-seers and strangers had hardly recovered from our amazement when another man appeared on the scene wearing a broad scarf that must have cost some money and been beautiful, and holding high up in the air a long, old-fashioned sword bedecked with ribbons old and new, and crowned with a good-sized apple studded with twenty bran-new napoleons. Whilst all eyes were eagerly fixed on

and evidently longing for this seductive bait of mammon, ours wandering about to see the effect on the clergy and their flock, the preacher kept on preaching, the cocks crowing, and the people staring. The first, hoarse and visibly exhausted, finally descended from the pulpit, and during his short passage to the altar, the small band played a sweet air very effectively indeed, and the cocks getting quite excited, chanted their monotonous hymn in their own homely way. Then the priest hurried over a few prayers no one understood, and no one listened to. It was a sad sight for an earnest Christian to see, and in a church too—religion blasphemed in her very home! This sham service being over, all eyes turned towards the golden apple, and had each individual been alone he or she would have surely done what Eve did once in paradise. The noisy, unruly cocks were no longer noticed, but old and young were seemingly studying the impression all these strange doings produced on us. But we were serene and would not betray our feelings. Another 'Dominus Vobiscum' and a lively familiar polka brought the three officiating priests to the steps outside the railing, the celebrant holding in his hands a crucifix ending in a good-sized box, that one to be kissed, this one to be filled. The mayor advances, bows lowly, kisses reverently, drops his alms dutifully, slowly retires three steps, then bows again meekly and with a measured tread walks to his seat; all the members of the municipal council one by one follow their leader's example; the few officials that may be present come in turn, the lord of the manor and the leading families walk up next; and then a few monks and sisters of mercy; then the principal members of the confraternities, both male and female, all kissing piously, all offering their alms according to their means and hearts. The boys and girls alone remain in file. This scene was acted in a really solemn way.

Then come the cocks. Their bearers walk up, stately, imposing. They feel that all eyes watch their movements and the discharge of their important functions. For a moment, and for a moment only, they are the chief attraction. They approach, one by one, bow humbly, kiss

devoutly, drop their offering gently, retreat three steps, and one after the other lower steadily their halberds, and with a solemn reverence present the cocks to their priest, who takes them from the cross-bar and passes them on to his housekeeper, who disappears with them through a side door behind the altar leading to the presbytery. Thus ends the second act. The cock-bearers retire. They played their part well.

Now comes the turn of the most noticed and most envied man of the day; the real hero of the hour; the central figure of attraction; the bearer of that tempting golden apple; he is the leader of the bachelors and spinsters. His bearing is dignified. He feels the importance of his mission at this decisive moment and acts accordingly. He advances gravely, makes a deep obeisance, his kiss is devout, his alms—why, the fellow gives nothing, but merely causes his precious distinctive sword to pass from youth to youth, from lassie to lassie, all advancing in single file, bowing, kissing and giving, when the last little maid returns the saintly weapon to its worthy custodian, who, with a genuine graceful bow presents the jewelled apple to the curé, who accepts and pockets the noble present. Thus ends the third and last act of this curious custom (shall I call it comedy?).

As a finale of this strange, anomalous, but time-honoured church ceremony,[1] the priest pronounced the customary blessing; the band played a march, and thus subdued the animated conversation which was loud and general, for everybody wanted to be heard and to give his own impressions first. A procession was soon formed, and the streets being few and short, returned within twenty-five minutes and terminated the church rite of the festival.

All were glad and happy, everything passed off quietly; perfect order and harmony prevailed; it was a good-humoured crowd, the enjoyment was genial and congenial to the place and its small population, and I hope the Gorbions will enjoy their annual gatherings for many years to come

There were jovial parties in every house; in some small houses they were even large, in some large ones, strangely small, the owners being abroad, guests invited and guests

[1] This ceremony is still annually gone through.—Ed.

uninvited received an equally hearty welcome; all doors were open ; generous hosts presided ; and whether the fare was humble and plain, or rich and sumptuous, one and all were seasoned with cordiality, cheerfulness, good humour, outspoken freedom and moderation. I was not able to discover a single act of inebriety. It was genuine pleasure, but there were great lamentations in the farmyard and deep sorrow in the warrens !

Just as we were going to open our luncheon-baskets and consume our frugal meal in a meadow close at hand, the Mayor de Gubernatis, a worthy man, now dead, a descendant of the old, noble family of that name, came and invited us in such pressing and hearty terms that we could not refuse him the pleasure he said our presence would give him and all his other guests. And a very pleasant hour we spent with them enjoying all; meat and wine—and what old, pure wine, home-made—but especially their unaffected conversation, hearing and learning a great deal about the good old times, as they called them, and as they are called everywhere, and the good old people that lived before us, and the good deeds they did, and the stories they told, and they had them from their sires and grandsires. *Grands remercîments de l'hospitalité et du bon accueil ! Nous en avons emporté les meilleurs souvenirs et nous savons les garder !*

According to an inscription on the northern wall, the stately elm-tree that provides such pleasant shade on hot summer days, and is the making of the little square, was planted in 1713, and the *Place* itself improved on May 6, 1804—a peaceful occupation in the then warlike times. Both tree and square must have witnessed many passages of troops, and sheltered weary soldiers of many tongues and nations. Could tree and square but speak, what things they might reveal ! But they are doomed to silence.

OLMO PTO
1713
LA PIAZZA
RISTABILITA
DIE 6 MAY 1804

The inscription, rather illiterate even for 1713, literally

THE ELM-TREE IN THE PLACE, GORBIO

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ROCCABRUNA

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means: 'This elm was planted in 1713, and this place improved on 6th day of May 1804.' The elm is thus (in 1889) just 176 years old. A very good age. May it live on to the end of the world, or at least as long as Gorbio lasts! That 's all they want.

After our convivial dinner and these short observations, we passed through an old gateway into the large Lascaris farm, and a new view rewarded our climb. Old Gorbio in its gayest aspect and liveliest mood lay quietly and confidently around, or rather before their old manors, still reminding the people of their former importance and greatness. One belongs to the well-known Malaussena family, represented now, if I mistake not, by Comte de Malaussena, elected *Maire* of Nice in 1886. Their property, I am told, extends down the valley as far as Mentone boundary, where there is the chapel of St. Joseph, whose bell is, according to an act, to be rung every evening at eight o'clock, else the holding will be forfeited.

The other manor, facing south, is in the possession of the d'Adhemar, connected by marriage with the Lascaris.

We may as well give an historical sketch of the locality as the general gaieties of this day will not begin till four o'clock. A large boulder, formerly part and parcel of Mount Aggel, but now deeply embedded and settled close by, offers a most appropriate spot for an historical review. Whether this lofty position will enable us to clear up some disputed points, and to cast a penetrating glance through the misty traditions of times long gone by, seems more than doubtful. At the very outset of our researches we despair of getting much reliable information. That Gorbio is a very old settlement is an indisputable fact. Yet we cannot but doubt the assertion that St. Barnabas, the great apostolic missionary, converted the primitive inhabitants of this neighbourhood to Christianity until we find it confirmed by a written document or by circumstantial evidence in the lives of the earliest saints. However that may be it is one of the few old places mentioned in the earliest records of Liguria. The name Gorbio itself, differently spelt, points to old age. It appears to be a corruption from the Latin

vulpes, *volpes*, easily changed into Volpio, Folpio, Golpo, Gobbio, Gorbio. We shall point out these variations in the historical data that follow, for such changes are not confined to Gorbio. Not even suspecting copyists' faults made at all times and everywhere, this is not surprising in Liguria, where numerous invaders took up their abode, leaving all sorts of etymological recollections behind them, and not even strange to etymology in general, when we consider that wolf and whelp come from the same root.[1] Luigi Delatre connects *gorbia*, *i.e.* a ferrel, a point, a wedge, with the German *kerbe*.[2] Now it is true that Gorbio stands on a wedge driven down by Aggel between two small torrents. This is, perhaps, far fetched, but not impossible. I leave the whole responsibility with the authors.

As most of the documents of all this neighbourhood have been lost or destroyed, we only read about Gorbio in the tenth century.[3] There is a good deal of collateral evidence. At that time the name appears in a convention which the inhabitants of Tenda, Saorgio, and Briga drew up with Ardoino, Marquis di Ivrea, in order to settle the boundaries of the county of Ventimiglia, then situated within the extensive marquisate of Suza. Among the only three castles quoted as being within the county is Gorbio, then held in fief from the episcopacy. This was in 1002. The most reverend father stood then, book in hand, administering the oath of fealty to Othon, Count of Ventimiglia, and son of William. This document is one of the oldest of a very rare and valuable collection.

What Gorbio may have done or undergone for the next two centuries is impossible to say; records are missing; those still left are defective and scanty. It must, however, have remained in the possession of the Ventimiglian counts, since they sold half of the castle and territory to the Genoese in 1200, who were bent on a crusade against most of the Ligurian townships.[4]

[1] Diez, *Etymologisches Wörterbuch und Grammatik der romanischen Sprachen*: art. 'Permutation.'
[2] *Vocabile Germanici e loro derivati nella lingua Italiana*, p. 75.
[3] Rossi, *Storia*, etc., p. 38.
[4] *Liber jurium reipublicæ Genuensis*, pp. 433, 434.

Not much later, on January 19, 1257, Gorbio became the property of the handsome Beatrix, Countess of Provence, to whom Guillaume II. gave it in exchange, on his own behalf and on that of his sons and brothers, for some other domains within the valley of Lantosca, a sign that the Counts of Ventimiglia were fast losing their influence and standing along this part of the coast.[1]

In 1296 Count Charles promised to the Genoese to refuse admittance to their exiles, the Ghibellines, into a certain number of their castles, Gorbio included.[2] And on February 9, 1331, Gorbio appears again in a treaty concluded for three years, and signed by Charles Grimaldi in the name of Robert, Count of Anjou, in virtue of which no Guelphs were to be allowed to reside within the territory of their Ghibelline neighbours.[3]

In these sad times of local feuds and fierce party struggles between papal and imperial partisans, families and villages became estranged, and Gorbio got its full share of sore trials, the two leading families frequently formed two hostile camps, and quite as frequently changed their colours, and so party spirit disappeared more slowly than in larger communities.

About this time it must have been incorporated with the bishopric of Nice, since one, Emanuel Grimaldi, had to submit to the prelate in 1352, in order to be released from the interdict which had been laid on the inhabitants of Gorbio and other places.[4] The relations between sovereigns and their vassals seemed to have become rather loose and ill-defined, and very different from what is implied in our days, for the Grimaldis are frequently mentioned as governors of Ventimiglia, and as such must have been lords of Gorbio, and in a convention in 1388 they paid homage to the Duke of Savoy for being situated within the eastern half of the Provence that had passed away from the house of Anjou.[5] In another document, September 30, 1435, decreeing the transfer of Old Castellare to its present site,

[1] Gioffredo, *Historiæ*, p. 591.
[2] *Annali di Genova*.
[3] Gioffredo, pp. 669, 803, 914, 1055.
[4] Alberti, pp. 353, 354, 491, 497.
[5] Gioffredo, *Historiæ*, p. 669.

Gorbio is accidentally alluded to as belonging to the Lascaris Counts of Ventimiglia. In 1463 there was a John Lascaris, Count of Gorbio, and in 1476 Duke Philip II. enjoined the Gorbians not to import or export any goods from or to Nice.[1] Another John Lascaris, after having consolidated and greatly improved his various domains, which for nearly fifty years had been in a sad plight, went to Chambery on August 19, 1517, and renewed the oath of fealty to the duke, obtaining new and more favourable terms, and an annual grant of one hundred florins to be paid out of the salt tax levied at Nice.[2] Only two years later Luichino Lascaris sold all his claims and privileges to Duke Charles III.

On the invasion of Liguria and Provence by the Turks, Gorbio was plundered, and these barbarians struck terror into the homes of these poor mountaineers by carrying off six hundred men and women, the former to be sold as slaves and the latter to grace the harems of their chiefs. This happened on August 9, 1543. At Nice they captured and embarked about two thousand. But the son of the king of Naples overtook the vessel and brought back most of them. These numbers suggest that Gorbio must have been considerably larger than it is now. About the same time one of the lords of Gorbio, commonly called the Bastard of Gorbio, turned traitor against Eza and its garrison ; but two brave priests dogged him and brought him to justice, which at the period was prompt and inexpensive. Honoré Isnardo, lord of Gorbio about 1650, and consul of Nice, was a far better man, endeavouring to do good during his short administration, and really anxious for the welfare of Gorbio as well as the restoration of Laghetto.

Though it must have shared the varied fortunes of the neighbouring villages, and suffered more or less from the presence of Spanish, Austrian, and French soldiers, we cannot find any direct traces of how it fared for the last two hundred years. We know that the Spanish, having entrenched themselves on the south-western heights after their hasty retreat from Ventimiglia, were attacked in the end of September 1746, and after a most obstinate resist-

[1] Alberti, p. 353. [2] Durante, *Le Comte de Nice.*

ance, yielding only step by step, were dislodged, and that afterwards the contending parties frequently strengthened this position ;[1] we also know that the French, on their eastward movement in 1793, occupied this district, and in their enthusiasm and frenetic cry for liberty, equality, and fraternity, which meant licence, usurpation, and fratricide, were generally led to extreme violence and abuse. It is, however, rarely mentioned. So much the better for the inhabitants if they were seldom molested. What cared they for the outer world, for Spanish pretensions, Austrian claims, French influence as long as they could quietly till their soil and rove undisturbed over their shaggy mountains, and kill a few beasts, the real or only imaginary enemies of their crops and flocks ? Invaders never brought them any good, but left ruin and misery behind. All these vexations and losses could not eradicate their good qualities and make them morose and suspicious for ever. What we have seen already, and the merry strains of the band, the hearty acclamations, and the repeated shouts of the laughter that reached us from below the elm-tree are the best proof of my assertion.

On our arrival at this public ballroom we found all the young and many elderly villagers busily engaged in doing honour to Terpsichore, and two different dances were gone through to the same tune. Some men and women who had evidently spent a few winters in Mentone or Nice, or still further off, representing, according to their notions, a superior degree of refinement, looked with an ill-disguised condescension on those lassies who had never left their home, wearing their short frocks and their home-knit stockings, performing their evolutions and country dances in true original mountain fashion, modified here and there, but more natural and more graceful than any affected importation.

Here we met the priest, a venerable old man of a type that is, unfortunately, dying out fast, because religious conflict and unconditional surrender to rigid ultramontane views at the expense of every spark of independence and patriotic feeling and opinion gain ground even in the remotest corners

[1] Durante, *Le Comté de Nice.*

of the mountains. This man, however, had passed his life among his flock, had lived many happy years with them, and was very kindly disposed towards all comers. After having congratulated him on the perfect success of this year's festival, and the astonishing and even unparalleled liberality of his parishioners on such an occasion, he asked me what I meant by 'this unwonted liberality.'

'Well,' I said, 'I mean to say that the days on which you receive an apple studded with gold are few and far between, are they not?'

'Most certainly they are,' he replied, 'in fact they have never come, and I fear they never will.'

'That 's impossible,' I objected, 'for I saw the apple, and I saw you take it and pocket it. Isn't that so?'

'Quite so, I took the apple and I pocketed it. That 's a fact. But it is all sham nevertheless.'

'Sham? Impossible! Stern reality can never be sham!'

'Well, sir, this sham reality, as you call it, is real sham after all.'

'Pray explain, how so?'

'Just listen. You will soon be undeceived. There is a good deal of vanity in this wide world of ours—you know there is, and you know it better than I do, as I have never gone beyond the Var nor the Roya. My movements are therefore confined as well as my knowledge of the world at large. And this vanity has crept up here and given a touch of reality to this sham. On the annual festival, the parish has to offer twenty sous and eight live cocks to the curé. The cocks were real. There is no doubt about that. They could not offer me sham cocks, could they? This showy offering is a feudal relic, a kind of tithe. No one knows its origin, nothing about its institution, cause, or reason. And yet it must rest on a deed or event of local importance. It has been done for hundreds of years in its primitive way, so it is reported, but how and when and why it turned into a show deprived of its real religious character, no one can tell. Sham and show seem to have crept in gradually. They all say it has been done since time immemorial. But these dear old people up here repeat the story so often, and un-

willingly, perhaps, improve on it, that it becomes a mere legend. It is intimately connected now with innocent merry-making. They therefore select the prettiest apple out of many a competition, that gives sometimes rise to angry discussions, and spike it with twenty bran-new gold pieces, which some one gets from the national bank in Nice, and present me this gift with the cocks in the imposing public ceremony you have witnessed, on the clear understanding that I am to return these glittering napoleons, to be exchanged for twenty shining sous quite as new. And here they are, sir,' taking the coppers out of his pocket and tossing them in his hand.

I could not help feeling disappointed and even sorry for the prosaic solution of such a strange custom, having expected a more poetical and generous or even more mystical explanation.

The day following this village festival presents a still livelier scene. The amusement is altogether worldly. Half a dozen cocks are suspended from the branches of the elm-tree, beneath which the weal and woe of the community are discussed on ordinary days; family affairs settled with disinterested friends and without lawyers, and social gatherings and games and dances enjoyed. Young men blindfolded, and each provided with a stick, along with three umpires, enter the arena. The word for action being given, the tournament begins forthwith. They strike at the cocks dangling over their heads, but striking too heavily and too eagerly, they often miss their aim and bring their massive weapon down on a competitor's head. Yon brawny fellow, a frame as solid as the rocks, too anxious to bag the first bird, overhits his mark, loses his balance, and rolls on the ground. Shouts of laughter make the hills ring, immediately followed by louder and more prolonged shouts in favour of the hero of this athletic sport, who has succeeded in killing and felling a cock, the remaining birds being handed over to a culinary artist to prepare them for a more peaceful contest in the evening.

After having been duly declared the champion of the year and received the unanimous felicitations of the excited

audience, the band brought to an end the clapping of hands by striking up a lively polka. Baptistin Neri, the hero, and consequently the acknowledged leader, selected his partner, having by his very victory the first choice, and in quite an unassuming and graceful way led a really handsome girl to the levelled spot set apart for the worshippers of Terpsichore, who may have more polished and more accomplished devotees, but surely none that brought such an amount of good-will and physical power into action. How long they may have kept up their merry-makings I cannot tell, for we had soon to leave. To our great regret we could neither follow the slope where the holly grows, nor a path leading over a crest, near a cross—an ancient battlefield—to Roccabruna. It was too late for us, and we had to return by the shortest way. The curfew of St. Joseph, as a time-honoured but obligatory custom, told us in silvery notes that it was eight o'clock, and bid us Godspeed on reaching Mentone territory, reminding us of Dante's—

> 'E che lo novo peregin d'amore
> Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
> Che paja il giorno pianger che si more.
> Quand' io incominciai a render vano
> L'udire, ed a mirare una dell' alme
> Surta, che l'ascoltar chiedea con mano.'[1]

[1] *Del Purgatorio*, canto ottavo, ligna 4.

CHAPTER XIII

ROCCABRUNA, OR ROQUEBRUNE

Fête, St. Marguérite, . . .	20th July.
Height, ...	800 feet.
Distance, through the Olive Grove,	3 miles.
,, along the Cornice Road, .	4 ,,
Time, ...	1 hr. or 1 hr. 15 m.

Our way leads through an extensive olive grove. Fortunately very few people find the olives monotonous, dull, or melancholy. Many get so fascinated by their quiet charm, their venerable age, their rugged boles, their interlacing boughs, their silvery leaves, that they pay them almost daily visits and quit them finally with regret. The graceful freshness of the latest sprouts of those old trees commands our attention, and we cannot help admiring and paying reverence to the centenarians of the tribe. They are real patriarchs. Moreover they are acquaintances of our early childhood, household words in fact, from Noah's dove that brought an olive leaf, down to the mount of Olives, where Christ was wont to retire and to pray.

The path we follow is also pleasant in a sanitary point of view, for there is no dust, a great consideration on a windy day; and however powerful the sun may be, those small-leaved giants, more particularly those on our left, with all their younger tribe, play so many tricks with the sunbeams and keep so many back for home use, that we do not feel the heat at all too great. Just as we turn we notice on our right a square of young olive-trees that look mere babies among their great, grand ancestors. Once there stood a kind of fort, and judging from the age of the plants it was rased not two hundred years ago. The two wells are filling up. There is no mention of it anywhere, tradition only tells of it.

A short rest at the 'Chapelle de la Pause' is not out of

place. If I am not mistaken, this little sanctuary is dedicated to 'Notre Dame de la Neige'; but what this warm-hearted saint has to do with snow in these sunny regions appears to me a riddle. It is true her broad-shouldered and broad-backed neighbour, Mount Aggel, sometimes wears his winter garment, if not for weeks at least for days. Even in the olden times, when the surrounding chains of mountains were covered with oaks and pines and firs, when snow was less unusual than nowadays, Notre Dame de la Neige [1] cannot have needed many prayers against frost, snow, and ice.

Here, too, is the culminating point of a procession formed within the parish church of Roccabruna, and which exhibits one of the strangest religious ceremonies still kept up. The prayers offered up before starting may be very edifying for aught I know, but no one listens, and the scene outside is noisy, ridiculous, profane. There is no piety, no devotion, and even common reverence is wanting.

They act the passion week! And in what a way? In the strange costumes of mummers! There is Christ wearing his crown of thorns, bearing His chain and cross; the cup with water and vinegar; Herod on a mule; Pilate washing his hands; Judas with the money-bag; the ladder to the cross; the soldiers dividing Christ's garments, and many more incidents acted with evident earnestness by the principal actors immediately concerned. It is shocking to see so solemn a subject treated as a public amusement. The following enumeration of the whole procession will convey an idea of the serio-comical ceremony:—

1. Little girls in white carrying a red flag with the letter M.
2. Taller girls with a banner, keys, rosaries, and crowns.
3. A banner with keys, a girl with the cup.
4. Christ bound and chained in his scarlet robe.
5. Two sword-bearers with red caps.
6. Twenty lancers.
7. Two sword-bearers.
8. A man carrying a large book.

[1] This chapel, under the name of 'Capella Nostri Domini de Pausa posita in territorio Rochebrune flor. v., according to Prince Catalan's will, Jan. 4, 1457.

9. Two sword-bearers.
10. Another man with a book.
11. Herod on a mule.
12. A black flag.
13. Four lance-bearers.
14. Judas and his money bag.
15. Ten more lancers.
16. A man walking beneath a canopy bearing a crown.
17. Two lance-bearers.
18. Pontius Pilate.
19. Four lance-bearers.
20. Two men with whips and scourges.
21. Christ with his crown of thorns.
22. Four lancers.
23. Men with hooks and a ladder.
24. Several lancers and a man with a dagger.
25. Christ with his cross.
26. Veronica carrying a little crown of thorns.
27. Five lancers.
28. A man with a sponge.
29. Four women in black.
30. A huge crucifix.
31. Two more women in black.
32. Two children.
33. A money box.
34. Coat of Christ; men with boxing-gloves.
35. Two girls with tapers.
36. Sisters of charity.
37. Women and girls chanting.
38. Two girls with tapers.
39. A very large crucifix.
40. White friars.
41. Banner with the Holy Virgin on one side and St. Jacques on the other.
42. More white friars.
43. Two staff-bearers chanting.
44. Two very pretty girls very elegantly dressed.
45. Four men carrying the statue of the Holy Virgin.
46. Two more girls.
47. Six priests.
48. The municipality.

A large and motley crowd follows along the road, others skip from terrace to terrace, right and left, many forget that religion is a sacred thing, in whatever form and garb it may appear, and act and speak profanely; a few loudly express their disapproval of the whole proceedings. There is more

merry-making than piety, more frivolity than faith, too much licence in the evening amusement, lasting far beyond the mysteries of midnight.

From this chapel the road becomes easier and wider, and soon opens on a beautiful view of Roccabruna, Mount Aggel, Turbia, Monaco, and all the dimmer outlines far beyond. An immense olive-tree, on our right, yields in size to none, and though it has been neglected, ill-treated, nay, deprived of many limbs, it still occupies with all its feelers and feeders quite a small domain and prospers notwithstanding. It has been sketched and painted by several artists, but I have never seen a photo of this venerable tree.

On arriving near the gateway, we notice a sharp turn on our right. This steep ascent leads up to the cemetery, and after having passed that sacred resting-place, bifurcates, the lower leading to the Holly Grove and Gorbio, and the other winding steep up on the left to an old aqueduct, and to Gorbio as well. But our object being the village and its castle, we pass through the gate, cross the square towards the fountain ; but one donkey, seeing a door open, walked straight into a weaver's shop, where there was hardly room to turn. The proprietor, a good-natured fellow, smiled and said that he had never seen a more handsome visitor than the lady, and he was quite grateful to the ass that led her into his workshop. Out and on we went to the fountain, and on the corner of a house just opposite we notice the following crude inscription :

1684
12 Di
Marso
L B

which needs hardly be interpreted.

Then we look about the village, which is very much like its neighbours in this part of the Ligurian coast. It is perched on a steep flank that gives it an airy look, or rather the appearance of a huge eyrie ! It looks clean and tidy, much more so than many other places more plentifully supplied with water than Roccabruna. The water comes down from a spring supplied by the northern slope of Aggel.

A STREET IN ROCCABRUNA

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THE FOUNTAIN, ROCCABRUNA

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There are, half the distance at least, two aqueducts; the older one, of Roman construction, supplies the village, the new one the fields. The streets are rather narrow but well paved. Some of the houses are actually hewn in the rock or conglomerate, which forms a far more solid wall than builders run up in many places. If mother earth takes it into her head to indulge some day in a good shake,[1] the Roccabruners will be badly off, for then, neighbour will tumble on neighbour, and friend on friend, since they have built house upon house, so linked together that the back of the lower dwelling is the foundation of the front wall of the higher one, and the roof a balcony, terrace-shaped in fact. On these balconies and terraces they dry their figs and linen, and winnow their corn; there they spend their few leisure hours and talk or quarrel over their family affairs; and there they listen at the chimneys to the secrets interchanged in the rooms below. Whatever their station in life may be, the occupants of the upper stories look down on their brethren below.

We move on and pay our visit to the castle. The view from this old stronghold is twofold; one over nature's beautiful display; the other a short review of a thousand years as they left their imprints here and there in their long, heavy strides. The former a lovely panorama; the eye is charmed; the mind is captivated, and we receive an instantaneous impression stamped on our memory for ever. This view we indulge in first. Let us just hear what different people feel and think and say about it.

'A beautiful panorama!' said a little girl. 'Quite a little gem!' exclaimed a young lady well up in the value of precious stones. 'A glorious view,' rejoined quite placidly an old experienced stager. 'A splendid landscape,' murmured an artist, who at once began to cover a sketch-book with hierographical dots and lines, crosses, angles, and squares, which to us meant nothing, but to him the outlines of an engraving for a London paper. 'Nature's pet dropped on this spur between an Alpine chain and such a lovely sea!' rather smiled than whispered Miss Rosa, fond of comparing scenes with those she read in Jules Verne and authors of

[1] The earthquake of February 1887 did little damage in Roccabruna.—Ed.

that school. 'A real stronghold in bygone times, but which a shot or two from any of our ironclads would shatter and scatter,' maintained a handsome young fellow, who had just been gazetted a lieutenant in the navy. Such and many others were the exclamations of the small party that stood this day on the top of the old ruins. They did not say more than what hundreds have said before nor appreciate nature a whit more than she deserves. Look at the tottering dwellings below, piled one upon another, and full of happy human creatures using their neighbours' roofs as a balcony, and seeming not to have the slightest idea or fear that one piece of these shaky walls thrown down would almost be sufficient to make the whole pile roll headlong into the sea, where parts of it were buried some hundred years ago!

The only building in the old place that apparently stands on a firm footing is the church with its spire pointing hopefully to heaven. The whole collection of houses follow their leader's good example, and never dream of danger. Yet once upon a time there must have been great peril. All these uncouth masses lying close to the foot of the castle and around it, beyond the road, and in and down the gorge, as far in as the sea, big boulders towards the north among the terraces and bulkier ones a little lower down, on which some cottages stand; they all are proofs of a former serious landslip, which no argument can reason away. The central movement that carried down the castle was evidently moderate and slow; but the masses right and left were seemingly loosened fast and sudden, and tossed and lodged in places we have pointed out. There is, of course, a great deal of exaggeration in the popular tradition that the entire village glided rapidly down from its primitive site higher up, and that the inhabitants, being sound sleepers, awoke unhurt in their new quarter. But there is truth in the legend. A landslip did take place, but whether gradual or partial, how and when, no one can tell, and we leave it to the decision of others until historical proofs will substantially support our views and deductions.

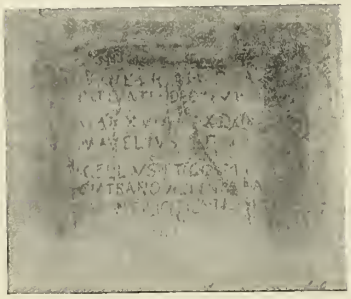
Geology undoubtedly favours our view; all the frag-

ments large and small come from the quarter up yonder ridge. No one would dream of building a castle on such a narrow foundation, 'split and rent' as it now is. But geology is a stumbling-stone to many, and only a safe guide to the few select and learned. Those who take even but a small interest in the matter can easily convince themselves that my theory is not exactly a hobby or a child of stubborn fancy. If they will kindly walk up with me to the corner just indicated as the original place of Roccabruna castle, first a very primitive construction, but used and improved by the Romans as a watch tower, and if they will examine both the situation, the shape of the slip, the material that was carried down and separated from this slope, which separation may have been caused by an unusually dry summer and unusually heavy autumn rains, or by internal convulsions, detaching, as I hinted above, the sides first, and causing the castle to move very slowly and very gradually down till it was finally brought to a standstill by huge boulders already deeply embedded in the soil and forming a solid resistance to any further movement, if they will examine and consider these points they will, I think, come to the conclusion that my theory is sound.

Those who wish to return by the Holly Grove into the Gorbio valley must climb up the giddy little path, cross the aqueducts, and walk down into a track quite distinctly seen from the ridge. Those who return by Gorbio, a delightful walk in the evening when the afternoon sun sends his beams on all the villages and slopes, producing an endless variety of hues, must walk higher up, leave the aqueducts, follow a zigzag path, pass on to a boundary stone marked M and S—Monaco and Savoy—the former boundary between Italy and the principality, and still the limit of the adjoining parishes, and so easily reach the top. This is without exaggeration the most sheltered, convenient, and lovely spot for picnics, and the water is near; the air is calm; shade sufficient, Mentone really looks best from here; Ventimiglia half hidden; Grimaldi bashfully hidden within its groves; Old Castellare badly mounted on a nude spur; New Castellare safely settled on Berceau's lap and many other heights

well known ; St. Agnès filially attached to her decrepit grandsire ; Gorbio is less ambitious and rather hides itself ; Aiguille and Aggel offering extensive panorama ; and old historical Monaco and Monte Carlo, whose gardens, tables, music, concerts, and sundry attractions allure all sorts of people ; and we cast a parting glance at faint Corsica.

That Roccabruna existed long before the arrival of the Romans may fairly be assumed, though it cannot exactly be proved by authentic documents, but it is nevertheless a fact that the Romans were there very early. The following Roman inscription is an undeniable proof of it. Unfortunately the proprietor would not sell it, and on removing the stone greatly injured it. My copy dates from 1867 and is correct in every respect, and reads : ' Manio Avclio, Manii filio, Falerna Paterno, decurioni, qui vixit annos uno dc viginti, menses decem, dies uno de viginti ; Manius Avelius, Manii filius, Marcellus et Comisia Tranquillina parentes, filio pientissimo (fecerunt).' And is to be translated : ' To Marius Avelius Paternus, son of Marius, of the Falerna tribe, a decurion who lived 19 years, 10 months, and 19 days : Manius Avelius Marcellus, son of Manius and Comisia Tranquillina, his parents to their well beloved son erected (this monument).'



Manius Avelius occurs only in this inscription, and in one of Saorgio occurs a Manius Atilius Alpinus. So young a decurion as Manius Avelius of such an important place as Ventimiglia was very rare indeed, and tells in favour either of his extraordinary talents or his social influence and standing. The gentilicium Avelius is uncommon. We also learn from this inscription that Roccabruna apparently belonged to the Falerna tribe.

Though Roccabruna's foundation cannot be chronologically demonstrated, it can be proved at least that it was Mentone's twin sister whose fate and fortune it has shared for

MAIN STREET, ROCCABRUNA

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ROMAN INSCRIPTION REMOVED FROM ROCCABRUNA
TO MUSEUM, MONACO

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centuries. Their names appear together for the first time in 1177, when the counts of Ventimiglia parted with both of them and sold them to the Ventos, but retained the castle. The places must have been of considerable importance, since their consuls and syndics were with many others requested to attest a convention on July 2, 1191.

It would have been better for Roccabruna if the castle had been sold along with it. As it was, the inhabitants had to suffer from an attack which the Ventimiglians, levying war against their counts, made on the stronghold towards the end of September, 1184. Fortunately the siege was of short duration. The governor's wife, a shrewd woman, foresaw the result. Unwilling to risk a single life in a forlorn cause, she left the castle during the night and arranged matters so that the besiegers entered without striking a blow. Yet it must have remained with the counts, for they disposed of their shadowy rights on January 19, 1257, to Count Charles of Provence and his brave consort, fair Beatrice. Five years later the Ligurian map was to be remodelled. The Roccabruners became Genoese property. Partly they had been so for some time. I wonder whether the good old folks liked these continuous transfers, and the annual change of tax-gatherers! The burghers seemed to stand these changes remarkably well, because the tenants remained and the masters changed lodgings. This treaty was drawn up in Aix on July 22, 1262, and the presence of a large number of lords, both temporal and spiritual, gave a particular weight to the pact.

Later on, Count Charles appears to have repented of the cession made by his predecessor, and sent his soldiers in search of fresh laurels on the banks of the Roya, but not finding things exactly to their liking, they retraced their steps, and after having been admitted as friends in Mentone, tried to regain Roccabruna. Bora, the governor of the castle, would not oppose them, but, in a cowardly way, had the gates opened to the enemy, not suspecting that within a few weeks he would lose his head for it. This momentary occupation did interfere with the former allegiance to the Genoese, and they had soon to feel what it was to be con-

nected with a maritime power. They had to turn sailors, though they had no port, but only a small creek between Cap Martin and Cabbé Roccabruna. The Genoese meditated a death blow against the Pisans, their ambitious rivals. To swell the number of their sails the Roccabruners had to contribute two galleys. This was in the year 1290.

About that time two great parties equally determined, energetic, and rapacious, fought for the balance of power: the Guelphs, the partisans of the pope and papal supremacy on the one side; the Ghibellines, the supporters of imperial influence and authority on the other. Princes, counts, and barons sided with either party just as circumstances, chance, or advantages permitted or suggested. Neutrality was out of the question. Liguria, like the rest of the world, was also divided into inimical camps. Roccabruna may have been imperialist in the beginning of the faction fight, later on we find it shedding its blood for the popish cause, for a treaty concluded on June 20, 1330, was signed by Charles Grimaldi, a Guelph, as governor of this and other places. Thus his governorship soon led to a final annexation to the principality of Monaco. The same Charles, a wise ruler and a cunning statesman, had long been casting his eyes on the fort perched on these brown rocks, to possess which would strengthen his position and link Mentone with Monaco. Until then it was a wedge that cleft the two asunder. This ardent wish of his was finally gratified on January the 2nd, 1355, when he purchased all, castle, town, and territory for six thousand golden florins, from William Peter of the Lascaris, Count of Ventimiglia. The union of Monaco, Roccabruna, and Mentone lasted almost five hundred years, and though the principality was sometimes placed under foreign protection, it did not affect its individual members to any considerable degree; and their history being henceforth so intimately connected, there being but few more facts to be recorded concerning Roccabruna in particular, I refer the reader to the remarks made in the historical sketch of Mentone.

In 1507 the Genoese, not being able to take Monaco, vented their spite against the weaker part of the principality. A few ineffective shots just enough to frighten the

women and children, but not to destroy the courage of the men, or break the rocks, was all the harm they did. In 1536 it was sacked by the Turks, and in 1560 it was set on fire and much damaged. This was most likely the last assault, and the present state of the ruins dates from that time, leaving naturally a large margin to the inroads wrought by time, weather, and men ; but as there are no documents to guide us we must resort to surmises. In entering the ancient prison, now a kind of hayloft, and groping our way to the window, whose loose iron bars are dangerously suspended just above a frail cottage cemented to the lower walls and the conglomerate, you may, after much patience and searching, still discover the faint traces of an A, of a mitre, and of a G, and beneath them still fainter traces of another G, of lozenges, and of an H, and beneath that again 17 A^{ti} 1528.

Now I venture to assume, and may I say to conclude, that the letters and mitre and lozenges and date must simply and plainly mean this. A and G and the mitre mean the Bishop Augustin Grimaldi of Grasse, who was Honoré's tutor, then a minor ; the letters G and H and the lozenges mean Honoré Grimaldi, when of age or more likely when he was nominal ruler, and his escutcheon, and it was done on August 17, 1528, or in plain words : 'Augustin, bishop of Grasse, a prince of Monaco, completed the restoration of this castle on August 17, 1528, the reigning Prince Honoré I. being then a minor and his ward.' This agrees with every other record. Augustin died in 1532. Honoré was still a minor and remained so for several years longer, as two inscriptions given under the head of Carnolese prove beyond a doubt. (See Carnolese, p. 182). This was most likely the last restoration attempted. The wounds inflicted on the old castle by pirates, Saracens, Genoese, Spaniards, and French became too numerous and too deep to be successfully attended to, and the lofty old stronghold that saw many tribes disappear, the fleets of three continents rival one another in destruction, three creeds commit abominable crimes, and that witnessed innumerable changes, was forsaken and given up to its fate.

The well, which is about 16 feet deep is, they say, only

supplied by the rain that is caught up within the platforms and the passages, and yet has never been dried up. But there must be a small spring, as I found it equally deep in August and December. It is really a mysterious well, and I do not wonder that ignorant, and even some not ignorant, people believe it to be bewitched. Quite recently I was told that few people venture now to draw water, so deep is the belief in witchcraft (see p. 48).

At the instigation of their prince, the Roccabruners received a farewell visit from the Spaniards in 1641.[1] Honoré was sadly tired of his protectors. They took much more care of themselves than of his person and principality. It is no wonder that he was anxious to get rid of them. But he owed them their pay. They complained and became clamorous, for they wanted to follow the main body already on their way home. After having heard their complaint he said : ' Your claim is just, but my exchequer is empty. But the Roccabruners over there owe me more than your claim amounts to. If a dozen of you walk up and speak to the authorities, and, if necessary, to the individuals in arrears, you may be paid this very day. My agents have prepared a list. Here it is. Go and do your work gently.' And a dozen soldiers turned tax-gatherers, and got paid more by the novelty of the thing than by persuasion and pressure. This is the only instance, I hope, of satisfying the claims of soldiers by turning them into sheriff's men !

This seems to have been the last invasion Roccabruna had to submit to in that century. There may have been many local trials and vexations, but they are not recorded. Being no longer a fortified place, it devoted all its energy and means to agriculture and industry, and made its parsimonious soil productive in fruit, wine, olives, oranges, lemons, vegetables, and flowers that fetch a remunerative price, especially in winter and spring up to the 1st of May.[2]

[1] See p. 108.

[2] The Commune of Roccabruna is now comparatively wealthy. The entire estate of Cap Martin, with the hotels and villas, belongs to it. In the neighbourhood of Cabbé Roccabruna, and along the side of the high road, quite a number of handsome villas have been erected. And as the electric tram between Mentone and Monte Carlo passes through it, traffic has much increased.—Ed.

Hard as the hands may be that strike and break the clods, there are yet some female hands nimble enough to plait those hats that are, or rather were, so becoming on graceful heads, and moderate the sparkling beams of our southern blazing sun. It is a real pity that whimsical fashion has doomed this industry to an early death !

On our way down to the church, and just after passing the second archway (both of which could formerly be closed), we see, above a door on our left, the monogram of Christ, supported by wreathed columns. This is undoubtedly a stone taken from an ancient chapel or church. The proprietor of the house had the good sense to prevent the masons covering it with plaster as other fragments have been covered.

Just opposite, on a house now painted yellow, and forming the angle of two lanes, there was also a stone representing a Holy Virgin by the side of an episcopal escutcheon, that of Dominicus Galvano, Count of Drappo, one of the former bishops of Nice, who all were authorised to bear this title. Could he be the same who headed a large procession to the shrine of Laghetto in 1835 ? And how and why should this tablet be placed in this wall ? And again, if it is of any historical or even only local interest, why was it whitewashed in 1870, and thus been lost to sightseers ?

A Roman milestone found within the territory of Roccabruna is to be seen in the gardens of the Prince of Monaco. It was dug up near Cabbé Roccabruna during the construction of the present railway.

I advise visitors to go down the paved road and return to Mentone by the Cornice road, which is a very pretty evening walk.

CHAPTER XIV

PEGLIA, OR PEILLE

The Paulon of the Romans, by Mount Baudon, or Aiguille, and round by Peiglioni, or Peiglion.

Time to Gorbio, . .	2 hours.	*Height*, . .	1320 feet.
,, Plateau, . .	1 hour.		
,, Baudon, . .	,,	,, . .	4250 ,,
,, Peglia, . .	1 hr. 20 ms.	,, . .	2000 ,,
,, Peglione, .	45 minutes.	,, . .	1235 ,,
,, Turbia, . .	,,	,, . .	1655 ,,
,, Mentone, .	2 hrs. 15 ms.		

It was on the 25th of February 1867, very early in the morning, that we left Mentone. Winter had taken his leave, cheerfully granted by all, though here,

> 'Winter slumbering in the open air
> Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring.'

A few lemon blossoms had already made their appearance, but were greatly outnumbered and outscented by millions of violets that lined our paths both right and left. There was no road then, but only a mule track. This Gorbio valley is noted for its violets. Though not bent on a floral search we could not resist gathering now and again an isolated hyacinth. Yet there was hardly time for picking these rare and early gifts of kindly spring. We were a merry party and started that morning full of glee and health and spirits. Peglia was to be our resting-place and Baudon our observatory. Our donkeys seemed to share our joyous dispositions, for they almost trotted along frisky and brisk. On reaching the cross we could not help taking a long look at the beautiful panorama extending as far as Corsica, which was distinctly visible, though a hundred miles distant. Every turn within the neighbourhood of Mentone has its particular attraction, but this spot has hardly any rival.

Under Gorbio's stately elm-tree we rested but one moment. About twenty minutes' walk beyond the borough we stopped for three-quarters of an hour. Ample justice having been done to luncheon-baskets and to the legitimate claims of the inner man, we rambled a short time among the huge boulders lying about in profusion, and then set out again following the endless windings between the eastern and the western slopes, and finally reached a plateau, the watershed, where we dismounted and halted to take council about our further progress, for we had determined on doing the Baudon by the most direct line from here.

This was not so very easy, especially for ladies and boys, who had never been up any mountain before. Having duly reconnoitred two or three places offering a tolerably easy access, we decided to follow a rather steep gorge a short distance off, partly covered with snow and apparently leading straight to the Cross of Baudon, commonly called Rochets du Baudon, about fifty feet lower than where the cairn has been erected by the surveying engineers, both cone and top being distinctly visible from our starting-point. Off we went carrying only a few light shawls, a small box of sandwiches, a loaf, and a flask of wine. We safely reached the largest patch of snow about one-third of the way up. There we were most unpleasantly surprised to find a very serious obstacle; the snow was three feet deep and soft; the rock was smooth and five feet high, and right and left we were barred in. A retreat would never do. A short survey, and my mind was made up.

I ordered the boys, one by one, to climb up my back, stand on my shoulders, and then get a firm hold on the top of the rock. This was soon done. But how to hoist our two ladies? Why, it was done almost in the same way. I knelt down, they stepped one by one on my back, I gradually rose, the boys lifted them up, and all was over. After a mishap or two, I succeeded in joining the party, and I must humbly confess that the ladies performed the feat more gracefully and swiftly than we men did! We all realised that 'Non est ad astra mollis e terris via.'

The rest, though fatiguing on account of small, rolling

stones, was easily accomplished. The impetuosity of the boys and the patience and cheerfulness of our ladies enabled us to reach the summit sooner than we had thought. There we found our cairn, our Steinmann, greatly neglected and reduced, and yet very useful. The Italians in their survey of 1858 built a solid one, and on my first ascension in 1864 it was still in a very good condition. Our eagerness to behold the vast panorama around us made us forget all, fatigue, wind, and cold. All was beautiful; the air, the sea, the mountains, and the valleys, the distant and the near. For a good while we stood in silent admiration. Far as the eye could see it commanded a panorama of mingled beauty and grandeur. There stretched a long mountain line undulating from Testa d'Alpe, south-east, to the Nauca line with Bego and Clapier overtopping all the rest, branching southwards over Chapelet and Braus and Tuor and Aution, and many minor summits with many military roads and camps; and beyond them, almost north, Palu, Piagu, Agnelliera, Mercantour, and Braus della Frema, the home of edelweiss, culminating westward in Mount Mounier; and further west the Lower Alps and the humpbacked Esterel. Beyond the lower ranges can be distinctly traced several higher chains full of rugged crags, bristling with precipices of tawny rock, seamed with dark brown veins, and clothed at intervals with the foliage of scanty firs and pines. We admired most the hoary Clapier, supported by les Diablerets, and nobly backed by broad Mount Bego, the appointed guardian of the Infernal Region and the Laghi delle Meraviglie, a bristly set of lofty crests capped with snow, sparkling silver-like with various tender hues caused by the shifting angles of brilliant sunbeams. And lower down the Tenda-Turin road creeps indolently up until it reaches in a score of windings the col de Bruis or Brouis, with a road that leads to Aution just mentioned, which the great Napoleon appreciated. This is the highest battle-field in Europe,[1] where, on July 12, 1793, the French general, Brunet, was ordered to storm the ridge from the upper Bevera valley and dislodge the enemy at any price.

[1] *Les Villes d'hiver de la Méditerranée*, etc., par Elisée Reclus, p. 366.

After a long, obstinate, heroic attack against a stubborn, valiant enemy, he had to retreat with a loss of 3000 men out of 12,000.[1] Supplies were far off, and the roads then were mere mule tracks, narrow and few and far between. But since France and Italy rival each other in making strenuous efforts to increase and improve their Alpine communications, carriages can now drive up to a height of 8000 feet, and the Roya and Vesubia valleys are connected by important strategical roads which are studded with redoubts and forts.

Far away in the east can be traced the dim outlines of the Apennines, as if melting into the very ether, and along the shore of the Mediterranean may be distinguished the undulating curves of the Italian coast. Between the ocean and our mountain we notice the flanks of the hillocks shaped into fertile terraces, the result of the unwearied labour of a thousand years, and of ten times ten thousand industrious husbandmen. Scattered within this vast extent we behold gorges, valleys, towns, villages, the ruins of ancient castles, churches, and monasteries, whose 'silent fingers point to heaven,' and although their precise origins and use are often unknown to the traveller, they are in themselves impressive chroniclers of a once powerful race and age. This extensive landscape, now belonging to two great nations, and a microscopic principality, was formerly the oft-disputed domain of a daring count or baron, or of a worldly servant of the church militant.

Quietly reposing above, or rather beyond some fleecy clouds, we espy Corsica, the cradle of the great modern Cæsar; and the island of Elba too small a recess for so comprehensive a mind; and by a little excusable strain, almost the very olive grove this side Cannes, where the self-same great man landed unexpectedly to convulse the world once more, and

> 'Whose game was Empires and whose stakes were Thrones;
> Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones.'

Such was the prospect we gazed at for a while in silent contemplation; but for a short while only, for we were one

[1] *Mémoires de la Guerre des Alpes*, etc., du Comte J. Thaon de Revel. Turin, 1871, chap. xii.

and all so thoroughly enraptured with the picture that our mute admiration broke out at last in ecstasy, and one of our companions, a friend of poets and an emporium of quotations, solemnly recited Charles Mackay's beautiful lines, 'On the Mountain Top.'

'A glorious vision burst upon their sight,
As on the topmost peak they took their stand,
To gaze from that clear centre of the world
And measure with their proud, delightful eyes
The vast circumference whose radius stretched,
Seaward and landward, each for fifty miles.
Beneath their feet a burnished ocean lay,
Glittering in sunshine. Far adown like snow
Shook from the bosom of a wintry cloud,
And drifting on the wind in feathery flakes,
The seagulls sailed betwixt the earth and sky
Far, far away on the horizon's edge,
The white sails of the homeward scudding ships
Gleamed like the lilies in a garden plot,
Or like the scattered shreds of fleecy cloud
Left by the evening at the gate of Night,
To shimmer in the leaden coloured sky
And drink the splendour of the harvest moon,
Their glancing breasts reflected from afar
The noonday sunlight—Landward when they looked
The earth beneath them seemed as if it had boiled
And tossed and heaved in some great agony;
Till suddenly, at fiat of the Lord,
The foaming waves had hardened into hills
And mountains, multitudinous and huge,
Of jagged outline, piled and overpiled,
One o'er the other.'

And such is really the landscape. To view this panorama from a height of 4300 feet, rising straight from the sea, and to recall the historical names connected with the facts that were played out on this vast stage around and below us; the heroic deeds done; the crimes committed; the battles won and lost would require days, nay, weeks, and we have but an hour to spare, and this short hour is gone! Reluctantly we bade farewell to the lofty spot that offered us such pleasure, and hurried down to our donkeys and their attendants patiently awaiting our arrival. The descent we

found almost as difficult as the ascent, so that it was close to the hour of sunset ere we entered the village of

PEGLIA, OR PEILLE.

In the town there are but two inns, and these are small and very primitive. And they were crowded. The rooms were full of merry, noisy people singing, drinking, shouting, feasting, dancing, masquerading. For a moment, and for a moment only, they stared at us thinking it evidently strange that we should intrude on their merry-makings, or deprive them of a room or two. Their music, drums, shouts and dancing went on more noisily and more lively than before. The landlord had too much on his hands already. Our arrival seemed to put him out of tune, as were the instruments of his small band. The clang compelled us to go outside so as to come to terms. There was one room with two beds for four lads. But for the ladies and for my poor self there was not a corner to be got. Our guides sleep or rather stay with their beasts. Then came up the priest and offered me a bed, but added that he regretted he could not receive the ladies. Just as I thanked him for his kindly offer, a man approached and said that he had rooms and beds to accommodate us all, and that he would be very much pleased if we would accept his invitation. It seemed so genuine and hearty that we could not, under present circumstances, decline it, and so followed him to his house. Mr. Seraphin Blanchi, that is our generous host's name, showed us into a spacious drawing-room well stocked with old-fashioned but valuable furniture and heirlooms of twenty generations; and two bedrooms, one on each side, and each provided with a huge solid wooden bedstead, large enough to lodge a whole family. All was so clean, and the homespun and home-made linen so white, that we were pleasantly surprised. The apartments of this seigniorial manor were, in bygone times, the rooms in which the counts of Peglia received their vassals and their tenants. Having thus far arranged everything for the night, we returned to the Hôtel de Paris, a stylish name for such an obscure inn, now deserted, for it was supper time. What was the cause

of all these clangorous rejoicings ? It was Shrove Tuesday, mardi gras, the height and final revelry of carnival, for the good people here celebrate the last day of this merry season quite as gaily as do the Niçois, though with less show and splendour. But I should never venture up again on such a day, though we could see and hear nothing unbecoming.

Having brought up our own provisions, and as it turned out very wisely too, our two ladies prepared an excellent supper. An unkempt set of boys and girls stared at us, and came sometimes too near, but they were all polite.

After having done full justice to our repast, we betook ourselves, at the instigation and under the guidance of our attentive host, to the seat of learning, the academy of the place whose aula had, for the occasion, been turned into a ballroom, where the homely tunes of four musicians made sturdy rustics swing their strong mountain lasses round like swift fairies !

In order to show our appreciation of their rural amusements and dances, we remained a full half-hour in the closely-packed schoolroom. After a long day's hard work, thoroughly enjoyed, we passed a very good night, and even the grand and noisy retreat of the carnival could not disturb or interrupt our sleep.

To say that we rose before the sun would be paying a very poor compliment to our energetic lady tourists ; for Peglia, lying on a low northern col of the bulky Aggel, has a comparatively late sunrise.

We made the best of our time, for the place being now very quiet, the boisterous gaieties having glided into days of penitence and fasting, there was no one to disturb us in our early walk through the narrow street. We were thus enabled to examine at leisure everything that struck our fancy, and I give the result in a few outlines only, filling up a gap or two with what I have met in my wading through numerous books and documents. Here, as elsewhere, parochial records have been sadly neglected, and mostly burned by the messengers of frivolity of 1792.

Peglia, formerly called Pella, Pelha, Pegla, now Peille, and

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THE FOUNTAIN, PEILLE

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in an Act signed 1238 by G. Cabrey Prioris, spelled Piliæ, is situated on the western slope of a spur of Mounts Baudon and Aggel, slightly protected by a hillock on the north. It stands at the head of a short narrow valley that carries its waters, if there are any, and its stones and pebbles, and there are many, into the Paglione or Paillon, the Paulum of the Romans. Tradition, in the absence of written or monumental evidence, will connect this old place with a namesake of earlier date, and derive thus its name from the Peglioni of Mount Pellius. That is an old tradition, and rests, I fancy, on mere credulity. Toselli assigns to Peglia a Grecian origin.[1] Should Peglia, Pella, Pilliæ be derived from ἡ πέλλα, ὁ φελλός, *i.e.* a stone, a rock, or τὸ φελλίον, a stony, rocky soil? It would undoubtedly be a most appropriate appellation.

According to the same author, Peglia must have been rather an important place since it had to furnish ten *equum armatum* to the annual cavalcades, or, perhaps, according to our vocabulary, the militia meetings of old, whilst Luceram only sent six and Turbia only one. It was thus assessed up to the fifteenth century. Peglia can justly boast of great antiquity. There are remains of several ancient settlements at the foot and on the top of the hill, all pointing to great age, and others bearing unmistakable signs of mighty conflicts and disasters. There are but few official documents left, the gross ignorance of ages past, the destructive dispositions of the first messengers of unlimited liberty in 1792, and the universal carelessness of municipal authorities are the cause of these local, national losses. A good old map of the parish is the only interesting paper I have seen, and as disputes arise among neighbours, it is of a certain value.

The inhabitants seem to have been unfortunate in the selection of their abode. When their warlike neighbours or barbarian nomadic tribes left them quiet, nature assailed them on more than one occasion. After having successfully repelled a new set of invaders, and being on a fair start to prosperity, a sudden landslip occurred during the night

[1] *Précis Historiques de Nice.*

and swallowed up or carried away all they possessed. The memory of this lamentable catastrophe is still alive in the dialect of the present generation, the district where it happened bearing until the present day the ominous name of Concas, a hubbub.

Whether the Phœnicians had been here is difficult to say, unless we accept the bull's head, frequently placed above windows and doors as a sign of their presence. That the Romans were here, and early too, I think may be unhesitatingly accepted as a historical fact, since Cæsar's camps on the north and on Aggel on the south were full of fragments of Roman tiles and tombs, which are even now dug up. Our modern Peglia has some peculiar features in a few outer ruins and in its mediæval impress, nearly all the houses being built with cut stones. The church and tower, some hundred yards above the village, are certainly of the very earliest Christian architecture. The floor of the church is but the natural rock; the pillars consist of huge stones roughly cut; a block of porphyry serves as font; and all the rest looks very primitive. The platform, where once stood a manor of the Lascaris, is now partly occupied by a house, schoolrooms, the master's chambers, and the communal offices. It is crowned with remains of old walls and towers here and there, and everywhere are traces of ancient fortifications. Some graceful devices and ornaments on many houses are telling witnesses of better times and greater fame than the present population, even with a sprinkling of good old names, would let us suppose. The most curious building is the Guild Hall, where formerly judges sat, and from the balcony of which they proclaimed to the people assembled below the laws enacted and the sentences and verdicts confirmed. A large bull's head, carved on a marble block, found some time ago a little below the town, and some others still existing within it, may either be a mere sign of power and strength, or, as I said before, an indication or relic of ancient worship. Judging from the numerous remains of the emblems of the bull, it must have been a favourite symbol, from Turin down to the lowest slopes of the Maritime Alps.

THE MAIRIE, PEILLE

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EZA

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The Peglians were an independent, restless, and warlike race, extending their power all around, quarrelling with temporal and spiritual authorities, and making frequent inroads on their neighbours, so much so that the Consuls of Nice had to use a considerable force to keep them within their proper bounds in 1176.[1] Things must have been carried too far, for the Count of Provence interfered on their behalf on December 10 of the same year. Mutual retaliations having ceased, a convention was signed binding the Peglians to provide the Nice shipbuilders with all the timber they required. According to a document dated 1263 they kept their promises, since four of the galleys constructed of the Peglia timber left the harbour of Nice on Charles's first expedition to Naples.

Under the rule of the unhappy Queen Jane they revolted. For this insubordination, and for not paying to the bishop of Nice the dues promised in an unlucky moment, they were excommunicated. Things had gone a long way, each party defending its cause with its own particular arms; the bishop using his spiritual weapons very freely — curses, anathemas, and interdicts; and the Peglians replying, sword in hand. At last Pope Clement VII. interfered, and the episcopal ban was levied on February 11, 1352; in territorio castri de Pellia videlicet in Sancto Martino de Laghettis.[2]

The Peglians, like the rest of this neighbourhood, having attained the height of their influence and power began to decline, and feeling this, became wisely, and of their own free will, subjects to Amadeus VII., Count of Savoy in 1355, reserving, however, all their municipal privileges. The Lascaris, then lords of Castellare, held Peglia in fief about 1400, and had a castle built there which the French destroyed in 1793.

On September 15, 1483, the exact limits of the parish, or rather community, then called *Universita*, were officially verified and settled by a ducal commission consisting of the most eminent men of the adjoining localities, and presided over by Ugone di Foresta, a family that has its main quarters in Beaulieu.

[1] Gioffredo, p. 453-54. [2] *Idem*, p. 803.

In 1544 it had to provide twenty-four soldiers, a high rate indeed, unless it had kept up its importance and influence tenaciously, as Peglione had to send only four, St. Agnès eleven, and Sospello forty.[1] In June 1592 Peglia and its neighbourhood, fearing the Provençals, collected a large force from the Bevera and Roya valleys, and strengthened and garrisoned all the forts and passes, a really extensive line for such a small confederation.

And when, in 1614, the Spanish army moved to and fro, Peglia was the rallying-point of these outlying localities of the counties of Nice and Tenda. In 1691 the French had taken possession of the old, sorely-tried borough, and also held the principal roads leading up from south and west. They suffered immensely with all the Maritime Alps during the great French Revolution, especially by marauding bands. Our historical remarks must end here. It would be impossible to recount all the changes in this old municipality so much courted, attacked, and defended, fortified or weakened by the two rival powers, the Gauls and the Italians. There are few places that had such a valuable collection of ancient documents, parchments, and charts, and Gioffredo, with many others, mentions them frequently. But what invaders left, was neglected, lent, and never returned, for as Nodier wrote for Pixéré court :

> 'Tel est le triste sort de tout livre prêté,
> Souvent il est perdu, toujours il est gâté.'

The latter case is chiefly due to papers and documents being transferred to new office chambers before the building is dry. In one village I saw them fall into pieces as soon as they were touched or opened. This is a most serious loss to science and history in general, and to local knowledge and private rights in particular. A dispute arose some years ago about a forest, between the parishes of Tenda and Briga, and the former gained their case because they had a document of the year 1256.

Avoiding monotony as much as possible, we leave Peglia by the lower gate, not, however, without expressing our gratitude to Mr. Seraphin Blanchi for his kind hospitality to strangers, and pass on to—

[1] Alberti, *Storia*, etc., p. 370.

Peglione, or Peillon.

This village, half-way between Peglia and Turbia, is an offspring of the former, for it owes its existence to the excess of population in Peglia, whose fate it generally shared. Placed on an elevated spot, it looks quite imposing, especially when seen from below. Its original position was higher up, but even then not beyond the reach of early invaders who destroyed it almost entirely. It is often exposed to heavy storms when torrents of rain and hail destroy the crops on which is spent so much labour. It suffered again, with many other places, on that ever memorable 23rd of February 1887, when it was shaken to its very foundation. And since that time its people are more than ever afraid of tempests and thunderstorms.

The bold and barren mountains of a grey and yellow colour, with a shrub here and there, are full of cracks and crevices, with caverns crested with a phantom-like stone, a kind of hobgoblin to watch the entrance. The labour and time bestowed on these terraces on our right and left, on the cultivation of trees and vegetables and rye or wheat is enormous, yet it does not pay one per cent. The fortune of a man up here consists of a few terraces and trees, and that is all. The poor proprietor slaves on and on, rising before the sun and going to bed long after sunset. The patience, the endurance, the frugality are wonderful, and most exemplary. A few tomatoes or dried figs or chestnuts, a morsel of hard rye bread, a plate of macaroni or of vegetable soup, a slice of meat once or twice a week, and a glass of his own wine, that is all he wants, and that is all he has. And these country people seem happy after all. If we reckon the square yard of terracing to cost only a penny, we soon arrive at a fabulous sum, even within one single valley! And how many hours a day, how many years have been spent on all the terraces we see from Pont St. Louis to Turbia with the intervening slopes? We cannot calculate the real value. The holdings are small, and yet divisions are still going on. Look at the pasture land where oxen, cows, sheep, and goats feed on dry stalks of grass growing between the rocks. No Scottish farmer would look at such a barren slope. And yet these

beasts get fat, give milk and wool, and their masters prosper! How is that? Tell me the secret. It is frugality and sobriety. Here men and women earn and eat their daily bread in the fullest meaning of the word in the sweat of their face. The barrenness here and elsewhere is due to two causes: one must be endured, the other can be prevented, modified or removed. Falls of rocks, subsidings, and landslips on a larger and smaller scale are the natural consequences of the geological constitution of our mountains, and no human power can foresee or stop such occurrences. The equilibrium or the base of the mountain has been dislocated somehow, and naturally rights itself again. The second cause of the instability of the soil is local and accidental, and mainly results from denuding our mountains of their trees. That can be remedied only by perseveringly planting shrubs and trees, and sowing deep rooting grasses.

Local, regional, and international wars have, of course, seriously interfered with agriculture, decimated the population, and interrupted circulation. As we walk along we notice at many points, remainders of redoubts, rough, circular forts erected for defence or assault, and once provided with guns. Read the history of the wars within the Maritime Alps, and you will be surprised what numbers of soldiers and guns have passed along here! When I was first here in 1865, a dear old peasant, far stricken in years, eighty-five he counted, but still wiry and hale, told me many criminal scenes and outrages he had witnessed here, but which cannot be put in print. He, with some other young men, escaped conscription by hiding in an inaccessible cave only known to natives, and one evening when they saw a dozen of marauders leading away their booty on a mule, and the proprietor tied to it, they, burning with revenge, and wild with rage, sprang on them, killed them all, and delivered the proprietor. And, added he, I do not regret the bloody deed!

But we must move on, and have hardly time to notice the neglected cistern, a tower lower down on our right, old barracks, for here is La Turbia and the Cornice road, which some take, others descend to Monte Carlo, and go home by rail.

CHAPTER XV

EZA, OR EZE

Distance, by Turbia . . 18 kilom. or 10½ miles in 3 hrs. 30 m.
,, from Eza station, . 3 kilom. or 2 miles in 45 m.
,, from Beaulieu, . 6 kilom. or 4 miles in 1 hr. 15. m.
Height, ... 1300 feet.

'Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola and minaret.'
WALTER SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, canto i.

EZA is one of the quaintest places along the shore of the Mediterranean. Perched on a rugged, steep, and almost barren rock, impregnable from the sea (we speak of times long gone by), and not easily accessible from any other side; a real robbers' nest and a natural pirates' resort, who once dashed on their victims with the suddenness and voracity of real birds of prey; such is Eza, or rather such was Eza, for we must not confound the honest and hard-working people of our day with the roving settlers and holders of gone times. The climb from the station is steep but short, and gives you an idea of what it may have been in ages past, when shrubs and bushes increased the wild and lonely aspect of the slope. Approaching it from the Cornice road the ruins look like an antediluvian monster, which, however, loses a great deal of its gigantic proportions, and grows tamer the nearer we come. We cannot help feeling that in the hands of a determined and brave battalion under a bold and clever leader, or a company of patriotic young men, it must have been a powerful protector to the peaceful inhabitants, a sore thorn in the eyes of pirates; and in the possession of a daring band of knight robbers, a real terror to the neighbourhood and wayfarers. Migrating tribes, invading Saracens, and troops of different nations took and lost it in turn. It was undoubtedly a safe retreat

in former times ; to the Aborigines in their primitive ways of attack and self-defence ; to the Phœnicians in their trading expeditions and their commercial settlements ; to the Romans bent on conquest ; to every following invader ; to the leaders of party feuds in the Middle Ages, and even to the various armies of modern times. Now its importance is gone. The wood has disappeared ; the rain has carried off the soil ; nothing is left but the barren rock, which the present owners turn into terraces to gain their daily bread and pay their taxes, and neither do they find easy.

Whatever the place may have been in earlier times, the Romans used it as a station. Mons. Germain, formerly conducteur des chaussées, at Nice, an intelligent observer and searcher, discovered a few years ago a small camp in the angle formed by the Cornice and the village road. He made a minute survey, took great pains to trace the old Roman road and verify its milestones. He was not allowed to communicate all his discoveries, and I fear they will remain for ever buried and in a corner of the engineer's department. The hill close to this camp is still called Mont Bastia or La Bastide,[1] and most likely derives its name from a Ligurian bastion which once crowned its top. The Fighiera family, now living in Nice, descendants of the Eza Fighieras, are said to possess two valuable silver dishes which were found here.

The name of the place has undergone a great many changes, but each variation seems to be connected with some tribe or other, that has successively settled here. Thus we have *Isis*, *Isia*, *Ysia*, and *Ise*, the goddess pointing to a Phœnician and Greek origin, and the two small creeks, *Mer d'Eze* and *Point de Male* were certainly much frequented by these navigators.

Then we have *Æsæ*, *Hesæ*, *Hesiæ*, and *Eziæ*, reminding us of Hesius or Œsus, the Mars of the Gauls and Celts, and of *Hesiæ* or *Œsa* his temples.

The Romans called it *Avisium*, *Avisum*, or *Visio*, mentioned by the most reliable itineraries, and frequently spoken of as *Avisii Portus*. Its modern Italian *Eza* and French *Eze* bear

[1] See chapter xxiv.

a certain likeness to any of its former appellations. So much for its name.

In connection with St. Hospice, it has its legend as early as 575. It is then described as being a very strong castle, situated on a lofty, formidable rock, and by its natural position and massive construction is such a secure abode that its inhabitants were not afraid of any surprise, or even of a regular assault. A few monks, accompanied by some people of Beaulieu, strolled one day quietly up the steep slope, and being bent on a peaceful mission, did not anticipate, and therefore not provide for any attack. But when winding round the narrowest path, almost entirely hidden by bushes, they were suddenly set upon by a gang seemingly well organised, and all, monks and laymen, were slain. Plunder cannot have been the object, the victims being only poor friars and villagers. It must have been the devil's own band. So people said, and so people believe. But though committed on a lonely spot and not witnessed by any outsider, the crime could not remain concealed. The blood of these innocent and pious people seemed to become a real flood, streamed down the ravine into the sea, kept on running a purple rivulet within the limpid wave, for more than a mile, as far as St. Hospice, where some fishermen perceived its miraculous flow. And then and there it stopped. This is a miracle, they said, and in their humble faith they crossed themselves and considered it as a divine invitation to row up to this wonderful rivulet of blood, which gradually retired as they advanced, and on their landing all the reddish colour disappeared. But to their utter astonishment the ravine too became stainless beneath their feet and resumed its natural appearance. On reaching the scene of the murder they found the bodies of the slain lying around a cross, a cross which had never been seen before. This they interpreted as a divine order to bury all the victims around this evidently sacred spot. They dug a common grave, and though the ground was rocky, their work proceeded fast, an invisible hand apparently working for them. Their task was thus more speedily accomplished than they had expected. The cross remained as it was

found. The solemn ceremony being over, they uttered a fervent prayer, returned to St. Hospice and told what they had seen and done. Thus runs the legend shortly told. What measures were taken to discover the assassins, whether they were caught and duly punished or not, legend does not reveal.

From 578, when in spite of its exceptional position it was burnt down by the Lombards, I have not been able to find anything about Eza, except its occupation by the Saracens, up to 1077, when its church Ecclesia St. Laurentii, is enumerated with several others, and again in 1137, when the then bishop of Nice mentioned it in one of his pastorals under the name of Hesæ. It had then, however, lost its former rank among the numerous castles within this part of Liguria. In confirming in 1176 some privileges the town of Nice had enjoyed for many years, King Ildefonso of Arragon called among many other nobles of this neighbourhood, to sign the documents, a certain G. of Eza, whose name appears on other papers as Gullielmus and Gullielmo, some twenty years before. In 1200 it was again called Ysia, which was at the same time the name of a noble family owning also a part of Monaco and Turbia. Eleven years later it was written Esiæ, and in 1238 we find that Tornafort P. de Ysia signed an important act. The Genoese entered their little harbour below on their return from Marseilles against which they had ventured on a useless crusade. One of their galleys running aground, was towed away by the Nizzards with all the crew to boot.

From another act drawn up on July 20, 1246, we learn that Rostagno and Ferrando, lords of Ezia, were formally invested with their rights, hardly nominal, over Monaco and Turbia, and declared sole masters over all the pastures, land, and woods of the territory within these three places. The Church of Lorenzo belonged to the diocese of St. Mary de Cimella, then, perhaps, a diocesan, or even a cathedral church. So says, at least, a bull of Pope Innocent IV., dated Lyons, June 13, 1247. The two barons just named followed, with a great many others, King Charles of Anjou in his adventuresome enterprise against Naples, and consequently shared his fate.

During the persistent war between Genoa and Nice smaller places united to resist more effectually the demand made by one side or the other, and to see their neutrality respected. This happened in July 1282. Eza was represented by Peter Bove and Re its syndics, who are described as having met at Mount Olive, situated just opposite St. Hospice.

About this time lived Blacas, one of Eza's poetical sons, a minstrel of some note, who sang thus :

'Lo belh dous temps m'platz
E la gaya Sazos,
E'l chans dels auzellos ;
E s'ieu fos tan amatz,
Com sui enamoratz,
Fera gran cortezia,
Ma bella douss' amica.
E pus nulh be no m'fai
Las ! e doux que farai ?
Tant atendrai aman
Tro marrai merceyan,
Pus ilh vol qu'aissi' sia.'

Which would run thus : 'Fine weather pleases me, and the gay season, and the songs of the birds, and if I was loved as much as I am in love, it would be a great bliss, my beautiful, sweet lady. But as you act not kindly towards me, weary, what shall I now do ? I loving shall thus wait, until I die imploring mercy since you will that it be so.'

Raynouard says of him that he was noble, rich, generous, and well built, fond of love and war, spending money freely, and keeping open house, fond of song and pleasure and worldly enjoyment, and of doing good to all and the poor in particular. His generosity and kindliness increased with his age, and he was beloved by his friends and dreaded by his enemies.

There was another change in 1302, when the castle at least belonged to the Genoese. This does not necessarily include the borough which generally went or remained with the land. And this was really the case, for one Richiero was summoned in 1316 to the royal court as a liegeman, and Bruno Richiero distinguished himself so much that King Robert received him as an intimate friend almost on equal terms, and honoured him with the following letter :

'Robertus Dei gratia Rex Jerusalem, etc., Familiæ nostræ consortio libenter adiungimus quos fidei sinceritas approbat, et puræ dilectionis integritas erga nos firma et illibata commendat. Quia igitur Brunorius Richierii fidelis noster in horum continuata hujusque laudabiliter perstitit et perstitit digne ipsum in familiarum nostrum, ab amicis et subditis nostris tractetur decenter, amabiliter et benigne. In cujus rei testimonium præsentes litteras fieri, et pendenti Majestatis nostræ sigillo jussimus communiri. Dat. Neapoli, anno Domini MCCCXVI., die tertia octobris, XIV. indictione.'

A few days later he is summoned to Mentone to sign a convention concluded between the counts of Ventimiglia and the Ventos. And when Charles III., King of Jerusalem and Sicily, Count of Piedmont and Provence, was hard pressed to pay his debt to a Nice noble named J. Boncaglio, he pledged to his creditor the share he had in Eza and Turbia for the sum of 9070 gold florins spent in the purchase and outfit of a galley, and Eza, as a seaport, had to furnish through its governor, 'Guigo de Romolis, Castellanus Ysiæ, cum servientibus IV. et uno cane.'

Charles died on March 16, 1386. His successor, Queen Marguerite, confirmed the aforesaid convention and acknowledged J. Boncaglio's rights in a letter dated Gaeta, January 5, 1387. In a lengthy document drawn up August 11, 1388, Eza is put down as 'a town and castle,' belonging to the House of Savoy. The population did homage first to Count Amadæus VIII., who promised them on December 8, 1391, that the governor should in future be chosen from among their own nobles. Here we find again the same Richiero family, mentioned several times previously.

When the inhabitants met in order to settle a dispute with Otho, lord of Balzo, Bertrand Richiero was sworn in as governor of a part of Cap d'Aglio, here called Caput Dalphini, and in 1414 Catalano Souliers, his successor, had to do homage again.

It would be rather monotonous to enumerate all the consuls, so we pass rapidly over more than a hundred years. Troubles of that time seemed to be pictured in a

letter written in Mentone on June 14, 1537, by L. Galleano, one of the lords of Castelnuovo, to his brother, Bartolomano, residing in Eza. They appeared then less afraid of the Turks, who were threatening the coast, than of the Spaniards whom the prince of Monaco thought of dismissing, to the great inconvenience and danger of the neighbouring places. This fear is so manifest and transparent throughout the whole tenor of the letter, and the style is so characteristic that I may be excused if I give a part of it :

'Mon Fraire,—Hay entendut essent hier a Monegue da bona part que Monsur a deliberat dar congiet als Spagnols, et que si dubita non fasson calque disorder per los castels. Volria stessar ben avisat, ho saltem vos levessar d'aysit, car segunt dison, sera infra dimenge de praximo venedor. Dio per sa pietad leve la puissanza de non poder nozer degun. Hay pensat vos en dar avis per lo present portador. Dei Turc si fat grant brut. Dubite a la fin non sega calque engrement a la Christianitad. De Genova segunt entendi se retiran alcunas personas en Moneque . . .'

Eza was too attractive a place to be spared by the Turks. It was so frequently a prey in party warfare, and finally so shaken to its very foundations, that the Duke of Savoy had to give up the idea of repairing it, though its strength and usefulness had never been underrated. In a letter dated Genua, August 9, 1543, we read: . . . 'et que si bien votre Excellence n'a argent, comme il scait assez, que vos bagues ne doivent être espargnées, considérant qu'encore que l'Empereur ne veuille jamais vous abandonner que c'est un grand service d'avoir un château, et tenir quelque bon nombre de gens à la Turbia et à Ise, de l'être des quels il s'informa assez par le même.'

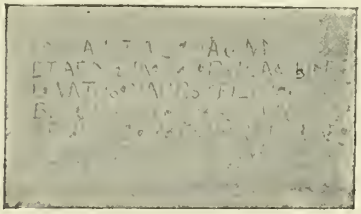
A few days later it was said that Tourrette, Eza, and Galetti had to surrender, whilst Nice still held out, and was even able to slay two thousand Turks and to capture two standards. This surrender of Eza and Turbia is frequently alluded to as a great calamity. There was yet another surprise. The Duke of Savoy had resolved on withdrawing the small garrison he had left there under a governor, weak and credulous. On September 25, 1543,

fifty-three Turkish galleys sailed along the coast, on the east side of the Var. A detachment of soldiers rode along the road as a protection to the small fleet. The Turkish galleys divided and stationed at Villafranca and the Bay of Eza. In the latter they landed one Gasper Cays, who sold his arm and local knowledge to the arch enemy of his country, and he, with a few Italian and French soldiers, all traitors and accomplices, walked up to Eza, and told the governor that they came to warn him against the Turks, who were in the ports below, to assist him in the intended attack, and to defend with him the castle against all comers. They had hardly been admitted when they, assisted by hidden bands, assailed both the garrison and the people, and being much stronger, they sacked the place and carried their booty down to the Turkish fleet. During the night the Bastard of Gorbio, an unworthy scion of the brave and noble house of the Grimaldis, joined them for a new assault. But the governor of Turbia, against which place the march was directed, having been warned, and being a man of tact and energy, well supported besides, met the attack with such skill and pluck that the incoherent band was utterly discomfited and their ignominious leaders fled and hid themselves, the Bastard in a Church and Cays in a cave. The former was soon discovered, and captured by two brave priests, Giaufret Mossen of Eza, and Marcellino Mossen of Villafranca, and Cays was soon taken with many of his followers. The inhabitants of Turbia and Eza, working well together, led them all to Nice under the command of Bernardo Fighieri. There the two leaders were lodged in the castle, and after a short trial convicted of high treason, and immediately disposed of, Cays being tied to the wheel and quartered ; the Bastard was handed over to the hangman, the rest were pardoned, having promised to become and remain good and faithful citizens to the end of their lives. But who can rely on the oath of traitors ? They were received among the garrison and admitted within the forts and entrusted with outposts. At a festival to which Bernardo Fighieri had invited most of the inhabitants, one of the pardoned men managed to put poison into the

governor's plate, and the consequence was Fighieri's immediate death.

As a parish Eza is mentioned in November 25, 1598, when Bishop Lod. Pallavicio died there on his pastoral visit. It was then much larger, since it extended to the Peglione torrent, Trinita Victoria, frequently called Trinité d'Eze, having only been separated off in 1816. When, in November 1604, Hercules Grimaldi was drawn or cast into the sea by his indignant subjects, Eza's small fleet prevented the murderers from entering into its territory, in order to avoid a breach of neutrality. It was the last time the place exercised that right. The castle being dismantled, Eza was lost as a strategical point.

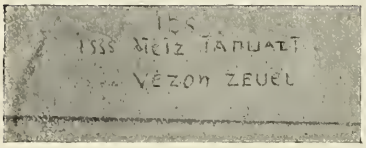
Before we leave the place we must pay a short visit to the church which was almost entirely rebuilt in 1789. It once possessed two pictures by David, who with two of his pupils was overtaken here by a tremendous storm. On their arrival at Eza the priest received them with the heartiest kindness and hospitality, and induced them to tarry some time with him and his flock. The poor travellers assented, and, during their short stay, they made some sketches, and on their departure promised that each of them would send a picture for the church. In due time four pictures arrived, two painted by the master himself and two by his pupils. The master's subjects were a descent from the cross and a St. John. Damp and rough treatment or neglect spoiled them all. The St. John existed up to 1840, when it disappeared. An impassioned lover of old, valuable pictures cut it out of its frame, notwithstanding the sanctity of the place, perhaps with the connivance of some person or persons.



Of the inscription still existing on a lower stone of the main door we give a faithful copy, which is to be read : ' Lucius Ulattius Macrinus et Aemilia, Publii filia, Posilla, sibi et Lucia Ulattio Macro filio, Burciæ Manii filiæ Secundæ,

Æmiliæ, Mucii filiæ, Marcellæ, vivi fecerunt.' And is to be translated : ' Lucius Ulattius Macrinus and Æmilia Posilla, daughter of Publius, for themselves and for Lucius Ulattius Macrus their son, for Burcia Secunda, daughter of Manius, and for Æmilia Marcella, daughter of Mucius, during their lifetime made this.'

Ivy leaves seem to stand as signs of punctuation.



As for the Roman camp mentioned in the beginning, I must add that its construction is very primitive indeed, consisting of huge stones, brought from the immediate neighbourhood, and loosely joined together. The entrance alone shows some traces of a more regular workmanship.[1]

The earthquake, on February 23, 1887, did less harm to Eza than the storm that swept over it a few weeks later, May 14, early in the morning. The lightning struck the old castle wall which time and weather had until now respected, split the rock and hurled a few heavy pieces down to the great danger of several houses. The shock was more violent than that of the preceding earthquake. Some minutes later a powerful flash struck the church and laid bare forty square metres of its roof, and following the waterpipes, entered the soil. A goodly number of people, being fortunately at home, exerted themselves to their utmost, in spite of the diluvian rain, to cover the roof so as to prevent further damage to the church, which had been recently embellished by a wealthy and pious member of the parish.

Eza is now a poor, struggling village and has lost all its political and strategical importance. This is perhaps all the better for the inhabitants, who can now quietly till their soil, tend their goats and sheep, reap and store their corn and vegetables, and pay as little as possible to the government.

[1] This is one of the ancient Ligurian forts which are numerous in the mountainous region of Provence, all of which were constructed of Cyclopean blocks joined together without lime. This one has recently been excavated and explored under the superintendence of M. le Chanoine de Villeneuve of Monaco.—Ed.

CHAPTER XVI

CASTIGLIONE, OR CASTILLON

Height, . . .	2350 feet; at the tunnel, 2200.
Distance, . .	9 miles.
Time, . . .	3 hours.

Beyond the ridge on which Castiglione has been resting for two thousand years or more live the Sospellians, in a very fertile valley watered by the Bevera. And in order to prevent adventurous seafarers from invading their territory, they founded Castiglione, and had really not so far to go out of their way as the Peglians are said to have done when they founded Old Castellare for a similar purpose. Nature has provided this locality with ramparts such as human engineers could never construct, had they even all the legions of the present military system at their command. But just as Achilles had his vulnerable heel and Siegfried his vulnerable shoulder-blade, Sospello's ramparts had their one weak point. The inhabitants, however, remedied it by the erection of a strong castle, at that time almost inaccessible to any invaders, for there was nothing more than a mule path, the present road having been completed only in 1866.

As long as invasions were but few and far between, and came only from the southern quarter, Castiglione held its own pretty fairly, and rendered essential services to Sospello. But when the commotion became more general, when warfare almost amounting to robbery was considered a noble profession, knights becoming knight robbers; when strife was the order of the day, when standing armies were not yet a standing evil but had just come into existence, when lands and castles changed hands easily and frequently, Castiglione became less valuable and gradually lost its importance, and its noble warriors by

degrees degenerated, or shall I say turned into humble but surely more useful cultivators of the soil. It could relate, had it but a tongue, many tales about the vicissitudes of its existence, and the native Ligurians, their neighbours and kinsmen; or of the sad times during the general migration; or of the Saracens, the arch enemies of the Christian population; or of the Ventimiglians and their numerous counts, its early lords and masters; or of the fair Beatrice, the famous Countess of Provence; or of the Genoese, the flourishing traders and shippers; or of the house of Savoy, hardy and honest and brave, the very idol of the mountaineers; or of the Guelphs, the fanatical supporters of the popes; or of the Ghibellines, the faithful adherents of the emperors; or later on, of all nations bringing no good and generally doing a great deal of harm.

To mention names and dates would merely be a repetition of stories already narrated. The place being, however, worth a visit, we join a party of excursionists, some of them walking or riding by Castellare, others walking, riding, or driving up the Caréi road; the latter route being preferable in the morning, the former in the afternoon.

Caréi is perhaps an abbreviation of Cadaréi, a written stone, a Pietra Scritta, as the new drive opposite, mentioned elsewhere, is called, and which seems to bear on the case. The term Cadaréi is still current at Pierrefeu. *Careira*, *carreira*, *carrieira*, *carriera*, a passage, a road, would lead us to a Provençal origin.[1] The primitive meaning would thus be the bed of a torrent carrying stones, a rough road or path along it, and may be very reasonably applied to this particular torrent. Besides, etymologists link these things together in a most wonderful way. It is our largest and longest torrent, drawing its scanty supply of water from all the hills and mountains between Baudon and Bress, and flowing down rapid slopes it has dug its way through obstacles eighteen feet high, causing chiefly in its upper region a considerable

[1] *Chresto-mathie Provençale*, par Karl Bartsch: 'Girartz saub ben d'Ardena la gran *chariera*,' p. 42, 17; 'Ries hom. quan vai per carreira,' p. 171, 23.

BRIDGE OVER THE BEVERA, SOSPELLE

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CASTIGLIONE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

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amount of erosion, especially when an unexpected flood rapidly fills its bed and dashes wildly down, endangering the embankments. This mining power has evidently not been calculated on here ; hence frequent slips and costly repairs. There are numerous springs within the bed of the torrent, one just above the bridge higher up ; and several may be seen pouring forth a large volume of pure icy cold water during all the summer. The course of the river being very short and rapid, and its two watersheds very steep and within a narrow compass, a few hours' heavy rain suffice to swell it suddenly ; and when a soft southern wind drives the clouds against the mountain chain, where they find no escape, they burst, the streams fill alarmingly and become even dangerous. This was the case in spring 1864, when about twenty-five yards of the road were swept away just above the oil-mill. Had it happened at night, and had the rain continued an hour or two longer, the torrent would have changed its bed altogether, undermined walls, villas, and trees right away to the sea. Rainfalls are dreadfully capricious. Let me just mention an instance. On November 8, 1774, the torrents rose to such a height and came down with such violence, that the Caréi and Borrigo joined, where the station now stands, and for a short time formed but one large estuary. Even when the torrent is apparently quite dry there is always plenty of water running from three to six feet below the bed. This was most curiously proved in 1877 when the gas company, causing a deep excavation to be dug for the foundation of a new gasometer, met, at a depth of about twenty feet, a powerful spring in the valley of the Caréi. They employed twenty men and a two horse-power steam-engine, men and engine working night and day in order to keep down the water and to enable them to build the walls. The municipality was spoken to, but no notice was taken of a very generous offer, and the best and cheapest opportunity of providing Mentone with excellent spring water was lost. That there is plenty of water not much below the bed is proved by the numerous springs felt in summer when bathing in the sea near the mouth of this

torrent, when frequent icy cold springs chill the feet of the bathers.

In quick succession we pass the railway bridge, a perfumery, the oil-mills, with plenty of water for eight wheels for grinding every kind of grain and for the manufacture of various kinds and qualities of macaroni, a very interesting process indeed, which ought to be seen as it can hardly be described. At the end of the lemon grove an aqueduct feeding these mills offers a lovely walk, studded right and left with early hyacinths, narcissus, gymnogramme, etc., from February to May. Then there is a track running along the ridge and soon bifurcating; the left branch leading to the north of St. Agnès, and the right round the Fraissa to Castiglione.

Monti is a hamlet, its houses and homesteads being fancifully, or perhaps intentionally, pitched above and below the road. Its church, comparatively new, is further away than it looks, for the road winds a good deal and distances are deceptive. All these cottages, studded within lemon, orange, and olive groves, much neater and cleaner than they were about 1865, testify to the improved condition of the people. The Mentonese forest on our left—and what a forest!—is getting thinner and thinner year by year. The springs that fertilised all the upper and lower terraces are much less bountiful. The church of Monti was built by Honoré v., and is a great boon to the hamlets scattered around it. The bell-ringer, whoever he may be, reduces his easy task to the very minimum of work by passing the wire into his bedroom and to his very bedside, so that the priest (some wicked tongues whisper that he is his own bell-ringer) need not stir a second too soon.

Beyond a coastguard station—a misnomer, I fancy—and just on the other side of the bridge that spans the torrent, we turn sharp to our left and follow a path, a kind of watercourse, up to the road that bends back almost parallel with the lower one and which our carriage and donkeys must follow. Here we stop a moment or two, for the view is lovely; Mentone, with its capricious shore and surround-

ings, is quite picturesque. The Cascade, hidden by a bulky rock, is hardly visible from here, and the old Hermit's cave with its modern door open night and day, inviting as they are, shall be visited later in the day. But ere we leave we must cast a furtive glance at Ubag-Foran forest—a forest of the Maritime pine extending to about 550 acres, but sadly neglected. A great deal of firewood and timber was felled some years ago, amounting in one season to about 3000 francs worth. The authorities became alarmed, and between them and the municipality there was an agreement that no more wood should be cut for several years to come. But somehow the administration of the forests has lost its hold over Ubag-Foran, and wood is cut and trees are stripped.

We move on in order to keep up with the carriages, taking advantage of all the short cuts, wishing to all the barren slopes a speedy and successful plantation, wondering how people can live up here among sterile rocks and yet look hale and happy. Their life must be a continual struggle against parsimonious nature. But it is still more astonishing how cleverly they work and toil; how man turns hard rocks into productive soil; how he converts almost inaccessible slopes into symmetrical terraces and vineyards; how he arranges a tiny bed of beans or peas on the hollow of a boulder-stone; and how he divides the scanty springs and poorly-supplied aqueducts into endless veins, and even leads the water by means of reeds to every plant so as to make it productive and lose not one drop of the fertilising element! There is a marvellous display of ingenuity, patience, perseverance, self-denial, frugality, and mutual good-will, that is well worthy of our admiration, our study, and our imitation!

A steady pace and the numerous short cuts just mentioned enabled us to arrive a few minutes before our fellow-travellers in the carriage, at the inn where we stopped only a few moments to get our baskets, which we carried to a kind of platform, near a fountain close to the upper gate of the borough to which place a road branches off just beyond the tunnel. The road from

Mentone to Sospello and over the Col de Tende shows very good engineering, though the materials used at the outset were of such inferior quality that several parts and even two bridges gave way and had to be reconstructed. A gentleman, now dead, a staunch friend of Mentone, described the decaying round towerlet standing on the neck between the tunnel and the village, not as a remainder of a windmill, which it really is, but as the vestige of a Saracen construction, which it certainly is not. The whole place would have glided down some day in consequence of the rocky ridge being gradually quarried away.

But here is the platform where the natives might spend their leisure hours, if they had any, but where they only meet on few occasions to talk over their communal affairs or to make merry on a few festival days.

The view if not exactly imposing is, to say the least, beautiful, especially on a fine winter day when on the one side the Mediterranean mirror reflects in its millions of ripples the myriads of the sun's bright rays, and when on the other hand the snow-covered mountains attempt to perform the same wonderful variety of colours in their own particular way. But the position of Castiglione was not chosen on account of its views south and north, but solely on account of its military importance, commanding as it did various Roman roads, as even now it commands several strategical points, roads, and passages among the valleys along the boundary line. The recent erection of a strong fort on yonder cone, Barbonnet, north-west shows that the French Government is fully alive to the value of these strongholds.

Glancing rapidly over the historical records we find Castiglione intimately connected with all the political events that have happened within these mountains and on the Ligurian coast, since, and even long before the Christian era, and it has generally shared the fate of its neighbours, and of Sospello in particular. The Romans strengthened it in their long struggles against the numerous valiant inland tribes; the Saracens erected a Fraxinet near by, now called Fraisse, where some rude fragments may still be

seen (Fraisse being evidently a corruption of Fraxinetum); the Spanish, French, and Austrians in their wars of succession impeded or destroyed every communication. In many documents it is merely called a suburb of Sospello, suburb meaning then an outpost, I suppose. Then it had seventy-five houses and five churches. A native writer, the Reverend Alberti, who published his book in 1728, ascribes to the place a fabulous age, and he will have it that a bit of land still called the Camp of Hercules, Campi d'Ercole, Campi d'Erc, between Castiglione and Sospello, supports his view.[1] However that may be, military leaders have always deemed it most important, and even in 1870, when the Prussians were a good many hundred miles off, a commission, understanding seemingly very little of actual warfare and strategy, examined this pass in order to place a strong battery on some suitable point to provide against any attacks, events, or alliances which wild imaginations pointed out as most likely to happen.

Since the disastrous earthquake on February 23, 1887, the village represents but a shapeless mass of ruins. It is to be reconstructed on a level place lower down to the east.[2] But the inhabitants being rather poor and the funds from private subscriptions and the Government amounting to a very small sum, the erection will be slow. It is a most wonderful thing that this village, which stands on rock, should have suffered so much, as every one believed that the wave of the earthquake passed lower down. There must have been a powerful resistance to change the undulation, as houses lower down hardly felt the shock. But the effect on the strongly built walls and vaults of Fort Barbonnet, erected on a hill between Castiglione and Sospello, testify to the rising and falling of the wave and the violence of the shocks. I give here a few extracts of a letter addressed to the 'Académie des Sciences' by the then war minister. . . . The information is very interesting: 'Though the structure was severely

[1] *Istoria della città di Sospello*, dall' Abbate S. Alberti. Torino, 1728.

[2] This has now been done, and a nice-looking church with surrounding houses has caused the entire desertion of the old and ruinous Castiglione.—Ed.

visited, it could not, by reason of its solidity, be razed to the ground, but it shows in a remarkable way the havoc wrought. The numerous crevices and cracks, carefully sketched by competent officers, show exactly the force and direction of the wave. The officers found that the mountain was split all over its height, the fissures being very distinct all along the military road. These cracks are, at the foot of Col St. Jean, only 3 millimetres wide, but at the entrance of the fort they are nearly four times as large. The fort itself split from end to end in the direction south to north. The upper earthworks, solidly ramparted, suffered in the same way. It is a curious sight to see this citadel cut in two, as it were, the fissures being in many places 45 centimetres (1 ft. 6 in.) wide. On making further researches we find the wave passed through Castillon, which has fearfully suffered, and Mentone, which also was sorely afflicted. The cisterns within the line of the division lost a good deal of their water. The mechanism of the turrets has, fortunately, not been injured and works perfectly well. The soil on which the fort stands consists of rocks of various formations, dimensions, and positions, with plenty of interstices filled up with sand, earth, and pebbles. There is no doubt that several displacings have been caused in consequence of the composition of the soil, since other forts around Nice, resting on a more homogeneous soil, have hardly been affected.'

It would be a useless and tedious repetition of local facts if we attempted to sketch, even but lightly, what might supply a missing link here and there, but would not really interest the general reader. Let us therefore be homeward bound. We follow the highway to a sharp turn westward, and then a narrow, stony track to the cottage, or rather hovel, that is just below the Hermit's cave. This track, rough though it is now, may have been, when all the slopes were thickly wooded, an easy passage, but at the same time very dangerous, for highwaymen took up their abodes here, as the following narrative will show.

In 1336 a certain William Vitrola of Castel Delfino went one day from Sospello to Mentone, accompanied by his

son. When quietly walking along, unsuspecting and unprepared, they were all of a sudden attacked by a couple of highwaymen, lying in ambush for them or any other victims that might come this way. The young Vitrola, having attempted to defend himself and his aged father,was at once slain and thrown over the precipice. The poor old man, unable to resist or to run away, had his hands and his feet tied together and was thrust into a deep, dark cavern, there to remain until he could procure the heavy ransom he promised the robbers in order to save his life, or at least until they returned from Mentone, where they had, they said, to transact business. Poor Vitrola shed bitter tears of sorrow, not for his own personal sufferings though they were acute, but for his beloved son, for his aged mother and his sisters at home, all anxiously awaiting their return. Being alone, perhaps left behind by the robbers to die of hunger and cold, his bodily pain increasing and his mental agony becoming more and more intense, time passed away slowly. He poured out the sorrows of his heart to Theobald of Mondovi, a saint that led a most holy life, wrought sundry miracles, was greatly revered, and died the glorious death of a martyr on March 27, 1250. To him our captive prayed, promising for any help and comfort that might be vouchsafed unto him seven pilgrimages in seven consecutive years to the saint's famous shrine in Mondovi. This prayer and solemn vow were hardly uttered when a living thing, wildly panting, rushed into his obscure abode and went straight up to him in the remote corner. But before he had time to consider his altered position and to distinguish the features of his unexpected visitor, he made three times the sign of the cross, and then found the new-comer quietly settling down at his feet, having evidently come in not to help and protect but for protection — not a man to deliver him out of his bondage, but a wild boar! Can help come from such a quarter? St. Theobald has evidently used a strange messenger. But saints will use incomprehensible means for saving their worshippers. However, it appeared timid, harmless. That was reassuring. Yet

a wild boar is never a pleasant and reliable companion! But what was to be done? His faith in his patron saint, was, however, so great that he accepted this strange message as a sign of help. Whilst he was pondering over this most curious incident, he fancied he heard sounds, but sounds so confused that he was unable to say whether they were caused by human voices or steps. Could his son's murderers be back already? Will they kill him as the heavy ransom could not be found? But they cannot have returned yet! Vitrola listened still more attentively. There was no longer any doubt that the sounds he now heard were human voices and human steps. Could any deliverance have arrived, proclaimed through such an ugly herald? There are evidently people at the entrance. Who may they be? They light their torches. What may they have come for? Surely not for my good! But I trust in my saint, and with his tied limbs he attempted to make the sign of the cross again.

But just as the last ray of hope seemed to fade away and grim despair to set in, five armed men, with blazing torches, stood before our poor captive, five men not threatening, but rather looking astonished and bewildered. They stared at each other, at the boar, at the old man in fetters.

For a few seconds there reigned a painful silence; no one seemed to be able or willing to break it. Finally one of these five armed men recovering from his surprise exclaimed:

'Who are you? or what are you? An evil spirit, a demon in human shape in league with the wild beasts of the forest, ensnaring us, perhaps, into this infernal region? Or are you really what you seem to be—a prisoner? Speak!'

'Alas, I am neither an evil spirit nor a demon, but simply what I appear to be, a captive caught, bound, and brought here by bandits—the murderers of my dear and only son. Relieve me from my bonds and I will bless you and tell you all!'

Vitrola was at once untied and then he told his story. There was no room for doubt; it was not a vision; it

was sad reality. They lost no time in preparing the necessary steps to effect the capture of the murderers on their arrival from Mentone. In their eagerness to hear the strange story and to ensure success to their hasty preparation for catching the fellows, they actually forgot or neglected the wild boar, the very object for which they came near this place and penetrated into the cavern. But the animal would neither be forgotten nor left behind. He would follow Vitrola as closely and as faithfully as the most faithful dog could do. But Vitrola was not quite sure of the animal's fidelity, and wondered how and why it took refuge in the cavern, and who the men were that came in, and he naturally asked in his turn 'who they were whom St. Theobald had sent to deliver him from peril and captivity ?'

The leader, who turned out to be the lord of Gorbio, then briefly related how they had been out hunting all day; how in the Gourg dell' Ora they chased and slightly wounded a fine boar, and how to their great disappointment he escaped. The hounds were left at Castellare for to-morrow's sport. But 'we would not give up our game so easily, and so we retained one. After a long search through these bushes our patience was rewarded, for we finally discovered that he had taken refuge in this cavern, where we eventually found you and him together on the best of terms. It appears that both the wild boar and we were merely the instruments St. Theobald used to answer your prayer, and we hope that he will now grant us his further help in capturing those who killed your son and treated you so cruelly.

'On the one hand we cannot cut off their retreat or prevent their escape unless we combine our efforts; and we must let them enter the cavern. You and your inseparable wild boar must remain here. One of us returns with you to the furthermost end of the cavern. The others I dispose of here and there. Let us tarry no longer, but be calm and firm, and may St. Theobald, whose acquaintance I make through you, crown our perilous undertaking with success!'

They then separated. Each one went to his post.

Vitrola did not much cherish the idea of returning again to his recent dungeon, and the boar seemed to dislike it quite as much but stuck close to him.

Time wore away slowly, especially to the occupiers of the cavern. The sun was already low on the horizon. When he finally disappeared our sentinels began to fear that the robbers had got wind of the incident and escaped towards Ventimiglia. This apprehension increased as night stole on. But before darkness had quite covered the earth, two men became visible on the lower track hurrying up to the cavern, not suspecting any danger; they were collared within a yard or two of the entrance. A few minutes' grace only was given to them, to make the sign of the cross, to offer up a short prayer, before they were hanged on the tree nearest to the track as an effective warning to others of their kin that infested the road from Sospello to Mentone.

After having done an act of chivalric charity and satisfied Dame Justice, according to the notions of their time, the lord of Gorbio and his party accompanied Vitrola to Lascaris' farm, situated half a mile or so lower down on the left of the Caréi torrent, and what nowadays is called La Condamine, and then returned to their castle, now called Old Castellare, instead of returning to Gorbio as they first intended to do. Vitrola, followed by his faithful wild boar, telling his adventures to friends and acquaintances, became quite a celebrity. The wonderful story reached even the ear of the chancellor of the diocese of Ventimiglia, and naturally reached it in a most exaggerated form, so much so, that Vitrola was sent for, minutely questioned and examined on oath before the bishop's own court and in presence of the count of Gorbio and his followers. The whole account of the transaction was forwarded to Turin, in the archives of which city it is still to be found.[1]

Vitrola fulfilled an important and difficult mission under particularly difficult circumstances, and in troublesome, lawless times. But this would not have made his name

[1] Baldessano, *Hist. Eccl. Manusc.*: 'Vita della B. Marg. di Savoia,' p. 154.

famous. As far as money and renown are concerned, they were merely the result that befell him. But neither money nor fame could restore him his beloved son. The real gainer was the saint, for thousands of people began to worship him all the more devoutly, to flock to his tomb, to enrich his shrine and chapel, and to spread his renown far and wide, telling Vitrola's adventures with more or less fanciful additions. All this could not, however, permanently establish St. Theobald's hold over the people. As time passed on his renown waned, and there are very few persons now in this part of the world who pray to him or have even heard of him.

At a cottage on the roadside and at the very foot of the Roudabra, we reached the spot from which to make the ascent to what is known as the

Hermit's Cave.

'He that dwelleth mainly by himself, heedeth most of others;
But they that live in crowds, think chiefly of themselves.'
M. F. Turner 'Of Solitude.

'Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food, the fruits, his drink, the crystal well,
Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.'
Thomas Parnell, 'The Hermit.'

We met, by appointment, a peasant, *i.e.* a labourer to-day, a shepherd to-morrow, a guide occasionally, doing his work well under any of these three headings. Our large party became reduced to three; some feeling giddy, others tired, a few indifferent. Perhaps this was all the better for us, as the climb is only advisable for people with a steady head and stout limbs. The beginning of the ascent over a long slope of loose stones is fatiguing. The hermit who occupied this solitary cave may have found the access easier, for this ridge, like all the others, was then thickly wooded, and there is never any great difficulty in cutting a safe path through underwood, whatever the incline may

be. But all is changed now, and there is hardly anything left but the barren rocks and a few brambles.

At the top of the slope of rolling stones we reach a vanguard of rocks. For any fair climber there is not the slightest danger; but the last level stretch is very narrow with an almost perpendicular rock forming a considerable precipice on our left and a hedge of brambles on our right, and to fall either way would be either *gauche ou maladroit*, as our French companion smilingly observed. This part is getting worse every year, as the few shrubs are annually cut down, the roots die gradually away, and the water washes down the soil, roasted by the extreme heat of the summer, and there will be soon nothing left but the smooth rocks. Having safely passed along, we must not shrink from the last difficulty. This is a slippery gorge which is becoming constantly wider. You find nothing to hold to but an occasional projection. Grip firmly, take a good swing with the help of your right foot, and over you are close to the entrance. With the assistance of the guide, who is very sure-footed and quick-eyed, no accident can happen. The view is unique in its kind and richly rewards you for the trifling fatigue and excitement you have to undergo and the few moments of nervousness you may have to endure.

Let us enter this mysterious abode. The entrance looks modern, yet no one will acknowledge it. It is always the same and has only been enlarged by an unseen hand. The grotto is small, altered, and improved by human hands. A kind of bench runs along the wall, with small recesses into the calcareous rock here and there. Then there is an inscription somewhat obliterated, and therefore all the more curious and mysterious. Here it is as far as it can be deciphered:

NROS A O
LA BALMA TER
LI HSP
LAN
1598
IH
1863

I humbly confess that I am unable to get at the meaning of these letters and words either individually or jointly. There is La Balma, a term well known and frequently used along the Mediterranean coast and even more inland, I believe, meaning a cave, a cavern, a grotto containing some mysterious person closely connected with a catastrophe wrought by nature, such as a landslip; or connected with a great event, a sanguinary battle, or a wonderful apparition. Ducange defines it thus: 'Lapis sepulchralis, tumba, seu ut ait Hilaris de Costa; Caverna in rupe excisa, excavata, quam vocem Provinciales quibus vis sepulchris tribunt; quomodo asservatur corpus S. Magdalenæ vulgo "La Santa Balma," et specum divi Honorati prope Lerinensem insulam; "La Santa Balma de San Honorat." Hoc est de Balma, sicut vadit via ad Sanctum Petrum et sunt claperii.'

In spring 1884 two young American gentlemen visited the grotto at my suggestion and handed me the following observations:

'Height of cave above sea-level, 1400 feet, and so about 500 feet above the road; the first cave is about 25 feet high, 15 feet wide, and 20 feet deep. The window is about 4 feet square, and the hole leading into a lower cave is large enough for the passage of a man. This latter cave is about three times the size of the first, and from 10 to 15 feet below it.'

The year 1598 may refer to the last occupant, and if in this lofty abode—well adapted for a man disappointed with life or tired of this world's turmoil—one existed, naturally or religiously inclined to solitude and seclusion, he undoubtedly placed himself beyond ordinary temptation or intrusive visitors!

But there are two more lines more legible and more comprehensible, running thus:

'Christo lo fece, Bernardo l'habito'	*i.e.*	'Christ prepared it, Bernard occupied it.'

This naturally reminds us of the Chapelle St. Bernard, built against the northern slope of La Penna, a good-sized sugar-loaf, just beyond the small torrent that provides the

cascade with water. Might not this St. Bernard have been the last tenant of this grotto ? Or might he not even have been its original founder, a successor of his having added the date ? The chapel is very old, and he and his successors, officiating in that sanctuary, may have dwelt in the grotto for greater safety during the troublesome times of the Saracen occupation, or the feudal, intestine, and foreign wars, administering comfort and giving advice to all the people around, or helping those numerous erring wanderers whom political, fanatical, or any other motive had driven from their home ? The thickly-wooded slope would make communication quite easy across the streamlet above the fall, his mysterious disappearance and reappearance naturally increasing the monk's or hermit's influence among the people.

On further examination we found a hole which seemed to communicate with the lower cave—whether natural or artificial I cannot tell—alluded to by my American friends. On a former visit, when I came up here for the very purpose of a closer examination, my guide unfortunately lost my rope, candles, and matches in climbing over the last gorge, and I had thus no means of verifying the real condition of the interior region.

This time our guide turned out a most useful companion. He whispered something about an unfathomable depth, but we cannot rely on such superstition or suppositions since he had certainly never attempted a thorough inspection, though a good many shepherds and labourers seem quite familiar with the passage and the grotto.

On leaving this most singular retreat, led by our guide, we begin the steep descent which we accomplish more easily and quickly than we anticipated. Once on the road a steady walker can reach his Mentone quarters within an hour and a quarter. But some more persevering and inquisitive take the footpath over yonder old bridge, where thousands of soldiers passed before them, and visit the

Cascade or Gourg dell' Ora.

The name comes from the Provençal *gourgo*, *gorgo* ; in

French it is gorge, and is related to the German *gutter* and *gurgel*.[1]

It is a favourite resort for picnics on any bright, wintry day, being not quite two hours from Mentone by Castellare, or one hour by the high road. Those who like the sun (and who objects to his warm and quickening rays between All Saints and Candlemas ?) cannot do better than ride, drive, or walk up the Caréi road and return by Castellare, which is connected with Mentone by a carriage road that will soon be continued to this place, and connecting with the old one, will form one of the loveliest and most sheltered drives. The present footpath between the highway and the Condamine is rather rough, and after heavy rains unpleasant and even dangerous. We once lost not only two hours but nearly two donkeys as well. The poor beasts sank up to their girths and had literally to be dug out. From the frail bridge called Ponte dell' Ora we can only observe the immense boulders that have been thrown down, torn from the rocks ages ago when water was more plentiful and consequently more powerful, but to-day the cascade itself is not visible. Threads of limpid water glide furtively through and beneath these monster stones, which they endeavour slowly to undermine, notwithstanding their obdurate resistance. After heavy rains this tiny streamlet becomes a dashing, muddy torrent that leaps from stone to stone. The people call it Goura dell' Ura, Gour dell' Ora, Gorgo dell' Ora, the natural sun-dial and general timepiece for all people working here, since the sun shines almost fully on the cascade at midday, and thus not only indicates the hour of rest, but produces at the same time a most wonderful variety of colours and rainbows in every direction, just as the spray of the fall is less or greater and the wind more or less favourable.

The vale that feeds the cascade receives water from

[1] 'Ce mot vient sans doute du Provençal gourg qui désigne au propre un creux, un gouffre au fond duquel se fait entendre le bruit d'une chute d'eau ou d'une eau courante, bouillonnante ; de là gourga, gourgo, gouttière et gourgaréu, un tuyau qui conduit l'eau.'

'Gourjan est une sorte d'augmentatif exprimant l'idée d'une grande masse d'eau en mouvement.'—*Annales de la Société des lettres*, etc., tome vii. p. 8. Nice, 1881.

various small springs between the basin formed by Mounts Roudabra, Grammont, and Ormea, and is called Valle di Ciambairo. During the dry summer season there is hardly any water, all being wanted for the irrigation of fields right and left. But after a rainy day or two, and generally during the winter, the fall is rather powerful. To reach it we must follow the aqueduct a little higher up, leading round the rocks to a steep climb, and then on our left over a glacier stone firmly embedded in the soil to the basin, where the cascade, about eighty yards high, is seen best and looks most attractive when either sun or moon shoots its rays through the ever-changing water or the drifting spray.

On our way to Castellare we meet, within the first four hundred yards, various lizards, especially the rarer kinds, the *Lacerta viridis* and the *L. ocellata*, the former of a beautiful green, graceful and swift, the latter equally harmless, but larger, with pretty spots, and large brown eyes which wistfully peep at you from behind or beneath a stone. Of the latter species I once saw one about here, at least fifteen inches long. My little Scotch terrier, Bustle, companion of my lonely mountain walks, was too quick after it, and thus not only literally curtailed my pleasure but the lizard as well. Small dogs are generally keen upon these harmless creatures, but must never be allowed to eat them. The swift reptile darts beneath a stone, where with a little patience and caution, it can easily be caught. Never mind its playful bite, it cannot hurt; but don't touch its tail, it is so brittle; it may remain in your hand whilst the mutilated owner escapes. Both kinds are easily tamed, they live chiefly on flies, and take food even out of their gaoler's hands.

A little further on there are still traces of a former slide for bringing down wood, *une glissoire*, *eine Rutschbahn* or *Gleise*, wood being more plentiful in 1863 than now, cut whilst in sap and coming from a long distance. Bundles of the prickly oak and fir, hurled down about twenty yards below this track, were hooked two or three together to a wire slanting over the torrent and to a lower post on a level

with the road, and were then carried down to Mentone. It was a slow, primitive process, and would not do in our days when Mentone consumes such a large quantity of fuel. A few oaks and pines poised on inaccessible spots represent but poorly the once large forest. How old may these distorted trees be that find it difficult work to break their way through such hard rocks—

> 'When three hundred years an oak expands in growth,
> Three hundred years in majesty stands forth,
> Three hundred years declines and wastes away,
> Then dies and takes three hundred to decay.'[1]

We now reach a small farm still called the Lascaris farm or La Condamine, once a part of the former extensive Lascaris domains, whose masters, throned for a short time in Constantinople, reigned for centuries within the greatest part of the Maritime Alps. Some traces of an arched avenue and entrance are still visible, but are now fast disappearing since the terraces are being widened and the path narrowed. The arms of the gateway, tolerably perceptible in 1865, are now quite obliterated; time, weather, neglect, and wanton mischief carry steadily on their work of destruction. The best and last part of this historical manor, a kind of summer residence or a hunting-box, was wrecked by the French detachment on its hurried retreat from Italy after the disastrous battle of Turin in 1706, when all the tracks leading up to Castiglione were rendered impracticable except this one. The ruins were reduced to their present condition during the campaign of 1793–94, the farmer's house having been re-erected out of the heap of ruins of the ancient princely construction. In 1866 and '67 the late proprietor attempted the culture of cotton here, but it turned out a bad speculation.

The rest of the way leading by Castellare to Mentone is familiar ground. From the former place some take advantage of a return carriage, the rest walk by the cemetery, where they separate to reach their different quarters, all well satisfied with their day's work.

[1] *About the Woodhope Field Club*, p. 289.

CHAPTER XVII

TURBIA OR LA TURBIE, TURRIS VIAE, TROPHAEA AUGUSTI

Height, . . 1760 feet, highest accessible point of the monument.
Distance, . 15 kilom., or 10 miles.
Time, . . 2 hours 50 minutes.
Height, . . Tête de Chien 1900 feet.
Distance from Turbia 45 minutes.
,, down to Monaco or Monte Carlo 50 minutes, steep and rough.
For the journey up, the old Roman road by Vigilia is easier and prettier.
For the journey down, take the Cornice road.

'In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greater care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

. . . . . .

Thus alone can we attain
To these turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain
And one boundless reach of sky.'
LONGFELLOW, *The Builders*.

TURBIA, or La Turbie, vi. M.P. from ancient Lumone and IX. from ancient Cemenelum.[1]

There are but few drives, if any, that offer a grander, larger, and lovelier range of views than that part of the Cornice road from Mentone to Nice. It was constructed mainly after Napoleon's own conception and direction, by and for the French army on their passage into Italy after 1792. The genius that opened this important artery during a comparatively short period full of momentous events, all claiming immediate and careful attention, deserves posterity's unqualified praise and gratitude. But at one or two points the general would have preferred a

[1] M.P., *mille passuum*, a Roman mile, consisting of 1000 paces (*passūs*), about 140 yards less than an English statute mile. Duruy, in his *Histoire des Romains*, gives it as 1481·75 metres, which as nearly as possible agrees with our calculation. In the chapter on the Roman road, I take 1482 metres, or 1620 yards, as equal to a Roman mile.

TOWER OF AUGUSTUS, LA TURBIE, AS AT PRESENT

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WASHERWOMEN, LA TURBIE

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more direct communication with Italy, one lower down and midway between this and the Roman road, and thus a shorter and easier line. His practical mind, engrossed by his military operations, caring little for the beauty and scenery it offers, expressed his dissatisfaction at one particular bridge with lofty span, and the poor engineer, expecting praise rather than blame, leapt down from it. Unable to bear imperial disgrace, he preferred death to life.[1]

Nature has not been sparing in her distribution of beautiful and striking scenery, and ocean and land, mountain and plain, torrent and gorge, rocks and groves, north and south liberally contribute to the production of a most wonderful picture. Nor has man been wanting in adding his fair share of vast constructions and historical deeds and misdeeds, for within this sinuous shore and these undulating mountains lie buried the witnesses of two, if not three millenniums. In reviewing the past from the height of the Turbia monument we see these thousand years unfold their unwieldy pages, written in the mysterious characters of the earliest records, down to the familiar signs of our own time; pages bristling with conquests and defeats, glory and shame, attempts and failures, progress and relapse, discoveries and destructions, success and shortcomings, noble and heroic actions; things concerning almost every nation on the three old continents, from the Phœnicians or Phocæans down to the quiet and peaceful inhabitants of

[1] 'March 22, 1823. The views presented to us on our route to this place far surpassed our expectations; although they were not a little excited by the descriptions given to us of it. We were enabled to travel in light carriages of the country as far as Mentone, but here we must have recourse to mules, which our courier is now busily examining. The road as far as this town is remarkably good, and bears the indelible mark of him who planned it: boldly designed and solidly executed, with a disregard to difficulties or a complete triumph over them, it reminds one of that daring man who said that he disbelieved in impossibilities. The dimensions of the road are on a grand scale; rock, valleys, and mountains seem to have been no impediment to his scheme: the first was perforated, blown down, or pulverised; the second spanned by a bold arch; and the third levelled to carry his purpose into effect. Yes, Napoleon was the best of modern road-makers, and surpassed even the Romans in this respect, for his roads are monuments, as well as admirable means of communication, the sinews of commerce and civilisation.'—*The Idler in Italy*, by the Countess of Blessington. Paris, Baudry, 1839.

our present Liguria; from industrious Sidon and mighty Tyros to small Mentone.

And if you ask what is really left of all these gigantic enterprises, we most humbly confess very little, and that little in confusion, ruin, and decay!

The Romans came here very early. They began the conquest of Gaul, properly speaking of Provence, a district beginning at the river Var, in 225 B.C. The Greeks were there long before, since Massilia or Marseilles, a Greek colony, was founded 600 B.C.[1] and Antibes[2] (Antipolis), an outpost and sentinel, about 300 years later. But all this lies too far beyond the frame of this sketch to enter minutely into facts still disputed, dates of the first appearance and progress of the Romans. There is, however, no doubt that the first expedition, headed by Consul Q. Fulvius Flaccus took place in 234 B.C., and was followed by Gn. Bæbius Pamphilus in 180; by L. Postumius Albius Magnus in 152; by Marcus Fulvius Flaccus in 125, and that the entire submission of the numerous tribes, whose name we read on the original column, was accomplished about 40. Augustus arrived 12 B.C., *i.e.* 222 years after the first invasion, a short period considering the distance of the conquerors, the stout resistance of the Aborigines, and their repeated risings. This is about the time when the Roman senate decreed the closing of the Temple of Janus and the completion of this monument on such a grand scale, not in honour of the general alone who had done his duty so well, nor of the Cæsar who paid two flying visits to England, and whose exploits are so familiar to every one, but of all the commanders and officials who distinguished themselves in the Roman conquest, and especially Augustus the emperor, whose duty consisted chiefly

[1] Caius Sempronius says, however, Ligures dicti sunt a Ligure Phaetontis, multis seculis ante Graecas ex Attica colonias in Italiam transportavit, atque miscuit antiquissimis Italiæ populis ab ostiis Tiberinis usque Nicæam.

[2] 'Antipolis est l'Antibes moderne. Son nom signifie ville établie à l'opposite d'une autre, et cette autre était Nicea, Nice qui était comme Antibes, une des plus florissantes des Colonies Grecques du littoral.'—*Les Villes Mortes*, par Ch. Lenthéric. This is quite in opposition to the general belief that Antibes was an outpost of Marseilles, and I think the author is right.

MONUMENT OF AUGUSTUS AS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY

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TOWER, TURBIA, AS RESTORED IN 1325

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in pacifying the conquered provinces. The former occupied their niches, the latter the top of the trophy. We must acknowledge how great was the result which, following up and carrying out the line traced by his fellow-workers and predecessors and the bent of his own great mind, he actually attained. The establishment of the Roman empire was after all the greatest political work any human being ever wrought. The achievement of Alexander, of Charlemagne, of Napoleon, cannot for a moment be compared with it.

As for the sketches of the monument and its description, I have made many examinations, comparisons, researches, and studies in noted and rare works in the libraries of Nice, Genoa, Turin, Marseilles, etc. I only mention the following :

Gioffredo, . .	*Monumenta Storiæ Patriæ* under *Storia delle Alpi Marittimi.*
Guichéron . .	*Histoires Généalogiques de la Maison de Savoie.*
Baron von Malzen,	*Les États Sardes.*
Bouche, . . .	*Histoire de la Provence.*
Cluverii, . .	*Italia Antiqua.*
Walkenaer, . .	*Géographie des Gaules*, vol. ii.
Papon, . . .	*Histoire de la Provence.*
D'Anville, . .	*Notice de la Gaule.*
Desjardins, . .	*Géographie Historique et administrative de la Gaule.*
Durandi, . .	*Piémont cisalpin.*
E. Blanc, . .	*Épigraphie antique*, vols. v. and vi., *des Annales de la Société des lettres, Sciences et Arts des Alpes Maritimes, Nice.*

All these authors, and several others whose works are mentioned under different headings, have almost unanimously come to the conclusion that the enclosure of the colossal construction formed a square ; that a round column of a hundred feet perimeter supported the cornice ; that a majestic white marble statue of Augustus crowned, and many minor ones of eminent generals and consuls, etc., surrounded the fabric, and that a winding staircase,

constructed in the roomy interior, led to the pinnacle. A door is visible in several engravings.

There are, besides a few gentlemen fond of historical antiquities, very few natives who know anything of this monumental colossus, or who can give the slightest information to travellers. I think it would be a good thing to provide the municipality with the necessary books, and to encourage and enjoin the various officials to read and master them, and give at least an outline of the origin of this monument to inquiring visitors.

It is strange as well as sad to see and hear how very little the natives and officials know about this remarkable ruin. From personal experience I have learnt that people know now as much about it as they did in 1823 when Lady Blessington wrote thus: 'March 22, 1823. The village of Turbia is the next object that attracts the attention, but before reaching it, a fragment of an ancient building is passed, called the chapel of St. Catherine. It consists of but a few feet of a wall covered with paintings illustrative of the life of the saint from whom it takes its name, and which, though ill-drawn, are not destitute of grace and expression. The line of road passed directly through this chapel, leaving the fragments we noticed alone standing. The coachman who drove us pointed to it, shook his head, and after a moment's silence, remarked, that it was not wonderful that such an act of sacrilege brought a heavy punishment on its perpetrator. "The saints," continued he, and he crossed himself as he spoke, "are not to be insulted with impunity." One of the most picturesque ruins imaginable crowns La Turbie. We longed to learn something of its history; but those we questioned could give us no information, except that which our eyes conveyed, and which the stupid man stationed at the Custom House pompously repeated. "That this was a very fine and ancient ruin, well worth the attention of travellers." This he reiterated with an air of as much self-complacency as if he had given us the most interesting details.'

It may be perhaps desirable to give here, after Boyer, a Franciscan monk whose manuscripts are in the Nice

library, a more minute description of the shape and size of the entire monument. The stones were quarried in the immediate neighbourhood from a mount now called *Colla de la Justicia*. After having been carefully chiselled on the spot, some round, the most part rectangular, they were brought up and fastened together with iron and lead. Some surplus stones are still to be seen on the northern slope of the hill just mentioned. The four sides of the building measured two hundred and thirty feet each. At a certain height there was a plinth surmounted by a forum of Doric order. Boyer did not find any astragal traces, all having been too much damaged by the hand of man and firearms. There were two stairs, one on the southern and one on the northern aspect. The west wall, like the rest, of native stones more carefully and more artistically worked and more skilfully joined was quite smooth. What we now see of the ruin was, and still is, a most durable conglomerate, made to fill up the space between the limestone blocks and to cement the whole more firmly together. The head of the statue and the insignia of the trophy seemed to indicate that these marbles, bearing the names and emblems both of the conquerors and the conquered, were not executed here, and were, perhaps, not even meant for this monument, but were brought from some other public construction or from Rome direct. However this may be, there are numerous proofs of various ornaments quite in keeping with the style and size of this giant structure.

In the centre there rose a tower, or rather a fluted column, as architects call it, constructed of the same material, supported by eleven square pilasters of equal size and at equal distances from each other. The body of the monument was truncated, at what height it is almost impossible to say, but it must, according to Doric order, have been seven times its base. This structure in its entirety was about one hundred feet in circumference. Instead of joists, architraves were used, some Doric with double fasces, others Corinthian or Ionic with triple fasces. But as the Doric order is generally more solid, I feel inclined to believe that the base was chiefly, if not entirely, in that

style. The pilasters were crowned by a peristyle of Corinthian or Ionic order, whose columns were about three feet in diameter. The socles were of Luna marble, and I think the capitals as well, though I have not been so fortunate as to find one. There remains but one socle rather altered and worn, and being hollowed out is used as a Christian piscina. I have also discovered some traces of the capital of epistyles, evidently signs of a complete frieze and cornice work. According to Dion Cassius, who in his life of Augustus designates the whole mass under the name of Fornix,[1] *i.e.* an arch or vault; these columns supported a vault with cornice monuments. We do not know what was within that peristyle above the vault itself. I dare not even conjecture. I shall merely confine myself to retracing the various ornaments and the statue of Augustus.[2]

Let us begin with the head. Whether it was surmounted by a tiara, any imperial insignia or a helmet, cannot be satisfactorily proved, the face only remaining visible. The top of the 'helmet' was cone-shaped, and was fastened to the rest by keys or knobs; the forehead was encircled by a diadem set with small balls. I could not determine whether it was military or not.

Now about the dimensions of the monument. The height of the statue from the shoulders to the top of the conical headgear was 3 feet, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the eyebrows to the chin. The forehead, being entirely hidden by the

[1] *Fornix Trophæum ferens in Alpibus ei positus est*, Dion Cassius, i. 53.

[2] Métivier, *Monaco et ses Princes*, p. 12, says after somebody, and many nobodies declare it after him, that towards the end of the last century the head of Drusus, of exquisite workmanship, was found in the rubbish. It is even now to be seen in the Copenhagen Museum, where it was placed by a Danish prince, who purchased it on the very spot of its excavation. Now Professor Johanssen, keeper of the Museum in Christiania, on April 14, 1873, amongst other things, wrote to me: 'It is but a short time ago that I received a trustworthy catalogue of the classical objects of art and antiquity in our national museum. But neither here nor in Stockholm can any fragment of such a statue be found.'

And Dr. L. Müller, director of the Danish Museum, writes from Copenhagen, May 11, 1881, that neither a head nor any fragment of Augustus or Drusus, said to have been purchased by a Danish prince and brought here, can be found in our museum.

Hence Métivier's assertion does not rest on any foundation. I wonder who may have invented this legend?

TRIGLYPH FROM THE MONUMENT OF LA TURBIE, IN THE MUSÉE ANTHROPOLOGIQUE, MONACO

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COLONNE JUDICIARE, LA TURBIE

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helmet or whatever it was, does not offer us any help. The greatest width of the head is 1 foot 9 inches, of which the orb on the place of the nostrils represents about one-fifth. The middle of the face, taken from the point covered, gives somewhat larger dimensions. But from all these facts we may venture on an approximate determination of the height of the whole figure. If we add half the length of the line from the chin to the eyebrows, we get the length of the whole face, *i.e.* from the chin to the crown of the head. Again, according to the rule that the length of the whole body is nine times the length of the face, we get here 23 feet 9½ inches, and the whole edifice would then have been about 220 feet high, one hundred of which are still standing. And in one of the recently fortified additions there is even now seen the head of the statue in two fragments.

The granite which coats or rather coated the tower, nearly all the steps of the inner staircase, and those pieces which figure above the gate bearing some letters upside down, belonged all to the monument.[1]

Whilst pursuing my investigations in the midst of those ruins, I found a knee held by two hands, evidently a relic of worship, and part of a god representing the suffering and humiliation of a tribe imploring the indulgence or interference of a divine power, and from all I have seen I fairly conclude that besides the statue of Augustus there were other statues such as those of his helpmates and the tribes and nations conquered.

Thus wrote the Franciscan friar Boyer, a noted mathematician and historian in 1574, long after the incessant destruction wrought by many invaders from 400 to 700; by the Saracens up to 1000; by the Guelphs and Ghibellines, county against county, changing, or more correctly shifting their allegiance or alliance from year to year up to 1400; the invasions of the Turks up to 1570; the erection of churches in Turbia and Monaco, a cathedral in Nice, forts and private buildings; the ruinous effects of the different wars of succession, and finally the savage acts of the first

[1] I have seen no granite among the ruins.—Ed.

republican bands in and after 1790. We cannot help feeling surprised that there is yet so much left of that famous monument which has with many others been proclaiming the Roman genius for these two thousand years !

I am rather astonished that such a shrewd observer and careful investigator should not have noticed a subterranean aqueduct that brought the water down from a large cistern, fed by a spring on the western slope of Aggel. Notwithstanding the destructive work of time and man, a part of this watercourse can still be traced, and must have been frequently repaired and seemingly divided among many outlets.

Besides the short remark of Dion Cassius already quoted (p. 288) we have Ptolomaeus,[1] who places Turbia between Herculis Portus and Monæci Portus, *i.e.* Villafranca and Monaco, and whose statements about its exact position I have never seen within a guide-book, interesting though they be and running thus :

Albintiminium, . .	Longit. 29·10 Paris ;	Latit. 42·45 Paris.
Liguriæ juxta Ligusticum Pelagus, .		
Monæci Portus, .	28·40	42·40
Trophea Augusti, .	28·30	42·30
Herculis Portus, .	28·15	42·45

This indication is, according to M. Lenthéric, wonderfully correct. Here is what he says : ' Les travaux récents des géographes modernes ont établi d'une manière peremptoire que les tables de Ptolomée doivent être légèrement corrigées ; d'une part toutes les villes sont portées un peu trop à l'est en longitude, et l'erreur est environ un degré ; d'autre part les latitudes sont, en général, trop faibles et doivent être augmentées presque toutes de 30′ au Nord ; mais, comme ces erreurs sont constantes pour tous les lieux désignés dans les tables, toutes les positions relatives sont exactes et tout se réduit par conséquent à un simple déplacement d'origine pour les coordonnées géographiques. Or, en appliquant ces légères corrections aux chiffres donnés

[1] Ptolomaeus, l. 2, 3.

par la table ptoloméenne, on trouve avec une précision presque mathématique la longitude et la latitude.' [1]

And there is the itinerary of Antoninus placing Turbia likewise between Cemenelo and Albintimilio, marking its position very clearly thus :

Albintimilio, ...	mpm. xvi.
Lumone, ...	x.
Alpe Summa (Turbia, hucusque Italia, abhinc Gallia), ...	vi.
Cemenelo, ...	viiii.

The last, not the least weighty evidence we marshal up in favour of our old friend Turbia, is Pliny, who devotes a whole chapter to the place and gives the inscription which I copy just as it is :

IMPERATORI CAESARI
DIVI F AUG
PONTIFICI MAXIMO
IMP XIIII
TRIBVNITIAE POTESTATIS XVII
S. P. Q. R.
QVOD EIVS DVCTV AVSPICIISQVE
GENTES ALPINAE OMNESQVE
QVAE A MARI SVPERO AD INFERVM PERTINEBANT
SVB IMPERIVM POP ROM SVNT REDACTAE
GENTES ALPINAE DEVICTAE
TRIVMPILINI CAMVNI VENOSTES VENNONETES ISARCI BREVNI
GENAVNES
FOCVNATES VINDELICORVM GENTES QVATVOR CONSVANETES
RVCINATES LICATES CATENATES AMBVSONTES RVGVSCI
SVANETES CALVCONES BRIXENTES LEPONTII VIBERII
NANTVATES SEDVNI VERAGRI SALASSI ACITAVONES
MEDVLLI VCENI CATVRIGES BRIGIANI SOGIONTII
BRODIONTII NEMALONI EDENATES ESVBIANI VEAMINI
GALLITAE TRIVLATTI ECTINI VERGVNNI EGVITVRI
NEMATVRI ORATELLI NERVSII VELAVNI SEVTRII

I must not forget to mention that a few authorities have attempted to apply Pliny's quotation to the Arch of Triumph in Suza, but they are undoubtedly wrong, and their assertions have been most successfully refuted by a strict comparison and analysis of the existing fragments.

[1] *La Provence Maritime ancienne et moderne*, p. 93.

It is, nevertheless, very strange that the names of so many tribes should have been inscribed who had not the least connection with Liguria, whilst several others of the more immediate neighbourhood, though important tribes, should have been omitted, and that many tribes appear on both monuments. This can only be accounted for by the fact that all the commanders of legions far and near sent the names of the conquered tribes either to Suza or to Turbia as the case might be, or even to both, and of course to Rome as well, so as to get their full share in the military glory and their busts conspicuously placed near or beneath their military commanders-in-chief. Or might not the inscriptions have been composed in Rome from reports as they came in from all quarters of the world and sent on to the prefect or architect to be added to those already inscribed ? This would then satisfactorily explain the strange, capricious, even confused order of the names of the tribes, their length, their nationality, and their different spelling. I shall find an opportunity to allude to this fact a little further on. Nothing, however, bears more directly and more conclusively on Pliny's inscription than the fragments which were found dispersed or carelessly placed in several walls and houses. Unfortunately the evil spirit of centralisation and of official servility induced the last imperial prefect to see every historical token of Turbian antiquity removed to the ' Musée de St. Germain ' near Paris, where such remains lose all their local importance and interest, and do not attract the attention of one visitor out of a thousand, whilst they would add a *new* charm, *old* as they are, to the collection in Nice and become a strong inducement to many a rich and inquisitive visitor to undertake new, more persevering, more scientific excavations and researches. The municipality ought, I think, to claim these valuable relics, and the present government would, I am almost sure, consent to their transfer to Nice.

Most houses in the village, as will be seen later on, were evidently built out of the materials of this giant tower ; and a good many fragments of importance, of real historical importance may yet be found in repairing walls or in pulling

down and reconstructing houses. Proprietors, engineers, and architects ought to enjoin masons and labourers to handle those old cut stones very carefully indeed, and to offer a small reward to any one who finds a stone that shows a letter or design, or a bit of a letter or design.

The first four fragments had been known for some time, the next five have been gradually added, and the last two are given on Mr. E. Blanc's sole authority. The first is decidedly the most important, all the rest are very useful, each of them adding a mite to the solution of the difficult problem, yet all would be of little value if we had not Pliny's inscription. Out of the fragmentary contribution a succession of learned men have, for these last three centuries, elaborated solutions and removed many doubts and difficulties, and almost conclusively proved that Pliny's record of Turbia is an historical fact.

Before we begin to analyse and readjust these bits and chips we must dismiss from our minds the idea that Pliny's copy is an exact facsimile of the original as far as the length and distance of the lines and the size of the characters are concerned. As we shall soon see, the letters were big and the space between the lines was great—small, however, when compared with the size of the tower; for however large the letters and however great the distance between the respective lines may have been, such an inscription would have appeared like a mere sheet of foolscap on such an enormous wall, and we may fairly presume that the names of all the tribes were not placed one after, but one above the other, and in divisions or columns; and then some lines would be comparatively short and some comparatively long, just as orders from Rome or from the commanders might arrive, or the taste and experience of the stone mason might suggest, or as names might have come in after a long interval of time and from opposite quarters. Considering all these incidents, I think I am quite justified in my subsequent arrangement of the text, an arrangement that will, I trust, be fully borne out by the following combinations. Let us now take up the fragments and examine them according to their importance.

No. 1, RUMPILI, having only lost its head and tail has fared better than all the rest. The T was evidently knocked off by the fall from a considerable height or by the hammer of an ignorant mason, who placed the stone upside down over the eastern gateway that leads from the village to the monument. In putting the head on its trunk we get TRUMPILI, almost the complete name of the first tribe inscribed.

No. 2, the tail, brings it up to its primitive condition, and at the same time sets aside all doubt about its real spelling, TRUMPILINI and not TRIUMPILINI.

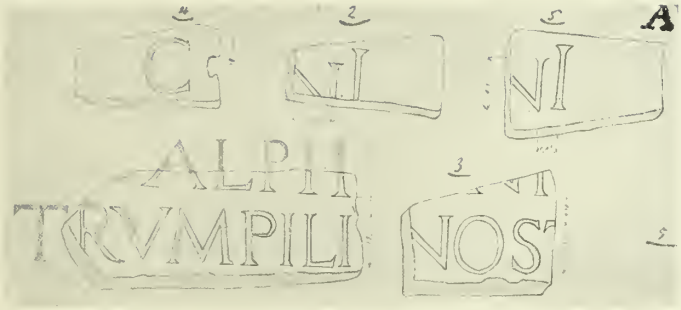
The upper part of the first fragment shows distinct traces of a second line of letters which not only helps us to form an idea of the size of the type and the space between the lines, but also to the restoration of a second word. The first chip can only belong to an A, the second to an L, an F and T not being admissible, A not existing in any name. On examining all our blocks we find that ALPINÆ is the only word that will stand the test : ALP and I fitting in admirably, and the last stroke representing a mutilated N, we complete thus a second important word. This will appear all the more convincing if we look carefully at the gentle curve above the V, block one, undoubtedly belonging to an S, and which I believe belongs to the final letter of GENTES, a word just before ALPINÆ and above TRUMPILINI.

The fragments we have up to now dealt with lead us to the two following and very conclusive facts :

(*a*) That the letters of the names are almost invariably nineteen centimetres high, and since all the fragments offer the same dimensions, we may naturally assume that this was the type of the whole inscription ; and

(*b*) That the space between the lines is invariably nine centimetres.

Let us also take note of the peculiar but consistent way of making the final I of a word, five centimetres higher than the preceding letters.



LETTERS FROM THE INSCRIPTION OF THE TURBIA MONUMENT NOW IN PARIS

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BASEMENT OF TOWER OF AUGUSTUS, LA TURBIE

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Let us also remember that the heading was a standing formula, a stereotyped expression and perhaps done in Rome, and copied in Turbia after the model; and that the names of the tribes were only gradually added, those conquered first coming in first, though perhaps far away, or according to the fancy of the commanders. The names too may have been written down incorrectly, and euphony is nearly always rather an unsafe guide, especially in proper names; and the spelling in these illiterate times must have been somewhat perplexing and confusing; let us remember all this, and we ought to be rather thankful that copyists did not make confusion more confounded, and that the fragments we possess offer such a valuable contribution to the bold attempt to remove latent doubts and difficulties and to solve a problem so perplexing. We ought, therefore, to be satisfied with the first result of our attempt, considering that two blocks, the most important it is true, give us three words of an undeniable value:

GENTES ALPINAE
TRUMPILINI

Whilst we gather from these two lines, as said before, the distance between the lines and the size of the letters confirmed by other fragments, they exhibit a singular want of symmetry in the arrangement of line beneath line, for there are only three letters on our left and eight on the right. This may be accidental or intentional, and will be best seen on the plan of the whole inscription, as it is supposed to have been. Let us therefore not anticipate but proceed to take up Fragment 3.

Fragment 3 contains two letters quite complete, half of an N and a bit of a fingerpost belonging to a T, and we at once point to the tribe called VENNOSTES—some writers spell it with one N only—which our combination will prove to be wrong. All these letters and chips enable, nay authorise us to read the following important combination:

CAMUNI
VENNOSTES

There may still be some chances to recover some of the more important names walled up somewhere or buried beneath the masses of masonry strewn about, consisting of mortar and conglomerate harder than rocks and still resisting the ever-gnawing teeth of time and weather. But a good deal of money, care, and patience will be needed before part of the dedication and curious and precious ornamental works can be unearthed and restored to historians to prove that Pliny's copy is, in all its essential parts, a true report.[1]

After having more or less satisfactorily disposed of Pliny's text, we have to face the still more formidable and perplexing question: Where was the real or probable abode of each individual tribe we have been mentioning and analysing?

This question very frequently put, is quite natural, but my answer will, I fear, neither be satisfactory nor convincing; for the tribes lived near and far; their names have been altered or even lost, since tongues and dialects have constantly varied and changed. Having systematically ransacked nearly every author that has alluded to or inquired into this subject, I think the following descriptive list may be accepted as exhaustive and safe:

1. The Trumpilini and Camuni

were and are still neighbours for the Val Trumpia; and the Val Camonica are on the southern slopes of the Alps belonging to Tyrol, close to the Valtelina valley.

2. Vennostes or Vennonetes

are most likely one and the same tribe differently spelt, the names having probably been sent in by two commanders. Authors differ very much about their spelling, and call them Vennones, Vinnones, Vennonii, Venonii, Venones, Venoneti,

[1] Dr. Müller's MS. contains a lengthy discussion on the letters of the inscription now in the museum of St. Germains and in the library at Nice, with elaborate conjectures as to the value of fragments of letters and to which of the tribal names they belong. The recent excavations at the monument have recovered several more letters, so that Dr. Müller's conjectures have lost much of their value, and it seems unnecessary to introduce them here.—Ed.

Venonanses and Œnonen, and they occupied Val Venusta or Venosta, the German Vintschgau, and were a large tribe from the Upper Inn far into Styria. Should Samaden, the Roman Summum Œni, be distantly connected with Œnonen Œnoni Œni ? Who can tell ? But there is a certain family likeness.

3. Isarci, Isarchi, Isnarci, Hisarci

most probably around the highest tributaries of the Isar, the Isarus of the ancients, and the place Scharitz, Iscarnitz, seems to indicate some distant relationship to these names.

4. Brevni, Brenni, Breoni

north of the Brenner. The name Val di Blegno can easily be traced to Val di Bregno or di Brenni.

5. Genaunes, Naunes

east of Sterzing. Koch mentions a Valgenau.

6. Focunates

There is absolutely no clue to their whereabouts. They formed, perhaps, but a small tribe, and their name was most likely corrupted and mutilated like many others.

7. Consuanetes, Ruginates, Licates, and Catenates

were four powerful tribes of Vendilicia, which was a Roman province lying between the Danube, west of Helvetia, south of Rhætia and east of the river Œnus, *i.e.* Inn, and contained thus the north-eastern part of Switzerland, the south-east of Baden, the south of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, and the north part of Tyrol. Only one name, Licates, testified to their origin, most likely the one living nearest to the Licus. The position of the three other tribes is thereby pretty clearly indicated.

8. Ambusontes, Abisontes, Abisontii

are supposed to have dwelt in the Roya valley about Briga, or perhaps more likely nearer Bregenz in the Vorarlberg, the Roman Brigantia.

9. Rugusi

They formed one of the wildest tribes, and occupied land near the Adige, the Ortlerspitze, and the Vennones, round about a valley called Val del Sel by the Italians and Salztaal by the Germans. Some authors call them Rugutii, and place them north of the Brigantii.

10. Suanetes, Suanetæ, Suanitæ

between the Adda, the Rugusci, and the Camuni, the name reminding us of the old town of Suana, Suanum, or Suanitæ.

11. Calucones, Allucones, Caucones

said to have lived in the Upper Inn valley, commonly called the Engadine ; but here, too, opinions differ.

12. Brixenetes, Brixentis, Brixentes, Brixantæ

occupied the present site and neighbourhood of Brixen, in Tyrol, formerly called Brixina, mentioned in 828 as Pressenu, in 901 as Brichsna, as a bishopric in 992.

13. Leponti, Lepontii

are frequently mentioned as a Ligurian tribe, enumerated with the Taurini, Salassi, Eugaunei, etc., as Rhætian ; their principal town being Ivréa. Others place them in Wallis ; some in the Lapantina or Leventina valley with their capital Oscela now Domo d'Ossola. It is difficult to say who is right.

14. Uberi, Uberii, Viberi

This tribe, too, is named with the Vennones, Sarunetes, Rugusci, Suanetes, Calucones, Brixenses and Lepontii. They seem to be a branch of the latter mightier people, settling more and more up the valley of Domo d'Ossola, crossing the Simplon into the Rhone Valley, where the surplus population adopted the name of Lepontine Viberi or simply Viberi, extending as far as Ad Fines, *i.e.* Pfingen, marking formerly the boundary between the Rhetian and

Helvetian nations and the German and French languages. The town Pfin in Turgau fulfilled the same mission.

15. The Nantuates

on the eastern foot of St. Gothard, so says one and so says another, but so do not all of us say. According to Cæsar they lived above the Seduni (*Gallic War*, III. i.), but according to iii. 6, Servius Galba left Octodorus and passed into the territory of the Nantuates and then into that of the Allobroges, which was within the limits of the Provincia. The Veragri and the Nantuates were thus neighbours of the Allobroges, the former occupying the higher and the latter the lower parts of the Chablais.

16. Seduni

Eastwards of the lake of Geneva, up the Rhone valley, Sitten, Sion, the ancient Sedunum being their headquarters. They were thus just above the following tribe.

17. Varagri, Veragri, Vavagri, Vevagri

Octodurus was their capital. It is now called Martigny or Martinach, a small place on the right side of the Drause, which falls into the Rhone a little below Martigny, and at the point where the Rhone forms a great elbow. In the itineraries and the Peutinger table, Octodurus lies on the road which leads by the Pass of the Pennine Alps over the Grand and Petit St. Bernard. This indicates their former position very clearly.

18. Salassi

Their position is clearly indicated by Aosta, the Augusta Prætoria Salassorum of the Romans. They were a brave and warlike people. After the conquest of Liguria about A.U.C. 573 or 180 B.C., they were attacked in A.U.C. 611 or 142 B.C. under Appius Claudius. They held the key to two important Alpine passes. They occupied thus the southern slope of the Grand St. Bernard, and were close neighbours to the Lepontii, the Seduni, the Varagri, and even to the Allobroges.

19. Acitavonnes, Centrones

Cæsar was in Geneva in 58 B.C. He crossed the mountains by the shortest road into Ulterior Gallia. There must have been then another road on leaving Ocelum for the Vocontii, in the Provincia. Three tribes attacked him on his march; one of them was the Centrones who lived in the valley of the Tarentaise, down which the road leads from the pass of the Little St. Bernard into Gallia Ulterior. This is the only indication we have about their actual position. The name itself occurs under both forms indicating the same vague habitat.

20. Medulli

These are placed in the Maurienne, around the sources of the Isère, the Durance, and in the val de l'Arc. Other ancient writers assign to them the delta formed by the Isère and Rhone. Their name appears also on the Suza monument and on a fragmentary inscription found between Joudon and Ascros, canton Roquestron, in the Maritime Alps, a long distance from their former abode. Vitrubius in *De Architectura*, viii. 3, wrote: 'In alpibus natione Medullorum est genus aquæ quam bibunt efficienter turgidis gutturibus.'

21. Uceni, Ucenni

are supposed to have existed in the valley de la Romanche. But this is a mere guess, I fancy.

22. Caturiges

inscribed, like several other tribes, both on the Suza and Turbia monuments, held the territory about Briançon, Gap, and Embrun. The latter town was early created a bishopric that seemed to embrace the whole tribe. Chorges, civitas Rigoma gensium, is believed to have been their rallying-point, and seems to be a queer contraction of Caturiges. Isaac Taylor (*Notes and Queries*, July 3, 1886, p. 2), in his reply to Brother Fabian, calls the Caturiges 'battle kings.'

23. Brigiani

These inhabited the Larenza valley, a tributary of the Roya, which it joins at St. Dalmazzo di Tenda. Briga is the only place in it. They have undoubtedly also occupied the Roya valley up to and beyond Tenda, and the gorge towards the present Franco-Italian boundary, the Miniera with its affluents, shut in by the Nauca line, which culminates in La Cima del Diavolo, turns north to Clapier, where in the lakes Valmasea and St. Agniel, the Casterina takes its origin. This is separated from the Meraviglie and Inferno lakes by clumsy mount Bego. Some readers may have heard of the curious hieroglyphies in the Meraviglie slope.[1]

Some modern authors, relying on one or two inscriptions, place this tribe either at Briançon or Briançonnet, which were, however, peopled by other divisions, and the Ordo Brigi can only be applied to Brigantium.

24. Sogonti, Sogontii, Sogiontii

Several French writers, who ought to be well acquainted with these Alpine localities, assign to them as abode the valleys north of Puget-Théniers on the Var, on account of numerous names found in this region, all containing the principal letters of the tribe. Amongst many, I select Sogonces, not a very great variation ; then Souches, seemingly a very distant cousin, given in local acts as locus Sogoneles, and in a kind of Doomsday book of the sixteenth century as Sounches. The dropping of the N and G following the diphthong *ou* seems a very frequent occurrence in the meridional dialects. Sogontii would have thus gradually changed into Sogoncii, Sogonchii, Sogonches, Soonches, Souche. This conjecture, though not violating the broad rules of etymology, deserves further inquiry. It is a strange coincidence that the same root occurs in the British tribe Sogontiaci ; as Brother Fabian says : 'While still in the country of Cassivellaunus, Cæsar received the submission first of the Trinobantes, and a little later of the

[1] These remarkable inscriptions have been explored, studied, and described by Clarence Bicknel, Esq., of Bordighera. *The Prehistoric Rock Engravings in the Italian Maritime Alps.* Bordighera, 1902.—Ed.

Cenimagni, Segontiaci, Ancalites, Bibroci, and Cassii' (*Notes and Queries*, June 26, 1886, p. 502. Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.*, v. 21).

25. Brodiontii, Bodiontici

They were, according to two or three authors, located round about Digne in the Basses Alpes, and though I cannot see any convincing or even plausible reason for their doing so, I am bound reluctantly to accept their decision, having nothing better to offer.

26. Nemaloni, Nemalones

Our horizon is darkening, and we are shifting from hazy conceptions into utter darkness. No one but Ainsworth, who links them with the Caturiges, knows anything about them.

27. Edenates, Sedenades, Edemnades

apparently a small tribe, living in the Larche valley (Basses Alpes), whose waters, passing near Gréolie, flow into the Durance. Seyne, a good-sized village or borough, was their capital. To add an S before a name was not at all unusual, and many examples might be quoted. Tzetzes in his commentary on *Lycrophon*, v. 1361, wrote: '*Ἄλπια οὐ Σάλπια ὄρη Εὐρωπαῖα τῆς Ἰταλίας μερίδα.* It is thus that Seyne, formerly called and spelt Sedena, supplies us a hint to etymological speculation. The tribe was evidently located between the Caturges (No. 22) and the Brodiontii (No. 25), for Bouche says: 'That the ancient name of the village Seyne in the Latin document is spelled Sedena, and was the most considerable of many minor localities situated within these mountains, and forming part of the diocese of Embrun.' In an enumeration of the convents of the preaching brethren in 1445 Edenades had already changed into Sedenades. There is another link of this broken etymological chain. In 1837 they discovered near Avignon a heavy bag of coins, amongst which there were some copper pieces with this legend: *Bertrandus comes*

Edne, which puzzled a good many numismatologists, and they translated it *Bertrandus comes et dux Narbone.* Duke he never was, and the rendering was very unsatisfactory. Later on, being compared with another document, it was found that it meant : Bertrand IV., count of Forcalquier (1150 to 1208), who generally styled himself as *comes edne*, the Edinates having not yet been transformed into Sedinates. This, I presume, settles the question.

There is a tribe inscribed in Suza as Adanatii which, considering the ignorance of grammar and spelling, might be Edinates.

28. Esubiani, Vesubiani

found on the Suza and Turbia inscription, objections as from distance cannot account for much. The upper valley of St. Martin Lantosque, the chief and highest place, is as far from Suza as from Turbia, called Esubiaan on the latter, and Vesubiaan on the former monument. To argue for two tribes would be mere hair-splitting. Vulpis, the ancient name of the torrent, an affluent of the Var, and Vesupia or Vesubia are near relations, though we cannot legally trace the genealogical mutations of their names. We place that tribe therefore from Lantosca to St. Martin, where the river branches off into two tributaries—the Boréon to the north, as its name indicates, and shut in by a high mountain ridge from Cima Pelago over Mercantour to Balma de Ghilles ; and the Fenestra coming from the flanks of Mounts Fenestra, Gelas, and Prals, enclosing at a height of 6300 feet the Madonna, one of the earliest Christian stations, still called a sanctuary.

29. Veamini

in the valley of the Asse, a suggestive appellation, running rapidly down into the Durance, as if ashamed of its name. Senez, a former bishopric, and therefore an important town, was their capital. The surrounding mountains called Thorame or Taulame seem to have retained an atom of the tribe's name.

30. Gallittae, Gallitae, Gallitre

A tribe whose quarters are, and have been, and I fear will be, a puzzle to many serious and persevering inquirers into historical statements. Some French geographers place them on the river Verdon, between the towns of Alloz and Colmars, Basses Alpes. It is true they do not agree, but accept the most plausible of their obscure opinions. Pélat and Encombrette, two high mountains, must have been their eastern limit.

31. Triulatti, Triulacti, Triubatti

A minor tribe whose name, I think, is not mentioned by any ancient writer, and whose actual dwellings are unknown, or at least uncertain, unless we accept the Sasse valley, near the Durance up to the village and mountains of Turriers.

32. Ectini

were the inhabitants of the upper Tinea, say from the torrent Roya to St. Etienne up to the highest mountain passes, including perhaps all the valleys on the right hand. Both the river and some places supply materials for etymological suggestions and arguments based on fair foundations. The name of the river itself, Tinea, is a very near relation to Tini, and the town St. Etienne is, perhaps, following a pope's suggestion to adopt Christian saints resembling heathen names, an Ectinian turned into a St. Etienne. Such assimilations abound out here on the Ligurian coast.

33. Vergunni

Between the rivers Contemp and Vergons running into the Var, Alpes Maritimes.

34. Equituri

All the learned historians writing about the Suza and Turbia monuments differ and place the Equituri in very strange quarters. Relying faintly on the last part occurring in this and the following tribe's name, I assign to them the territory of the Isola, left bank and its affluents, especially the Castillon. Turi might point to some relationship.

35. Nematuri, Nementuri

their neighbours, both Turi, whom I place within the territory neighbourhood of Claus, in the Tinea Valley, a woody country. The name seems to suggest steep ravines and sacred groves, which abound in these vast forests wherein these people may have worshipped their deities. A Roman road led from Nice by Levens and La Tour to Claus into the Tinea valley.

36. Oratelli

They remind us too much of Utelli and Utella, Utelle, a wealthy borough situated 4200 feet above sea-level on a wedge between the Tinea and Vesubia torrents. The parish is very extensive, and occupies, with its many dependencies, all the slope and a large part of the Vesubia valley.

37. Nerusii, Nemesii

are, according to several documents and Mr. Ed. Blanc's close reasoning, into which to my great regret I cannot enter, one and the same tribe, and spread around Vence, the capital of the Pagus Vintium.

38. Velauni

the former occupants of the once important and powerful county of Beuil on the river Chanz.

39. Suetri

perhaps the best known people, held the country about Castellane, Pagus Salinium, Basses Alpes. But after a careful examination of various texts and commentators, I believe they occupied the higher region of St. Auban and Briançonnet on the Esteron river, formerly frequently called Ṣuetron and Suestion, and yet may have reached over to Castellane.

There are the tribes mentioned in Pliny. Ignorant or fanciful copyists changed many a name perhaps already badly rendered. The improvements of real or self-created scholars, often following a deep-rooted idea, have added their mite to the difficult solution of a problem already very

intricate and complicated. But after due allowances made and a painstaking and impartial review of the vast territory over which all these peoples spread, no one can deny that there was yet a certain order and method in the enumeration of the names.

Let us now return to our subject and see how this Turbia monument reached its present condition. The very first attack may have been attempted by the primitive inhabitants themselves who, driven to despair by the tyranny and extortion of their taskmasters in 287, formed large bands loosely organised, armed themselves with their various weapons, and laid waste the open country, surprised villages and boroughs, and after having satisfied their hunger and passion, burnt what they could not carry away.[1] Then came the Burgundians when, after their defeat at Fiesole in 406 they passed through Liguria into Gaul, killing the people and destroying their homes.[2] They were followed by the Goths during their raids about 537, who did not spare either person or property; and by the Longobards under Albin fifty years later; and finally by the Moors or Saracens for the next three hundred years. The Guelphs and Ghibellines, hotly contesting their respective places and alternately fortifying or destroying them, contributed more than the Barbarians to the final ruin of the Roman colossus.

Various contests between west and east selected poor old Turbia as a point worth contending for. Hands she changed often, friends she never gained. In 1706 Marshal Berwick, son of James II. of England, then in the service of France, considering the tower a fortress too near

[1] Gioffredo, i. 374.

[2] 'On était au mois de Juin. Ces impitoyables dévastateurs coupaient le blé à demi mûr pour en nourrir leurs chevaux. Ils pillaient, massacraient sans distinction d'âge ni de sexe, de sacré ni profane, et quand ils avaient pris le plus précieux, ils incendiaient villes et villages. Tout ce qui rappelait la puissance romaine fut effacé du sol, monument de la Turbie, forteresses, remparts, palais, pont du Var furent anéantis à jamais.'—Tisserand, *La Cité de Nice*, lib. i. p. 4.

'A toute heure, les laboureurs qui vaquaient aux travaux des champs, étaient exposés à perdre la vie, la liberté. Ils établirent des avant-postes à la Turbie et entre Castillon St. Agnès et Peille; tous furent des embuscades.' —*Précis Historiques de Nice*, par le Chevalier J. B. Toselli, i. p. 25.

the French frontier, undermined it. But even his most powerful charges could not shake the foundation and socle. Adding to all these incursions the constantly varying defensive lines erected one year and altered or pulled down the next; the building of churches in Nice and Monaco out of the ruins of this once towering edifice, and we may fairly suppose that only the best material was taken away; considering the erection of all Turbia and the continual erection of new dwellings as the population increased within these eighteen hundred years, and considering the heaps of sculptured masonry lying pell-mell above-ground or still buried, it is really wonderful that so much is yet left of the great monument.

And what about its name? Does it come from *tropæum*, *i.e.* a monument of victory? or is it only a slight alteration of *turris viæ*, a tower by the wayside? If the grammarians alone do regulate the whimsical way of shifting, adding, or omitting vowels, or softening or hardening or curtailing consonants, Turbia would be a very abnormal formation of Tropæa, Tropia, Torbia, and Turbia, and though it does not look a violent and capricious, yet it does, in my humble opinion, look a tortured proceeding. It is not a congenial derivation. Climate and dialect seem to be equally against it. I have, moreover, never met with the name in its Grecian transitions. It is frequently, if not even generally, the illiterate masses rather than the learned minority that shape and create local terms. The *v* turns almost invariably into *b*. I feel, therefore, strongly tempted to accept the view, that the originators, or natives, or invaders called it *Turris in via—Turris viæ*, and that succeeding generations gradually shaped it into *Turriva*, *Turvia*, *Turbia*. In Cluverii it is called *Torba*. 'Monæco imminet a duobus ferme millibus passuum, in edito asperoque jugo, ignobile nunc castellum, vulgo *Torba*, dictum.'

This gradual transition is so much in keeping with the dialect of the neighbourhood and similar formations that I adopt it unhesitatingly, but would not venture to influence the mind of any reader. Let us now read the following passages and then come to a final conclusion:

XLIX

‘Ayzi dis l’estoria con si fom facha
li torres de la Turbia ni qui la fetz.
Qui vol ausir l’antiquitat
De l’idola qu’ieu ai parlat
E de la torre del jayan
C à la Turbia fetz tan gran,
Qu’en aquell temps fom appellada
A la torre benaurada ?

. . . . .
. . . . .

E vent s’en drech a la Turbia
El mont d’Agell, pres de la mar,
Luec coveynable vay trobar ;
Car soven en la selva fera,
Ly diabler per mar e per terra
Passavan present e privat,
Perque le luecx li ven ce grat.

. . . . .
. . . . .

Per que fetz ab encantament
La torre de gran bastiment,
Am peyras de gran cayradura
E obras d’antiqua figura,
Colonnas de marme pesanz
Y mes maravillosas grantz
Que sufron l’obra tot entor
E cant ai conplida la tor
De tres dobles tot en viron
Bauzabuc et Mutafellon
Los demonis fetz acampar.

. . . . .
. . . . .

A la torre venien cochos
De totas partz maritgilos
Cas cuns per far proar s’esposa :
Car l’idola malaurosa
Lur dizia totz los fayllimentz

. . . . .
. . . . .

L

Ara s’en vay a la Turbia
N. Aymes abe sa compaynia

. . . . .

LI

. . . .
. . . .
Sant Honorat de mantenent
Diys al marques que tengues via
Am sa coguiylla ; a la Turbia
E que en toquessa l'imaje
. . . . .
. . . . .
Le marques fetz son mandament
A la Turbia vene breument,
Toquet l'ymaje del vestir ;
Le dyables s'en vay fugir.
E fez desfar la cayradura
De la bella obra de natura :
Colonnas e marmes entiers
A fag espezar per cartiers ;[1]
. . . . .
. . . . .

From these passages, written in the thirteenth century, my conclusion about the name of Turbia is fully borne out. There never occurs any allusion to Trophæum or Tropæum ; they one and all remind us constantly of Turris via. And in a long, well-written, and interesting manuscript, now in the Municipal Library of Mentone : 'Mémoire pour M. le Prince de Monaco contre M. le Duc de Savoie, etc.' composed in 1703, we read in an act, June 11, 1300, Castri Turvim, and Castri Turvis in another dated May 9, 1301. But I must put a stop to these quotations, as I must needs add some further historical remarks about a place so full of interest, and to avoid tedious repetitions I begin with the year 951, when Otho the Great, of Ventimiglia, in consequence of his marriage with Adelaide, King Lothar's widow, extended his dominion at least up to, if not beyond, Turbia, which was then repaired, and a good many houses sprang up around it.

In 1070 the chapel of Santa Dévota, *ecclesiam Sanctæ Devotæ*, Monaco's greatest intercessor, was within Turbia territory, and the Turbians built St. Mary's Church near

[1] *La Vida de san Honorat, Légende en vers Provençaux*, par Raymond Férand, troubadour niçois du XIII[ème] siècle ; annotés, par A. L. Sardou ; *Annales de la Société des lettres, etc., des Alpes Maritimes*, tome iii. 1875.

the port of Monaco, *quoad ecclesiam Sanctæ Mariæ de portiis Monacho probi viri de la Turbia quam ædificaverunt et sacrare fecerunt.* The principality was then even smaller than it is now.

In 1125 a will settled a dispute between Raymond Berenger and Alphonse Jourdain, and indirectly the confines of La Provence and Italy, Turbia being mentioned, *et Druentia in monte Jani nascitur et ipse mons per fines Italiæ descendit ad ipsam Turbiam in mare et usque in medium maris.*

In 1137 its tithes belonged to the bishop of Nice, and twenty-nine years later it was entrusted to the convents of Peglia; and King Ildefonso of Arragonia wrote to them quite a friendly letter saying among other things: '*Et laudo vobis ut teneatis vestrum consulatum integrum et firmum sicut tenebatis quando ego fui in partes Niciæ scilicet Peglia et Pellon et illa Turbia sicut primum tenebatis nunc confirmo et laudo.*

In 1203 it possessed still its port, since a boat with a valuable cargo ran into it for safety, and Monaco formed actually part of its territory up to 1215, when it was given or rather added to La Provence, and was, with Eza, declared neutral ground.

The Peglians seemed then, 1298, disposed to encroach on their neighbours, and were enjoined not to molest the Turbians within their own borders. But they, not heeding this injunction, lost their connection with Turbia altogether, which passed in 1299 into the possession of the Genoese or rather the Ghibelline party, who having got the better of their rivals, the Guelphs, and obtained permission to hold and fortify their new fief, availed themselves largely of this concession. There was a codicil which bound them to respect the persons and estates of their opponents therein. This convention lasted, however, a very short time, for in 1305 it was the property of King Charles I., since they applied to him for money already spent, by special commission, in the repair of the castle or tower of Turbia. At that time they added the ornamental embattlements which were visible in 1620. The king's treasury having

been drained by his continual prodigal outlays in Piedmont and elsewhere, the city of Nice had to cover the item by paying up her arrears for the inns attached to St. Michael.[1]

When the money business was settled the Turbians began to complain of their old-established right of fishing being interfered with or infringed upon by the Monachians, who had now become a recognised and independent nation. The boundary line between Turbia and Monaco having never been properly traced, the question seemed to be too intricate to be grappled with in the ordinary diplomatic way. The subjects of the prince claimed the whole shore, and the burghers a certain part of the sea called Spelunga. None would yield, and appeal to arms seemed imminent. Wiser counsels prevailed, however, and rather than let it come to open hostilities, arbitration was resorted to, and the governor of Nice, King Robert's lieutenant, was selected as the fittest and only person agreeable to both parties. After having carefully studied the piscatory difficulty, he betook himself to the spot on the 28th of May 1329, a day for ever memorable in the annals of both sides, and after having examined the practical question and compared it with his notes, he arrived at the following solemn and binding conclusion:

'Whereas the right of fishing in the disputed waters evidently belongs to both parties, and whereas it is but prudent and proper to avoid all further misunderstandings, I hereby do decide and will have enacted that the people of Monaco should fish during two consecutive days, and then the people of Turbia two, and both thus peacefully continue until any other legal arrangement shall have been made and put into force.'

King Robert being fully aware of the commanding position of Turbia in general and the great influence and political pressure it exercised over Monaco in particular, wanted to be the sole master of the place. He entered, therefore, into negotiations with Daniel Marchesano, a citizen of Nice, and at that time syndic of his native town, to cede him his half for an appropriate sum. The continual

[1] Appendix. See Note E.

passage of troops not being exactly favourable to the rent roll, the proprietor was disposed to part with his share, and finally signed an agreement in December 1331, whereby he accepted three-fourths of another fief instead.

In 1352 their governor, A. Ricchiero, rendered an important service to the Peglians, who having acted somewhat unbecomingly towards the Church, were under the bishop's ban. One hundred gold guldens were fixed on by the civil arbitrator as a sufficient atonement, and were grudgingly accepted by the money-loving prelate. The act was passed and signed at Laghetto in 1352.

The Turbia people had soon reason to repent of their doubtful success in the fishermen's quarrel. As part owners of a small strip of the seashore they were summoned by their master, then also King of Jerusalem and Sicily, to contribute to his fleet against the Turks and others in 1381, six men and a boat . . . Petrus Marquesani de Nicia, castellanus castri Turbiæ cum servientibus sex et uno cane.[1] The intervening treaty not having been notified was null and void.

This costly maritime expedition sorely tried the king's paymasters and dried up all his resources, so that Charles III., king and lord of many lands and yet a true John Lackland, had to mortgage Turbia and Eza in 1384 to J. Boncaglia and N. Spinola for a round sum of 10,000 gold florins, partly paid down in hard cash, partly accounted for in outlays for a galley. No wonder that Turbia should slip out of his hands altogether to form part of the extensive possessions of the Duke of Savoy in 1396, who entrusted the new acquisition to a faithful servant Nicodo de Menton, who had to make a firm stand against the encroaching princes of Monaco, whose small domain and very residence were almost within the duke's territory. In 1419 it is noted down as belonging to Provence. When in 1440 the Genoese assailed Monaco and were finally repulsed, not only by the prince's brave soldiers but chiefly by the sudden apparition of Santa Devota, Monaco's invincible

[1] *Uno cane, i.e.* a small boat, originally a reed boat, then a gondola, from *canna*, *-æ*, κάννα or κάννη.

patron saint, a good deal of damage was done to several places within the duke's sway, and he set up this claim . . . 'sensuyt ce que mon Seigneur, le Duc de Savoye, demande aux Genevois des dommages et dépens qu'il a heu d'eux à cause de l'armée qu'ils sont mise en ses pays pour faire la guerre à Moniguez,' . . . but this letter not being attended to, he assisted Lucien Grimaldi, his vassal, in regaining Mentone and Roccabruna in 1517.

The frequent passage of Spanish troops to and from Monaco, and some stringent measures taken by Augustin, tutor and uncle of the then absent Prince Honoré, the capture of the governor's son and many more provocations, gave rise to frequent complaints in 1525, and the Duke of Savoy wrote a long letter in which he severely blames and disapproves the Monaco government, requesting them to keep within their proper limit of action. There were endless disputes, negotiations, agreements, and treaties about taxes, fishing-limits, pasture-lands, forts, roads, chapels, communal and individual grievances and interests, and mutual sovereign rights extending over a period of six hundred years, from 1100 to 1700. There are no empires in the world that have quarrelled so much as these two pygmy states. The unexpected arrival, however, of large bands of Turks soon mended matters, causing a better understanding, and united action against the common enemy, which checked their progress and drove them finally off in 1543. In 1610 the duke sought to bring about an alliance with Spain, but failing in this he secretly endeavoured to enroll the best men of the country in order to reinforce his garrison in Turbia and Nice, and to man his badly-equipped fleet, for attacking Henry IV., king of France.

At this time Dante sang :

'Noi divenimmo intanto appiè del monte:
Quivi trovammo la roccia si erta
Che indarno vi sarien le gambe pronte.
Tra Lerici e Turbia, la più diserta,
La più romita via è una scala,
Verso di quella, agevole ed aperta.'[1]

[1] *Purgatorio*, canto III. v. 49.

When the French arrived they did as much mischief as possible. Prince Anthony of Monaco requested the French general to entrust the tower to him. But Feuillade having successfully crossed the Var, bombarded Nice, carried Villafranca, Mont Alban, and St. Hospice, would not listen to so small a prince, but unscrupulously mined the world-famed monument, and made an attempt to blow it up on January 6, 1705, but in spite of his strong will and powder he could not carry out his wicked design. The tower, a little more ruined, it is true, remained still strong enough in the steady hands of the worthy house of Savoy.

During the latter part of the Austrian War of Succession (1741–1748), Turbia suffered greatly. Friends and foes, if friends there were, behaved badly. It was assailed, stormed, taken, and recaptured ; and whatever party passed, inflicted new trials on the old sufferer and new wounds on the shaky old patient.

The boundary line between Monaco and Turbia, the prime cause of so many local bickerings, was definitely settled in 1760, though a few troublesome people would now and then remove the landmarks ; but all passed off quietly, Turbia continuing to look haughtily down on her small neighbour, and pious Monaco to frown upon tottering Turbia. But what a change ! Lofty Envy longs for the treasures below !

The more recent events need scarcely any mention. The invasion of the French in 1792, with all its distressing and humiliating consequences ; their passage to Peglia, by a track leading northward past a few old barracks, up to a cistern and a plain with some rough entrenchments where savage bands committed many a crime ; some hastily constructed encampments and works for the artillery nearer Peglione ; the heroic resistance of two hundred brave Nizzards watching the advance of the French from Monaco ; the disgraceful and outrageous conduct of the Phalange Marseillaise ; the annexation to the Republic humbly craved for ; the progress and retreat of the imperial army ; the consequent restoration to Piedmont, and the latest cession to the empire so freely voted ; all these things, with all their pleasant and unpleasant recol-

lections, are within the reach of almost every memory and need not be discussed. We, therefore, only add that Turbia, with other places, claims to be the cradle of the Roman Emperor Pertinax, a poor shoemaker's great son. The beautiful situation, and the gigantic monument, then imposingly proclaiming great men's deeds and works, may have awaked in this youth a love for inquiry, study, and fame, that inspired him with a yearning for higher and nobler duties. His life, his works, and death are too well known to be recorded here.

Neither have the Turbians forgotten their former closer connection with Monaco. In November 1889, following an ancient custom, they sent the succeeding prince, Albert I., on his wedding-day a lamb in tiny shoes fastened by rosy ribbons, a pigeon and an olive branch, as was done when Turbia was a vassal or perhaps a part of Monaco.

The few inscriptions found about here, not referring to the monument, are too fragmentary to be copied. The spiral walls still traceable between the enclosure and outer line, will prove, if proof be needed, that the learned Franciscan monk did not go one inch too far in his calculation, but was, I think, below the mark. They will help us, I hope, to get one day an almost perfect plan of the foundation and extent of the construction.'[1]

[1] The wishes with regard to the Tower of Augustus expressed by Dr. Müller have in part been realised. In 1906 the Société des Fouilles, under the inspiration and direction of M. Philip Casimir of Nice, began and for many months prosecuted the work of excavation and clearing away the mass of rubbish, the accumulation of centuries, which surrounded and covered up the base of the monument. After three years' work, during which many hundreds of cart-loads of earth and rubbish were removed, the base of the monument has been laid bare. The four sides with their four angles have been exposed. The splendid masonry of the structure, its huge blocks of limestone carefully smoothed and accurately fitted and clamped with iron or lead, but without any mortar, have been brought into the light of day. In spite of the vandalism of Marshal Berwick and General La Feuillade, much of it is still in a good state of preservation. Many blocks which had fallen from above have been collected, several drums of the large columns, six feet in diameter, have been discovered, as well as smaller pillars; some triglyphs and bits of ornamentation, and what is perhaps of greater interest, several more letters of the great inscription have been recovered. The work has been completed and has been put under the protection of the State. In the month of April 1909 the President of the Republic, M. Fallières, visited the monument, the excavation works were explained to him, and the help of the State was solicited. It is intended to build up a portion of the ruin, using the materials obtained, so as to exhibit something of the original aspect of the monument.—Ed.

CHAPTER XVIII

VIGILIA, LES VEILLES, OR LA VIGIE

Distance, . . . 4½ miles.
Time, ... 1 hr. 15 ms.

'What is this picture?

'It is a young man singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling
Turns round to look at him, and Death, meanwhile,
Is putting out the candles on the altar.'
H. W. Longfellow, *The Golden Legend.*

After having passed Carnolese, the Pont de l'Union, which separates the commune of Mentone from that of Roccabruna, then under the railway bridge, we almost immediately turn into old Via Aurelia. Leaving the line and tunnel on our left, walking straight up to ancient and fast decaying Lumone, to which we address only a passing but an inquisitive look, we pass the new reservoir, and drop into the Monaco road.

On emerging from the grove the view expands almost suddenly, with tottering Roccabruna on our right, Turbia, an immense fingerpost, just in front of us, and princely Monaco below, beautifully reflected in the watery mirror.

After the Cabbé-Roccabruna station (*cabbé* means a small cape), we soon reach La Chapelle de Bon Voyage, which until 1871 stood in an angle on our right, once a favourite resort of the whole neighbourhood, where devotees sought relief, sailors prayed for a successful voyage, young people flirted, and old folks had their chat, an exchange mart of all the gossip around, of village scandals, shepherds' experiences and minor local affairs. But now the original chapel has entirely disappeared and with it the old faith, for the new construction, created out of Monaco's inexhaustible treasures, does not seem to have retained the former

DRUMS OF COLUMNS, LA TURBIE

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BASE OF THE MONUMENT, LA TURBIE

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charm and power over the people, comfortable and spacious though it be !

The slope on our left contains a large number of the biggest specimens of the locust or caruba tree, clustered together within the small space. It requires a rocky, clayish soil and full exposure to the sun. As it is even more delicate and more sensitive to frost than the lemon-tree, its presence is an unmistakable sign of a very sheltered spot and a warm dry climate ; and it is therefore not the lemon but the caruba tree that is or ought to be the best and surest guide for those in search of a healthy and sunny winter station. The slopes of Garavan are, within Mentone, the only quarter in which this tree prospers. The glutinous fruit in the shape of long pods, which become black when ripe, contain a large amount of sugar, and are an excellent provender for beasts of burden, a superior substitute for oats. A chamois I once possessed highly appreciated them. I suspect the caruba beans are largely introduced into chicory and ground coffee. The tree was introduced from the Archipelagus at the time of the flourishing trade carried on with the Levant, before and after Christ. The kings and counts of Arles did a good deal for its culture in Provence and Liguria, and even the Crusades and the unfortunate wars with Naples rapidly advanced and greatly improved the culture of lemon, orange, and caruba trees.[1]

The monk or rather monk-shaped rock is just in front of us, above yonder terraces, where after a long and undisputed possession he is no longer safe. Careless quarrymen have already blasted off a part of his portly, if not exactly stately figure. Poor man ! What may his crime have been, if crime there was ? He stands here on significant ground ; on old Vigilia, once a Roman station, and the cave in the rock just above the road was evidently a watch or sentry-box for the soldier, and before that for robbers. As for the monk he did, perhaps, not watch enough, and is placed there to tell the passers to be more watchful than he was. The legend wills it so.

[1] Glaber, *Historia Galliæ*, lib. i. c. 9.

Here the main road leads to Monaco. It is always in first-rate condition, for the way to Monte Carlo runs smooth and easy. This is a side road, the former Roman road, runs up to Turbia, to Trinité, and Nice, and is rough, for it is the way to hardship and toil in yon quarries and fields. At the end of the cape, beyond the railway, is Cape Vigilia proper, now called La Vigie. A beautiful spring, only a yard or two above sea-level, but undoubtedly descending from the rocks which have been blasted, supplies an abundance of excellent water. An obscure English tourist, and a good many ignorant copyists after him, called this cape of Vigilia not *Les Veilles*—the watch, the sentinel, but *La Vieille* —the old maid. There is, however, an excuse, for he stands not alone. The Italian ordnance map has set a bad example, and the French in three different maps have blindly copied the blunder. In these borderlands surveyors are the most unreliable people. Ignorance of the dialect frequently leads them into grave mistakes and ridiculous errors and absurd renderings.[1]

But this secluded spot is not our halting-place. We must continue our walk for a few hundred yards on the old Roman road, past the quarries, and then just between the last pine and olive trees, we obtain a very perfect view of the Nun seated on a rock. Now how long has this poor nun been on this rock ? For centuries, rejoins tradition, and just as long as the monk. And tradition has, as we all know, a grain of truth in all her tales, and this one story happened this wise : [2]

Far back, high up in the mountains, there was an early Christian settlement. The hills were then thickly covered with wood. The huts of those who lived there were constructed of the best timber so as to ensure safety and

[1] Modern engineers and geographers have thus, within the Provence, rendered *Bau-baissa*, a sloping cliff, by *Bobêche*, a socket ; *Jas de Ghigo*, Ghigo's sheep-fold, by *Jus de Gigot*, a leg of mutton gravy ; *Bois de la Bessé*, birchwood, by *Bois de l'Abe* ; *l'Abéourou*, horse-pond, by *l'Abbé heureux*, the happy abbot ; *Braus de la Frema*, the woman's stormy mount, by *Balme de la femme*, the woman's cave ; *les Toumb las*, a dried up place, by *le Temple* ; *La Lay Blanche*, the white lake, by *l'Allée blanche*, etc.

[2] Dr. Müller in his MS. tells the story at extraordinary length and with most elaborate detail. The same may be said of the other legends he relates. I have done my best to contract and condense them.—Ed.

LA VIGIE: POINTE DE LA VIEILLE

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ST. HOSPICE AND ST. JEAN

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comfort ; safety against a few tribesmen and many wolves ; protection against the intense cold of a long winter. The cottages stood close together beneath clusters of centenary beeches, oaks, firs, and larch trees, and the few allotments were merely separated by a line of trunks ten feet high. Originally the men that felled the timber for the shipbuilders of the coast worked in batches so as not to be surprised or overwhelmed ; for the primitive owners of the soil retreated but slowly into the highest gorges. On a rock that forces the mountain stream through a narrow defile, stood a chapel dedicated to St. Martin, the saintly successor of pagan Martius Ollubius. A venerable priest, commonly called Father Thomas, did duty as doctor, counsellor, and arbitrator in the small community ; knowing every one's faults and wants he always found a remedy for their ailing bodies, souls, and minds. A dispute arose between the two leading families, the first settlers in fact, about a wooded spur. Caldo, the head and soul of the fellers, and Freddo, the shrewd salesman transacting the colony's business with the timber merchants in Nice, had each set his heart on a long and broad crest of magnificent pine-trees and beeches. Caldo had it from his father that they belonged to him and were marked by him ; and Freddo pretended that he held them from his maternal uncle. Caldo urged, however, one thing in his favour, and that was his father's well-known peculiar chip on many of the noblest trees, and especially on the extensive outskirts of the allotment in question ; but Freddo would not recognise this as a fair legal argument. Thus the ground of contention remained, producing ill-feeling, gradually degenerating into sullen hatred, and finally breaking out into open enmity, severing the ties of a long standing friendship and the interests of the two families for ever, inflicting a deadly wound on the hearts of a tender, loving couple. For it happened that Caldo had an only son, whom he loved and cherished as the apple of his eye. Joseph-Seppi, such was his name, was at the time of this unfortunate family quarrel just verging into manhood, and as fond of his playmate as first innocent and undeclared love

ever is. As long as the two leading families continued to live on friendly terms, he could see the companion of his childhood and early youth without let or hindrance, without appointment or suspicion. Now as the reader must have already guessed, there was a maiden suffering still more, for women feel deeper. That maiden was Freddo's only daughter, a fair girl of sixteen; her flaxen hair naturally waving round her shoulders; her large blue eyes dived, though unaware, deep into an unsuspecting heart; her late dear mother's ripened intellect seemed to have passed into her young mind, and she looked womanly though still a girl. No wonder that she was the treasure of her parent, the pride and glory of the whole colony; she could read and write and cypher, rare accomplishments in her time, and she excelled in her household duties. This little innocent creature shared Seppi's grief, because with *her* or rather *their* first sorrow, love's first morn had also dawned.

One evening her father, generally cheerful and good-natured, had returned in a morose and mournful humour, and instead of his usual kind smile and greeting had blamed her for not having minded her duties, duties more carefully attended to than ever. This reproach, so unexpected and so undeserved, joined with the stern injunction formerly given to break all intercourse with her neighbours, her only acquaintances and friends in this secluded spot, and this without apparent reason, chilled her filial heart and drove her from her father's presence to her own small chamber, where tears bathed her rosy cheeks.

There were troubles elsewhere, too, for Caldo as well felt aggrieved, but he bore his disappointment differently. He remained thoughtful and taciturn, and made it a point to avoid the contested property which weighed all the heavier on his mind. He never mentioned the subject to any one, not even to his wife, who had always been Martha's guide and friend, and he showed a studied degree of tenderness and sympathy to Seppi.

The boy, fully appreciating his father's kindly feelings, suffered nevertheless. The leaden silence wore on for weeks

and became gradually unbearable. It caused no interruption in their daily engagements, but their toil was without cheer, their labour without aim; their wonted conversation was stifled and paralysed, and an uneasy reserve replaced their former free and easy talk. The whole little colony felt the heavy atmosphere of an approaching storm; masters and servants and neighbours lived on a different footing; confidence, free speech, mutual communications were over. Even Father Thomas's moral and spiritual influence failed to restore the old good-will, happiness and peace between the heads of the two families; the one remained mute, the other sulky.

Let us return to our Martha. One morning she awoke out of a dream, and could hardly shake sleep's heaviness from her eyelids. On meeting her father she got her morning greeting, though less natural and less affectionate.

After her father's prohibition to meet and see Joseph again, her furtive thoughts would wander over to Seppi and make her blush. Had she really done any wrong in thinking of her whole life's only companion? She was afraid of thinking or reasoning and tried hard to concentrate ideas within the sphere of her various occupations. But her thoughts would wander far beyond her farmyard! And these runaway thoughts of hers made her miserable. She felt guilty and did not exactly know why. In this sore trial she stood alone; she had no one to consult, no one to talk to, no womanly heart to understand and feel and share her grief. Could she but find a sympathising heart, and she would feel with Tiedge: [1]

'Getheilte Freud' ist doppelt Freude,
Getheilter Schmerz ist halber Schmerz.'

Then she changed her occupation, but it was of no avail; or she went out talking to her pets. They finding their mistress sad and dull would not respond as usual to her call. One day two men appeared from opposite directions, neither of them she then expected; her father coming

[1] *Urania*, Gesang IV. v. 223-24.

down the hill, and Joseph emerging from the wood a few hundred yards below. Anger and hatred forthwith showed themselves in their most hideous colours on her father's manly features, and the poor girl easily perceived the strenuous efforts he made to subdue his rousing passion. Being almost paralysed she staggered rather than walked back to her room, threw herself on her knees, buried her face in her apron and tried to pray. It was a painful moment. The day dragged on heavily, and evening seemed distant, and when it came it brought her no relief.

Of her father she saw but little; he was busier than ever. Some days after he told her with undisguised emotion—a father's love struggling with an angry man's pride—to get all her things ready and to go to bed betimes, as they would start early to-morrow morning to pay a visit to some relations living in another valley, and with whom she must spend the summer. This unexpected order drove a dagger into her heart. Under existing circumstances her present abode was one of misery, no doubt, but it was her home. What will her future one be? Fear and suspicion conjured up a most terrible conflict! Going to her grave would be a real boon! But to live in a strange world, isolated, lonely, amongst beings that could not understand her; to be torn away, perhaps for ever, from this sacred though thorny spot, from her birthplace, from all the associations of her childhood, from the grave of her mother—that she could not bear! There was evidently a severe though short struggle between filial love and disobedience.

Early in the morning she accompanied her father to her future destination, fully resigned to submit to whatever trial the Almighty might please to impose on her.

Now Providence ruled, that sorrow in acute form should also enter the neighbour's home. Caldo, a man strong and hale and hardy, in the very prime of life, having encountered and overcome many a storm within and without, Caldo had now to meet an enemy he could not match. On the very eve that Martha received the peremptory order for a speedy departure for an unknown destination, Death

delivered to him his final message, giving a few hours' grace only.

An agonising scream startled Joseph on his couch. But whether it was fancy or reality he could not tell; all at once a shrill, entreating call summoned him to his parent's room, where he found his father deadly pale in his mother's arms faintly uttering, 'Father Thomas!' There was not a moment to be lost, not even time to ask a question. Joseph bounded off. His sudden appearance and strange looks alarmed Father Thomas, for his words were incoherent and his gestures confused. It was three o'clock when they emerged from the enclosure. Just as they turned round a sharp corner, Freddo, Martha, and the servant stepped into the main track to the right. The recognition was followed by two piercing screams simultaneously uttered, 'Martha is leaving!' This was the thought uppermost in the poor fellow's mind. 'Where to?' and 'Why so early?' was the second.

Priest and son arrived not a second too soon. Caldo was sinking fast. But the result of this last and comparatively short interview was, that when wife and son were again admitted, Caldo appeared calm and resigned.

Caldo died and was buried, and soon after was followed by his widow. Joseph who had been full of devotion to his ailing mother was now attentive to his fellow-workers, liberal towards the chapel, with deep grief deeply delineated in his countenance, once so cheerful and winning, now so sorrowful and careworn.

Freddo was back again from his mysterious expedition. His only child, whom he pretended to love and to worship, did not return with him, nor did the servant. He was alone and—lonely! Was he happy?

Joseph bore his double bereavement with true Christian resignation; spent many a solemn hour near and on his parents' resting-place; planted a rose-tree and a cypress on their common grave; had many a conversation with Father Thomas, his only confidant and friend; divided his property into three equal parts: one part going to the chapel, to be by its incumbent used for charitable purposes

within the district; another to two religious institutions, St. Dalmas and St. Salvator, where pious monks and nuns clad, fed, and nursed the sick and needy; and a third to Cimiez for the exclusive use of the aged, infirm, desolate people of the settlement, and for the keep and education of children up to the age of twelve. With the early summer he left his home and all his worldly things, with the set purpose never to return to this, for him, now desolate corner.

Martha's old servant, the only person initiated into Freddo's secrets and the attachment of the young people, pitied them, and schemed and plotted how she could bring about the final and legal union of her two friends; and the more she pondered the looser became her tongue and the heavier her secret; and when Seppi on the morning of his departure told her, for she went to and fro, that he would leave this place and the world for a quiet retreat, she could not refrain from whispering into his ears Martha's present abode. But this cruel and untimely revelation could not shake his firm determination to forsake the world and worldly pleasures.

After a long walk marked out for him by Father Thomas, through an immense forest, silent and sorrowful Seppi travelled, having neither an ear to hear the varied songs of the birds, nor an eye to see or to contemplate the picturesque landscape displayed all along. As the day was declining he reached the higher valley. The notes of the evening bell of a chapel, hidden by a cluster of chestnut-trees, calling the few cottagers to their evensong, fell on his ear. The last tinkling sound dying slowly away, he hastened his steps, entering not the free gate of a chapel, but the prison door of a monastery where he was soon lost to sight.

However firm his wish may have been to renounce the world with all its trials and temptations, his love for Martha was beyond his control. Like many people he overrated his power. Notwithstanding his prayers and fastings his thoughts became unruly often, and went astray still more often and loved to dwell in the illusive presence of his early

enjoyments at home. Then he would suddenly start up from his dreams and dismiss them as unholy, ashamed of his weakness and of his yielding so easily to his imagination, vowing that it should not occur again. The strongest cloister walls, we see, cannot keep out the tempter ; activity and social intercourse are for a religious man better guardians against him who knows when the flesh is weakest. And his naughty thoughts, hardly subdued, would steal up again and again, and disappear slower and slower. They began to grow into familiar visitors and gradually became welcome guests. The oftener he yielded, the more arrogant they became, until he had to submit to slavery. After having thus fondled and rekindled his smouldering but not extinguished affections, he entrusted them to paper, and this paper to his former nurse and confidant, who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, and who came twice a week during his novitiate, then not so strict as now, and transmitted the treacherous message to Martha's former maid, who in her turn handed it to the unfortunate girl.

Joseph, once a slave to his passion, turned gradually into a hypocrite and became a disgrace to his order. Step by step he grew bolder in his deceit, more cunning in his scheming, more daring in his proposals for an escape.

Martha's novitiate was drawing to its close and she was put to a very severe ordeal before she was allowed to take the veil. Though she entered the cloister against her will, and told the superior repeatedly of her aversion to such a secluded life, yet she made many a sincere attempt to overcome her repugnance, to reconcile herself to her fate, and to submit, if not cheerfully, at least honestly, to her lot. But then arrived Seppi's reiterated declarations of his undying love and present misery, and her good intention, sorely tried, relaxed. His unbearable condition now, the thought of purgatory after, and her own experience engendered earnest sympathy and compassion. An easy and well-planned break-away from a lifelong captivity and torture, and freedom's bright and beaming rays formed such a happy contrast ; and then a speedy union followed by unbroken bliss ! Can we wonder that her well-meant resolution became

shaken, undermined, weakened, illusory? Then arrived Joseph's last missive, all one breath of love and devotion; his sketch of an easy escape; all his propositions so clear, and natural, and so warmly supported by her go-between, that after some lame hesitation and objections, in spite of her beating heart and her resisting conscience, she gave her consent to a clandestine flight, and to meet Seppi at the appointed hour and place known to her servant, who with the help of an old lay-sister, succeeded in their wicked adventure. The two helping women of course (after news of the flight had oozed out) joined in the general lamentation, but led the searching party on the wrong scent. The runaway couple were not detected, and after a long night's toil and a long day's anxiety with little rest, along two valleys separated by a wooded ridge, both perfectly guided, one descended on the eastern, the other on the western slope of Aggel; Seppi, quite near Vigilia, their final meeting-place, Martha a little further westward, when all of a sudden they perceived each other, and fell down on their knees to thank God for their safe escape and their final union, that God whose laws they had violated and whom they never had sincerely asked for help and guidance. That very God, for their blasphemy, turned them into rocks, where they now stand life-like as Monk and Nun on Vigilia ground, a perpetual warning to the world at large, but especially to young maidens and men.

But as nothing is lasting in this world of continuous decay, both Nun and Monk will one day most likely disappear. The latter has already been greatly injured, and may soon be knocked down from his tottering rock, though he ought to endure his exposure much longer, since he entered his monastery as a free agent and left it twice guilty.

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THE MONK, VIGILIA

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CHAPTER XIX

BEAULIEU, ST. JEAN, ST. HOSPICE, AND VILLEFRANCHE SUR MER OR VILLAFRANCA SUPER MARE

By rail to Villafranca, by boat to lighthouse and then to St. Hospice, and back to Villafranca or Beaulieu by road or boat.

Or by rail to Beaulieu, by boat to St. Hospice, walk to the artificial lake and to the lighthouse, thence by boat to Villafranca.

Or by carriage to Beaulieu, St. Jean, and up to the new artificial lake in two hours and a half, and meet the carriage again at St. Jean. This ridge is lovely at all times, but November and February to May are the best for visitors from Mentone.

Cap Ferrat, better known as Cap St. Hospice, though the latter occupies only the eastern extremity of the peninsula, is a spur of bulky Aggel jutting further out into the sea than any point within the neighbourhood of Mentone, and offers therefore a most comprehensive view over the whole coast and the mountains.

Our line has been already described as far as Eza, and after having left that station and run through a short tunnel we reach la petite Afrique, the warmest nook about here, and we alight at Beaulieu, a spot that does full justice to its name. The olive-trees, a prosperous conservative tribe, undisturbed by the radical changes wrought by time and man, hold, or rather held, court here. One particular tree, a few yards behind the station, presided over his noble kinsmen. Alas! he is gone! The architect would improve the society's estate, and the oldest monarch of Europe was doomed to destruction. In 1872, his majesty, *Olea Europæa*, had lost little of his elegance and grace, and a good many of his near and distant relations and friends found protection and shelter beneath his hospitable roof. One yard above the ground he actually measured

seven feet in diameter, and his circumference at his solid footing was almost eleven yards. Could not the learned improvers of villages, towns, and country seats allow an old olive emperor to celebrate his third millennium in peace and happiness ? There is, however, some consolation, for Berthelot, who measured him about 1830, says that this tree was, at his base, forty-two feet, and nearly half of that, four feet from the ground, and one of his branches actually measured seven feet round, near the trunk, at a height of nine feet. Now the largest olive-tree in Italy being, according to Maschettini, seven hundred years old, and having only a circumference of twenty-five feet, may we not conclude that our late friend of Beaulieu was the oldest specimen of his kind ? All the greater the shame on him who ordered the destruction of such a time-honoured relic ! [1]

But where is Beaulieu ?

Why, Beaulieu is merely the name of a pretty locality where the olive, orange, lemon, fig, peach, apricot, pomegranate, and caruba trees, together with the vine and numerous aromatic shrubs and flowers abound and blend their foliage into faultless harmony ; where houses are but few and far between and quietness is still at home. The villas embosomed amidst these fragrant groves are all the more appreciated and the sojourn beneath their hospitable roof all the more pleasant. It will take many years before the company that has bought up the land can turn the placid village into a noisy winter resort, and successfully compete with Mentone, Nice, and Cannes, but the latest pioneer, being patient and persevering, is becoming quite prosperous.[2]

This charming little spot is highly appreciated by excursionists, some in search of flowers, others of shells or insects, some for idling away their time in perfect solitude, all to admire the beauties of nature or to explore an antiquated-

[1] *Nice et ses Environs*, par L. Roubaudi, p. 89.

[2] Since the above was written, Beaulieu has become a populous station with many large hotels and numerous villas. The electric tramway to Nice passes through it, with a branch to Cap Ferrat.—Ed.

looking church or chapel. Beaulieu, as it actually exists, is comparatively new; but its site was occupied by the Romans, who had undoubtedly a station here, for in constructing the road which connects it directly with Monaco, the workmen found many Roman relics, and when the foundation of the present redoubt between the church and the sea was dug out, there were found more than five hundred human skeletons, many sepulchral lamps, lacrymatories, vases, and coins, with the effigy of the Emperor Constantine II., as he received Gaul, Britain, and Spain at his father's death in May 337. The Church of St. Mary must be of a good age, as Bishop Archimbaud gave it in 1080, to the cathedral Santa Reparata, in Nice, to add to its income.

But what has become of all this archæological treasure that might have supplied many a missing link in the broken chain of historical records?

They were all most diligently, I might say most conscientiously, destroyed, said the contractors to an inquirer, and the then curé of the place could save but very little of the lot.

There is, however, still a small spot to be excavated, buried in the south-western corner of Count Foresta's garden near the church, and I am sure that the liberal and learned proprietor will one day permit, or himself undertake, the excavation.

Within these olive-trees Napoleon I. received in 1794 the decree which ordered his arrest and his return to Paris, and which amounted almost to certain death. The story, as told by le Chevalier J. B. Toselli, is very interesting, and I copy it literally:

'Le Soleil commençait à avoir des rayons moins ardents et la brise légère dont le souffle arrivait jusqu' à moi semblait plutôt remonter des vagues frémissantes que de descendre du ciel.

Seul et rêvant je ne sais à quoi (car ne rêve-t-on pas toujours?) je suivais le sentier charmant qui mène de Beaulieu à Villefranche en côtoyant le rivage, dont on entend le murmure harmonieux, lorsque vint à passer un

paysan portant sur son épaule une sorte de besace qui paraissait assez lourde. Son corps se courbait sous ce fardeau, mais son pas était net et ferme ; il tenait à la main un vieux chapeau dont les bords étaient déchirés, et sur son front chauve ruisselaient des gouttes de sueur qui allaient en serpentant se perdre dans les mèches argentées de ses cheveux.

Pendant que cet homme marchait, un franc sourire éclairait son visage. A deux pas de moi il s'arrêta, posa sa besace à terre contre un caroubier, et tirant de sa veste un mouchoir à carreaux rouges, se mit à s'essuyer le front d'une main, tandis que l'autre cherchait une gourde attachée à une ficelle.

Je pus alors l'examiner plus attentivement. Les années en creusant son visage, y avaient laissé les marques visibles d'une race énergique.

Mon brave homme, lui dis-je en m'approchant, vous portez un poids bien lourd.

Ah, bah ! fit-il en hochant la tête, ce n'est rien que ça ; quarante-huit kilos, tout au plus, seulement il fait rigoureusement chaud aujourd'hui.

Et vous allez loin ?

Oh non, à St. Jean.

Mais il y a bien près d'une heure de marche ?

Tout au plus ; et il se mit à bourrer sa pipe.

Quel âge avez-vous, mon brave homme ?

Cent quatre ans, vers la St. Michel.

Vous dites . . . cent.

Cent quatre ans, Monsieur, ça vous étonne. Oh ! les jambes sont bonnes encore, et le coffre aussi. L'autre jour je faisais une partie de boules avec les camarades ; savez-vous bien que je n'étais pas l'aîné, et le plus jeune, que nous traitons comme un enfant, avait au moins quatre-vingt-douze ans ?

Le paysan ajouta, en riant :—C'était un mioche, celui-là !

Pour moi, je regardais avec un étonnement, mêlé de vénération, ce siècle vivant qui était devant moi.

Pauvre homme, lui dis-je, vous travaillez encore ?

Qu'est-ce que je ferais donc, si je ne travaillais pas ?

Il faut bien gagner sa vie ; et à la fin de la journée j'ai abattu ma besogne.

En me parlant ainsi, le bon vieux se relcva avec orgueil.

Quel bel âge ! dis-je à demi-voix, en contemplant ce vieillard si vert encore, et portant sans se plaindre un fardeau qui m'eût fatigué.

Le paysan secoua la tête ; son visage prit tout à coup une expression de tristesse.

Allez, me dit-il, ce n'est pas tout plaisir que de vivre quasiment plus que les autres. On les voit s'en aller un à un, et on reste seul. J'avais deux frères et trois sœurs, tous sont là-bas avec chacun une petite croix de bois . . .

J'avais une femme, brave et digne, s'il en fut ! là-bas aussi. J'ai eu sept enfants ; tous là-bas. Je les ai accompagnés ; personne ne m'accompagnera. Quand je m'en irai, on se dira à St. Jean :—Vous savez, le père Caisson ? il est mort ! Ma foi, qu'on répondra, son tour était bien venu. Mais personne peut-être ne dira : Pauvre père Caisson ! C'est ça qui est dur !

Et il passa une de ses mains sur ses yeux humides.

Allons, allons, mon brave homme, lui dis-jc en lui tendant la main, il ne faut pas s'attrister comme cela ; ce que Dieu fait est bien fait.

Je ne dis pas.

Alors vous êtes né cn 1749 ? ajoutais-je tout aussitôt pour changer le cours des idées du vieillard.

Tiens, c'est comme si vous aviez été là, répondit celui-ci en riant.

Que d'événements se sont passés depuis lors !

Oh, oui, quclques-uns.

Vous avez vu dans cc pays les troupes dc la République française ?

Si, je les ai vues ? Ah ! on n'était pas tranquillc alors comme aujourd'hui ; pour un rien, quand la fantaisie en prenait à ces messieurs, on vous arrêtait et on vous mettait cn prison ' au nom du Comité du Salut Public.' C'était le grand mot, et ça allait rudement. Dieu de Dieu ! ça devait-il être affreux dans ce pauvre pays de France ! On raconte que le sang coulait quasiment comme de grands

ruisseaux et qu'on marchait les pieds dedans. Tenez, Monsieur, ceci me rappelle un fait qui s'est passé à peu près où vous voyez ces hommes qui travaillent. Il y a longtemps de cela. Eh, bien ! je ne l'ai jamais oublié. C'était en 1794, la date est là. Ah ! j'étais plus fringant qu'à l'heure d'aujourd'hui. J'abattais de la besogne à la minute, il fallait voir. Voilà un jour qu'arrive le général Bonaparte avec un soldat, qui le suivait à cheval par derrière. Vous n'êtes pas sans avoir entendu parler du général Bonaparte qui depuis a été empereur ?

Oui, oui, dis-je en souriant, j'en ai entendu parler . . . quelquefois.

Il me semble que je le vois encore avec ses longs cheveux, plats et luisants, qui tombaient tout autour de son cou, sur le collet de son uniforme, et son visage jaune et si maigre qu'on aurait pu compter tous les os si on avait voulu ; mais, par exemple, quand il vous regardait, ça vous brûlait comme du feu. Je le connaissais bien, car il venait très souvent le matin, tout-à-fait au point du jour, et restait quelquefois deux heures, là-bas, sur la pointe, comme qui dirait une statue. . . . C'était un homme qui pensait beaucoup à ce qu'il paraît.

Donc le voilà qui arrive et descend de cheval. Il se mit à marcher tout doucement, puis il s'arrête. Il regardait la mer, ou bien il ramassait de petits cailloux qu'il jettait les uns après les autres devant lui, absolument comme eut fait un enfant.

Il vit que je l'examinais ; alors il me fit signe de venir et me questionna sur le pays, sur les montagnes, sur le fort, sur l'arsenal, sur le vaisseau qui s'était perdu à l'entrée de la rade, quelque chose, comme trente ans avant ; vous concevez bien, que nous savions tous cette histoire-là dans le pays. Pendant que je parlais il faisait, avec un petit bâton, un tas de lignes sur la terre. Lorsque tout-à-coup arrive là où nous étions, un autre officier à cheval que suivait une dizaine d'hommes ; quoique le chemin ne fût pas très bon, il allait assez vite ; Bonaparte se retourne d'un mouvement brusque ; l'officier arrive, porte très respectueusement la main à son chapeau,

et remet au général une grande diable de lettre, longue comme ça.

Bonaparte la prend, l'ouvre.

Moi, vous comprenez bien, je regardais ; car je me disais ; une lettre aussi grande que ça, ça n'est pas naturel. J'avais par dieu raison. Je le vois qui fronce le sourcil, et son visage devient tout à coup pâle, que c'était d'effrayant à voir.

Il chiffonne le papier dans sa main, tenez, comme je fais de mon mouchoir, et sans dire un seul mot à l'officier il passe devant lui, saute sur son chêval et part au galop sur un chemin où une chèvre n'eût pas été trop à son aise. Sapristi ! que je me dis en moi-même, il paraît que ça ne lui a pas fait du plaisir, mais il ne fallait pas pour cela casser le cou, n'est-il pas vrai ? Eh bien, savez-vous ce que c'était ? Tout simplement un ordre d'arrestation ! Hein ! comme c'était agréable à lire ! Il a eu de la chance, celui-là, qu'on ne lui ait pas coupé le cou !

Et il joignit aux trois derniers mots un geste expressif.

Le lecteur, dit Bazancourt, me saura peut-être gré de compléter le souvenir du vieillard de St. Jean, en relatant ici les détails de cette arrestation préventive, qui faillit coûter la vie au général Bonaparte, alors, commandant supérieur de l'artillerie.

La France lasse de souffrir, s'était enfin réveillée. Le couteau de la guillotine comme s'il eût eu une âme et un cœur, s'était retourné contre les bourreaux, et la charrette rouge avait un jour jeté au pied de l'échafaud ce monstrueux assemblage de bêtes féroces.

Tous ceux qui exerçaient des commandements ou remplissaient des charges importantes, avant le 9 thermidor, devinrent, on le conçoit, indistinctement suspects et le général d'artillerie, qui devait à son courage et à sa haute capacité l'avancement qu'il avait obtenu, fut compris dans la liste. Son amitié avec Robespierre jeune, dont la tête venait de tomber à côté de celle de son frère était un acte d'accusation porté contre lui.

Aussi la grande lettre dont le père Caisson avait si mauvaise idée, contenait, vous le savez, un ordre d'arrestation ; et l'officier de gendarmerie qui la lui avait remise,

avait été envoyé pour exécuter, sur l'heure, l'arrêté des Représentants du Peuple.

Voici le contenu de la lettre qui venait de lui être remise :

' Pierre Dumerbion, général en chef de l'armée d'Italie.

' Au nom de la République Française, une et indivisible.

Il est ordonné au commandant de la gendarmerie de se transporter sans délai, avec un détachement de ce corps, composé d'un officier, et de dix hommes, au logement du général Bonaparte, où il le mettra en état d'arrestation, mettra le scellé sur ses papiers et se conformera avec la plus scrupuleuse exactitude à ce qui est ordonné par les Représentants du Peuple, près cette armée et celle des Alpes, relativement à lui, dans leur arrêté du 19 thermidor courant, et dont copie collationnée lui a été remise.

' Aussitôt l'arrestation, il en rendra compte aux susdits Représentants et au général en chef.

' Donné à Nice le 22 therm. 1794, l'an 2me de la Répub. une et indivisible.

' Le général en chef de l'armée d'Italie

' DUMERBION.'

In walking along the shore on a narrow but pleasant road the panorama changes almost step by step. Our horizon extends gradually and the scenery varies continually. There are the capes and bays, most of them connected with some local or even great political struggle ; higher up beyond Beaulieu, are two chapels, one in ruins on the edge of the ridge where a young Swiss, named Wieland, only nineteen years old, slipped down and lost his life and was not found till a week after. The other little sanctuary, more inland, is the successor of the first, both dedicated to St. Michael. To the east is Eza with its solid castle walls on rocks still more solid, but yet shaken and rent by the latest earthquake on February 23, 1887. It is connected with the shore and Villafranca by a Roman road now hardly traceable, the Dog's Head (*Tête de Chien*), and broad-shouldered Aggel alone do not seem affected by the rolling wheel of time. But here is

a struggling fishing village where every house owns a boat, or rather, as some one assured me, where every boat owns a house. On certain successful days the small harbour is most animated, and it is a very pretty sight to see the little flotilla come in with a full freight of the various finny tribes, especially the tunny. They say, however, that the fishing yields much less now, though prices run considerably higher, because some kinds of fish have shifted their quarters or have quite forsaken the northern shore of the Mediterranean, or have at least temporarily migrated. And we need not be surprised. The wonder is that there are any fish left, since these poor creatures are quite unprotected, caught all the year round, in season and out of season, and disturbed even during the spawning-time. The French and Italian governments ought to combine and prevent illegal fishing. I know for certain that at the Red Rocks, Franco-Italian boundary, and even within our shores, dynamite is freely used, and the fish are not caught but killed and millions of eggs and small fry destroyed. St. Jean seems, with Antibes, the most active and remunerative fishing station. In 1852 in their little bays four thousand tunnies [1] were caught between the 21st and 24th of April, some of which weighed as much as thirty-five pounds. It is a highly important article of consumption, both fresh and salted.

Anchovies and sardines of various sizes abundant nearly everywhere and at every time of the year, seem to be highly appreciated. But the most delicate of the daintiest fry, very small indeed, quite transparent, is a kind of white-bait called here blanquette, and generally caught in March and April in nets that would prevent a fly from escaping. These tiny creatures are, whether served up fried or in an omelet, a favourite dish. This little fishing station is famous for its bouillabaisse, a dish of high pretension and renown that makes the mouth water of every true Provençal, and of many more people who are not Provençals, just as

[1] The tunny is a large fish sometimes attaining six feet in length, and weighing 1000 lbs.—Ed.

the white bait is in high esteem far beyond the small ministerial party at the annual parliamentary dinner in Greenwich. The bouillabaisse is a queer mixture, consisting of Mediterranean species, such as sardines, red mullet, whiting, eel, lobster, soles, etc., all cut into small slices. Here is the recipe: Slice two large onions, place them in a wide but deep stewpan made of thin metal; add four or five spoonfuls of the best olive oil. Fry the onions to a pale brown colour. The fish duly washed and sliced go now into the pan, and warm water must be poured in just to cover the ingredients. Add salt, pepper, allspice, saffron, potatoes, parsley, a bit of celery, a drop or two of lemon juice, a little thyme, and a glass of white wine. Put it over a good charcoal fire and let it boil for a quarter of an hour so as to reduce the liquid to a third of its original quantity. Taste it and add anything that may be wanting, and boil it a minute or two longer. The dish, covered with a dozen or two dozen of thin slices of bread, ought to be ready, the soup poured over it, the toasted bread turned and thoroughly soaked. Pour the remainder over it and serve it as hot as possible.

Sometimes people beat up six eggs and pour them, a kind of custard, over the bread, and the liquid after. These ingredients may be changed, increased, or lessened according to taste.

The oil extracted from the olive berries around here is said to be of the best kind. The finest quality is the virgin oil obtained from the pulp only, before the stones are crushed. Then follow a good many qualities more or less inferior. The one usually consumed here is of a strong taste and imperfectly refined.

The carriage road which we joined before reaching St. Jean connects the cape with Villafranca and Nice, and naturally facilitates, together with the rail, the speedy disposal and transport of the fish, fruit, and oil. There are a great many vehicles plying between Nice and this pleasant place.[1]

[1] The electric tram now runs all the way from Nice to Mentone, not to mention innumerable motors.—Ed.

The round tower we are approaching was reconstructed as a fort in 1561 by Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. Its foundation must be one of the oldest within many miles east and west. On the 1st of June 1560, Philibert amused himself early in the morning by fishing in the port, accompanied by only three friends. All of a sudden nine African galleys shot round the cape. The duke and his party rowed rapidly into Villafranca harbour and the audacious pirates into the small creek formed by the two points of Capes St. Hospice and Férat. A brave captain espied them near La Malalingua, where he promptly landed his men. On reporting their proceedings, Philibert selected about a hundred of his best soldiers in order to surround and capture these daring sons of Africa before they had time to organise their raid. But the officer who led the company, and who had strict orders merely to feign a surprise and to fall slowly back on the pirates' first advance, so as to inveigle them inland, was so impetuous and so imprudent, that they perceived the stratagem, and could finally be only overpowered with the assistance of the duke's archers. Philibert, fighting in the first rank, and borne away by his intrepidity, was made a prisoner, and only rescued by his attendant's gallant conduct. The pirates, having only a few wounded, retired in perfect order to their galleys, with two Piedmontese gentlemen whom they had captured. Having no means of rescuing them, Philibert had to treat with the Moors, much as his stout and proud soldier heart protested against it. Two thousand golden guldens were demanded and finally agreed upon. Occhiali, the ringleader, a renegade, added as a rider the strange condition that he would not part with his captives before he had been permitted to kiss the hand of the fair princess Marguerite, whose beauty was then proverbial. Of course the duke would not hear of such a thing, and on the other hand, Occhiali would not yield nor part with his prisoners, and made arrangements for sailing away with them. A lady in waiting, handsome too, offered herself as a substitute. This generous proposition was gratefully accepted, the pirate was admitted before a

number of dazzling beauties, kissed the pseudo princess's hand, gave up his captives, and left highly delighted and quite proud that he had now made his name famous all along the coast and especially among his tribe. But we are now at the plateau of

St. Hospice

On examining the huge blocks of the once extensive walls and the heaps of ruins covering almost all the ground, we cannot help lamenting the destructive power man uses against man. How often this tower and companion forts were bombarded, repaired, rebuilt, and destroyed would take too much time to recount. All the nations of three continents seem to have selected it as their military playground and their naval target. But the French assailed and bombarded it most frequently, and since the Duke of Berwick shook it to its very foundation by his heavy guns and reduced it to its present state, it has been left so, as if to bear witness against the Spaniards in whose service the English duke had been in 1706.

Long before this the Knights of St. John, driven from their island home in Rhodes in 1526, took up their abode here on recommendation of Pope Clement VII., and not only rendered an immense service during the famine in 1527, but gave a great impulse to commerce in general and to shipbuilding in particular, and were therefore greatly regretted when they left for their former home in 1528.

The Saracens made this peninsula one of their chief quarters during their long stay in Provence and Liguria, and from this and their principal station called Fraxinet, they directed all their cruel and rapacious attacks on the inhabitants of the Maritime Alps.

Let us now ascend the fort and enjoy an uninterrupted view on every side. As we have already noticed the eastern coast, we naturally turn first towards west, and behold a picture less striking and less imposing perhaps, but certainly not less interesting, from the Mont Boron and

Mont Alban round to the Var, whose numerous veins and arteries are fed in the highest Alps ; as far as Antibes and its cape ; over the islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat, famous for their monks and martyrs, their Iron Masque, the victim of political intrigue, and Bazaine, the unlucky French marshal, whose history has not been fully told yet ; and the Esterel, a ridge of mountains known less for their elevation than for their wildness. The whole frame contains such a harmonious combination of land and sea, such a variety of bays and capes and indentations, that it challenges comparison with any part within Liguria.

St. Hospice (Sanctus Auspicius) was, as its name tells us, one of those early stations where Christian missionaries conquered souls along with, or perhaps before, the arrival of the Roman soldiers, bent on quite a different conquest. About 560 St. Auspicius settled here and the place became rapidly known as St. Hospice, San Ospicio, or St. Soupir. In crossing the ridge, leaving the lighthouse far on our left, and sloping gradually down, we soon perceive a creek where St. Hospice began his mission, gathered soon a few helpers around him, working hard both ways, cultivating a patch of ground here and there, erecting a few huts and a chapel, and zealously endeavouring to instruct and convert the people. His great persuasive power, good words supported by good deeds, his wonderful gift of prophesying and working miracles, steadily increased his influence and disciples. One day in addressing his congregation he finished his harangue by saying : ' The Longobards will come into our land and destroy seven cities for having persevered in their sins, for not becoming true and devout Christians and doing good to all, especially in spreading the Gospel.'

Then he besought his hearers and adherents to retire into strong places, to take all their goods with them and look well after their safety, but he would not allow his helpmates, monks they were already called, to leave their abode, as it was their bounden duty to look after the sick and infirm, and to meet coming events with Christian resignation, and to bear manfully whatever their divine

Master might inflict on them, and never leave their cells except for their appointed services and extraordinary cases. Then he shut himself up in an old tower, standing on the ridge which was later on called after his name, but more frequently St. Soupir, the tower of sighs. Not satisfied with his solitude and bed of straw, he had himself chained up, only one arm being free, all the openings being walled up except one small window through which he received a small quantity of bread, a few dates, and herbs only on certain days, and the communications of those who wished to consult him or to confess.

In 573 the Longobards crossed the Col di Tenda, advanced rapidly, and soon occupied Provence and Liguria, where they not only burned the seven cities (Gap, Embrun, Avignon, Arles, Fréjus, Cimiès, and Glandèves) as prophesied by St. Hospice, but carried devastation into the open country. Some, most likely in search of plunder, came even to this promontory, and finding the tower so carefully closed, at once supposed it to contain hidden treasures. Not being able to pass through the narrow window, one climbed on to the top, and perceiving but an emaciated old man in chains instead of a miser rolling in riches, they felt disappointed, and considering him a great criminal, they contrived an opening and asked him point blank what crime he had committed. 'I am a murderer,' said he, 'and there is, in fact, no crime I am not guilty of, and by each such crime I crucified the Son of my God anew.' On hearing such a revolting confession one of the Lombards raised his weapon to strike a deadly blow on this criminal's head, but to the horror of all present, his arm remained dry and stiff in the air and the weapon fell heavily to the ground. This apparent interference of a higher power stunned the Lombards and brought them on their knees for fear of further punishment. But St. Hospice quietly touched the arm, made the sign of the cross over it, uttered a few fervent words, and the limb became whole again. This miraculous cure, followed by a short but most fervent appeal to the men to accept the divine message of him who wrought this miracle, a message they must have heard

before, a message explained to them here again by acts and by words, made such a deep impression, that two officers and many men desired to be baptized and to be received as Christian settlers. The rest of the men, more hardened through their roving life and wild warfare, left the place, and on reaching the neck of the peninsula met a Ligurian legion, and being unprepared and somewhat disorganised, were surrounded, captured, or killed. This was to their converted fellows an act of confirmation of the baptismal vow.

St. Hospice's fame spread now far and wide, and sick and infirm were brought in from every part. In Angers there was a little boy suffering from continual attacks of intermittent fever, so much so that he became deaf and dumb. Having tried every remedy without the slightest success, his parents decided to send him on a pilgrimage to Rome to pray at the shrine of St. Peter and St. Paul. The head priest of Angers was to be his spiritual adviser and travelling companion, for he himself desired to obtain some relics of the said apostles or other saints and martyrs for his own parish church. In Nice the two pilgrims heard of St. Hospice and his piety and miracles, and determined to pay a visit to him to ask for his advice how to proceed, and how to obtain a ship. St. Hospice, duly inspired, knew the object of their intended visit to Rome, went straight up to the boy, and after having made the sign of the cross over him said : '*In nomine Domini Jesu Christi aperiantur aures tuæ, reseretque os tuum virtus illa quæ quondam ab homine surdo et muto noxium ejecit dæmonium!*' And the boy was healed and could hear and speak. Whereupon the astonished priest exclaimed : 'Here I find St. Peter and St. Paul and St. Lorenz and relics ; here I find all.' 'Do not say so,' rejoined St. Hospice with great humility ; 'it is the Lord, not I, that gave to the tongue its speech and to the ear its hearing ! '

I need not tell you that both priest and boy gave up their journey to Rome and returned to Angers to tell all about the wonderful cure and St. Hospice.

But St. Hospice would not cure any bodily disease before

he had applied his saving remedy to the soul. Thus a certain Dominick, blind-born, asked to have his sight restored, but being found wanting in the scale of conviction and morality, had to undergo a three months' seclusion, then St. Hospice cured him in the name of the Lord. The miraculous power was even transferred to his mortal remains, the major part of which is preciously preserved in Santa Reparata, the cathedral of Nice ; some relics are still venerated in several churches, *i.e.* Turbia, Villafranca, etc. Originally his body was buried near his tower, traces of which were still visible in 1650, when the then bishop of Nice ordered its removal. St. Hospice's own primitive chapel joined his tower, and is mentioned in a bull issued in 1137 by Pope Innocent II. Many years after it was reconstructed and sumptuously decorated under Balthasar Simon di Chieri, governor of the fort, appointed by Charles Emanuel II., Duke of Savoy, as will be seen from the following inscription :

SACRUM D HOSPITIO TEMPLUM
VETUSTATE LABENS
CAROLO EMANUELE II REGNANTE
A FUNDAMENTIS EREXIT
BALTAZAR SIMEONUS GUBERNATOR
MDCLV

Hadrian VI. (January 9, 1522, till September 14, 1523) on his way from Spain to Rome, and accompanied by a large fleet, landed here on August 6, 1522. On the 12th the festival of Porcarius, a martyr of this peninsula, he celebrated mass, drew an immense number of people to the place, and granted to all comers plenary and perpetual indulgences.[1]

But we must needs leave saints, cells, chapels, churches, legends, and relics and walk over to Cap Ferrat. The ridge, with scanty fir-trees, is prettiest in November when the pale rose-coloured heath (*Erica multiflora*) is in bloom. The walk is pretty, but rather long. Those who feel too tired can walk along the ridge, north-west, stay a moment at the artificial lake, and then go on to Villafranca station. But as we meet

[1] Bouche, *Hist. de la Provence*, vol. ii. p. 537.

our boat at the foot of the cape we shall not find it too much. I think it is called Cap Ferrat from the ferruginous traces the soil is said to contain. The reddish appearance of the rocks is, however, no safe guide, as it is not due to the iron the soil may contain [1] but to the layer of clay that dissolves and filters into all the crevices and thereby stains the rocks, just as it does along the Bress ridge down to St. Louis chapel near Mentone. The beautiful forest was cut down during the campaign against the Saracens, and it has been a sterile spot ever since.[2] The government finds it uphill work to replant the whole area with pines, caruba-trees, and evergreen oaks. It requires a very strict supervision, a good many agents and an iron hand to carry out the existing laws, very useful and stringent for three, nay perhaps, even for six months. After that judges and agents and regulations fall asleep; the latter in remote boxes, the former in their routine.

From the lighthouse the view is perhaps better than from the bastion, but best of all from the plateau of the latter. On the north-east of the guard-house is an Englishman's tomb bearing the following inscription:

To the Memory of
Charles Best, Esq., M.D.
Who died at Tenda in the County of Nice
on the 30th day of July 1817
Aged 38

He may have died in Tenda, but Tenda is not in the county of Nice. I have been told that his body was cut into pieces, and then brought here in a shell, as at that time it was not lawful to transport the body of a Protestant whole. This sounds incredible, though then and up to 1856 Protestants were not permitted to have a place of worship.

After having had a look all round from the platform of

[1] This explanation is hardly accurate, as the soil does contain a large amount of iron.—Ed.

[2] The late King of Belgium had a beautiful residence here, where the waste has been transformed into a paradise, with every sort of semi-tropical plant and tree.—Ed.

the lighthouse, and a furtive glance at the battery, we take to our boat and cross over to

Villafranca

This beautiful calm sheet of water, so long envied by France, so unwillingly given up by Italy, looks as smooth as a lake, I might almost say as a mirror. It is a favourite station, and we frequently see moored in its waters the giant men-of-war of nearly every nation and especially the American, a part of whose fleet spends a few months every winter here. Yet if these mighty vessels had been in this beautiful harbour in 1564 they would have been swept away like so many toys. For then a most terrible earthquake made all the rocks round here quiver and totter, it heaved the waters up to a tremendous height and hurled them back with vehemence. The sea receded a long way, so that the harbour was laid bare for half a mile, and the whole basin sank considerably. A similar visitation occurred in 1575 when a terrific gale, unparalleled in these regions, drove the waves over the neck of the peninsula, dashed the ships and boats to splinters, and carried away the pier.

There was a ship built here in 1522 that caused quite as much sensation, nay more than Leviathan caused, in her early days. She was constructed for or by the Knights Templars, and her enormous dimensions and great size made such an impression both on landsmen and sailors, that every boat of a somewhat unusual size has ever since been called *La nou de' Rodi*, *i.e.* the Rhodian ship.[1] She contained six decks, a chapel, a powder store, a bake-house, carried a crew of three hundred men, was covered with lead, was, in fact, the first iron or rather lead-clad vessel ever launched. She was sent to the siege of Tunis, and resisted successfully numerous heavy projectiles of the land force. The design is still to be seen among the frescoes of the Ospidalieri in Rome. When she was launched in 1523 it was said that by her tremendous force and ponderous weight she alone could sink fifty galleys.

[2] Bosio, *Istoria di Malta*, tome iii. c. 2.

VILLEFRANCHE

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THE MONASTERY, LAGHET

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Lady Blessington, Lord Byron's great friend, in her *Idler in Italy*, a book full of interesting information, but now rarely met with, writes about this place as follows :

'March 11, 1823. Went to Villafranca to-day. It is a beautiful spot, and has a considerable harbour and a bay bounded on three sides by a chain of hills covered with wood, the trees of which seem bending to lave their branches in the blue water. This has the appearance of a lake, and is so sheltered that its limpid surface is scarcely rippled by the breeze. Beyond the wooded hill the ocean is seen glittering beneath the rays of the sun, and the barrier which divides the bay from the open sea, being one unbroken mass of foliage, has a most charming effect. The harbour is strongly fortified, and the lighthouse, white as Parian marble, which stands on the highest mass of rocks that project into the sea, as well as the fortress, adds much to the picturesque beauty of the picture. The villa in which Lady Olivia Sparrow resided (the same lady who was allowed to have a house for prayer-meetings erected in the *Rue de France* without having the appearance of a church), well, this villa was pointed out to us, and it was pleasant to observe the high estimation in which the character of that lady was held. Her extensive charities have left an impression at Villafranca that will not be speedily or easily obliterated.'

We have not the slightest intention of writing the history of this important maritime town. It is beyond our power and our aim. It received migrating popes ; witnessed the meeting of crowned heads negotiating a doubtful peace ; it was often a bone of contention, and therefore often a sufferer during numerous European conflicts ; for a short time the residence of a sultan in chains ; frequently the prey of African and Eastern pirates ; a stronghold of the Saracens ; it is now the pet resort of naval men enjoying on the one hand the society and amusements of Nice, and on the other the various attractions of Monte Carlo.[1]

[1] The old bagnio, where the prisoners were chained to rings yet remaining in the floor, belongs to Russia, and is used as a Russian marine station for study and for collecting specimens to be sent to Russian universities.—Ed.

CHAPTER XX

THE ANNUNCIATA

Height, . 720 feet.
Distance, . an easy hour's walk from the centre of the town.

THE earlier history of this religious retreat has been already told in the description : ' Mentone as it was.' As the cradle of Mentone it has its importance, and as for its situation and easy access it has certain attractions and charms. In sketching its later history I chiefly follow the narrative of the late Chevalier Honoré Ardoino in his *Sanctuaire de Notre Dame de l'Annonciade*, written for the benefit of the monks.

The ancient greatness of Podium Pinum is for ever gone. Of its material existence there is, comparatively speaking, very little left. A poor little chapel and a small house were the only remains of the early monastery when the late proprietor purchased it in 1808, and declared it to be and to remain their family tomb. But both chapel and house with ground and cistern were soon repaired, embellished, and enlarged, in a very brief space of time. There is a whisper abroad that the hospital in Mentone has been a considerable loser, as since the arrival of the Italian monks its income has gradually decreased. Formerly legacies and annual contributions flowed rather liberally into the box for the sick and needy ; now they find their way into the bag of the idler. If, however, mendicant friars are to be up there, why not instal French monks with French feelings, French notions, and a French tongue ? Again, these Italian friars have their pensions quite sufficient to live upon. Why should hospitals and charitable institutions be deprived of their mite to make the easy life of a friar still easier ? That is, however, not my affair.

According to the pamphlet I quoted above, all persons

in danger, sickness, necessity, and tribulations, and all that are desolate and oppressed go to this Madonna of the Annunciata, represented by men who by their prayers and fastings seem to have more influence over the Blessed Virgin than her humbler subjects. All the ex-votos suspended there not only testify to the devotions of the faithful, but chiefly to the manifold dispensation of mercies vouchsafed in various ways.

Tradition will have it, history does not record the event, that a sister of Louis I., Prince of Monaco, owed her cure from leprosy to her frequent pilgrimages to this holy shrine. Santa Dévota, the patron lady of the principality, must have frowned, and Laghetto, of old standing fame, must have wept, and both felt deeply aggrieved at this Annunciata victory. The fifteen niches we meet on our way up, and which we criticise, admire, or worship, according to our religious convictions, represent as many minor saints leading, pointing to the major saint above. They were installed at the expense of the said lady, and personify the fifteen mysteries of the rosary. These niches were then, about 1865, in a sad state of neglect. Downright mischief had mutilated, disfigured, destroyed the figures. It was a shameful act of profanation. One day in spring 1866 a large party wended their way up to the Madonna, and finding all the niches empty I asked my donkey-man, a strong fellow of twenty-five, 'Why are all these lodges empty ? and what has become of the saints ? ' 'Well,' quoth he, trying to smile, 'these saints being Italians, and not liking to be annexed without being consulted, left their holy abodes and returned to their native land ! ' This very man, three years later, attempted to turn friar, but not being able to stand the ordeal returned to his former occupation, and soon afterwards disappeared altogether.

The report of the miraculous cure of the princess naturally spread far and wide, increased the renown of the religious house, and attracted many sick and infirm people. In order to keep pace with the numerous demands for accommodation or temporary admission, twelve

Mentone priests founded an auxiliary retreat with the gracious permission of the Prince of Monaco, who, at his own expense, enlarged the place and thus assisted the priests to carry out their well-meant undertaking. This came to pass in 1695.

Naturally it aroused the susceptibility of the Mentone parochial clergy, for the new monks were hardly housed when they claimed the right of collecting alms and money; *jus patronatus*, whilst the parish priest of Mentone claimed these rights for himself and his parish, supported by two manuscripts, *Scritture concernenti il Santuario di Pepino*, documents belonging to the present owner of the monastery, Mr. Paul de Monléon. The name of the document is a proof that the old name for Mentone lingered on in clerical parish records. According to the memorandum of the parish priests: 'Tradition and public opinion, confirmed by some people still living, who had it from their grandfathers and great grandfathers, positively declare that the Pepino chapel was formerly the parish church of Mentone; that the baptismal font existed in the small lateral chapel on the epistolar's side, as may still be seen unless it has been removed, since the last parish priest handed the key to the Abbot Nic. Capponi to say his prayers there, and that many other facts support the claim.'

To this the friars replied in a very flippant style, saying that the testimony of the previous parish priest cannot be relied on, he being the uncle of the present holder, that there is no trace of any baptistry within the chapel; that the short distance between the two places seems to tell against two parishes, that the present parish church (1695) of Mentone was built on the foundation of a former one; and that even if the transport *de loco ad locum* was true, two parishes would be as unbecoming to one priest as two wives to one husband. Priests and friars not being able to come to an understanding, the Prince of Monaco was appointed arbiter, who decided that Mentone was right and Pepino wrong. Quite natural, too. Pepino had long ago lost its political existence.

The then incumbent of Mentone, an Imberti, followed

his uncle, J. B. Imberti (1651-1695), resigned his living in 1731 to his nephew, who was succeeded by his nephew, who died in 1781, so that three members of the same family held the same church from 1651 to 1781, *i.e.* one hundred and thirty years.

The friars were certainly wrong in their statement about the parish church of Mentone. We have seen before that Podium Pinum expired towards the end of the thirteenth century. Now there was already a parish church in Mentone in or soon after 1300, dedicated to St. Michael, situated in Mattoni Street behind the former hospital, where even now some faint traces may be discovered. It was in use up to 1550, when it was replaced by one erected, only on a smaller scale, on the site of the present parish church, which was begun in 1619 and completed about 1653.

The friars, being prevented from doing any parish work, devoted all their time to their religious duties and the improvement of the establishment in general. When in 1793 they were ejected, the houses and chapel were closed and declared national property. But in 1808, M. Jérome de Monléon, then *maire* of Mentone, purchased it from the government and declared it to be the family tomb. Nearly sixty years later, in 1867, Charles de Monléon, also *maire* of Mentone, offered it as a permanent home to some Italian monks to watch and pray over the sacred resting-place of his family. The friars, under the direction of an intelligent and zealous superior, set to work with a will, collected money in every quarter and from every one, not even despising Protestant coins, for friars are the most unscrupulous and successful, and at the same time the only authorised beggars in the world; they lengthened the church, added a choir for the recital of their prayers, founded a crypt, elaborately got up on the great festivals and saints' days, especially on Christmas Day; improved the house and thereby their personal comfort; provided for as many as twenty inmates; enlarged and deepened the cistern; embellished the place considerably and turned it into a permanent home.

I may as well mention here that there existed at one time within Mentone territory three monasteries of the

Franciscan order. In 1482 Father Martin of Bologna founded a convent at Carnolese near the church (erected there many years previous by the piety and munificence of the Grimaldis, and made famous by Thomas Schiavone, a man of great piety and moral power). The Capuchin convent, now called the Black Friars, was consecrated on August 27, 1617, by Nicholas Spinola, bishop of Ventimiglia, in presence of Honoré II.; closed in 1793, reopened about 1810 and its cloisters converted into barracks; and on May 2, 1640, Honoré II. installed another order in Carnolese, abandoned for some time, closed again in 1793, lost by the Grimaldis in 1848, purchased by Mr. Dorident and turned into a villa. I need not follow the author any more, who is a pupil of the Jesuits and a fervent Catholic, as entering on the thorny path of religious controversy would lead us astray.

We follow the ridge northwards, enjoying the view right and left, stopping only a few moments near an old olive-tree whose branches support a box, a tiny room, 'to be let,' where the late Queen of Prussia, Elizabeth, during her stay in Mentone, spent many happy days. A good many tradespeople courted her patronage and two received a diploma, which they dare not exhibit now, but of which they were very proud at the time being. The war of 1870 engendered different feelings. Mean spite and noisy patriotism, fawning previously on Prussian royalty, took cheap vengeance on the innocent box and knocked it down. At the comb of the ridge there is a very easy descent to the Carei valley, and one rather more difficult towards the Borrigo. Both are interesting.[1]

[1] On the expulsion of the religious orders from France in 1901, the monks, who were only five in number, were forced to vacate the Annunciata Monastery, which has remained unoccupied ever since. The Hotel Annunciata, built immediately behind and above the convent, attracts a large number of visitors, who profit by the quiet and the freshness of the air as well as by the superb views.—Ed.

CHAPTER XXI

LAGUET, OR LAGHETTO [1]

What a pity it is that the great festivals of this famous sanctuary do not fall within the winter season. Friends and admirers of pilgrimages and antique ceremonies, and others who have no sympathy with such, could not help doing justice to those simple-minded mountaineers. From all directions they flock in, foregoing the wages of a day or two, putting up with great fatigue and scanty food in order to satisfy the ardent longing of their heart and to obtain Madonna's blessing. They wander along in families or clans, singing praises to the Blessed Virgin, or repeating fervent prayers composed in glowing terms for each particular occasion. The aged, the ailing, and infants alone betake themselves to carts. Nearly all the rest tramp along for hours and hours, night and day, so as not to spend too much of their small earnings. There are exceptions, of course, since some strong, lazy fellows and lasses prefer to save their legs, and are seen closely packed on a large, heavy, clumsy vehicle, drawn by such a tiny donkey, that it looks very much as a Corsican pony would look in a London brewer's dray. On level ground, or going downhill, as many as fourteen heads can be counted within one cart. As we overtake these people on our way to Turbia we find many, we are happy to state, who can read, for they chant

[1] Meaning a small lake, formerly formed by the torrent, but finally swept away by repeated inundations, or filled up by frequent landslips, or emptied by internal outlets caused by earthquakes.

'Le *vicus* ancien n'occupait pas la place du village du Drap actuel ; il était au lieu nommé aujourd'hui le Figet, lieu que traversait la voie Julienne, en descendant du vallon de Laghet. Ce nom de Figet paraît être le nom ancien de cette localité ; on le retrouve dans le cartulaire de Lérins sous la forme de Castrum de Figeto à partir du sixième siècle ; on peut donc penser que ce nom gallo-romain était Figetum.'

out of their books such hymns as are used only once or twice or thrice a year.

The nearer we draw to the goal the more the streams swell, and Turbia, the last halt, does suburban duty, offering plenty of shade beneath her stately elms, and plenty of fresh water from her generous fountain. And both kind hosts, the trees and the jets, find many grateful customers.

After having left Turbia the pilgrims jog along more quietly and seriously. Bodily fatigue with some, expectation and meditation with others, may be the cause. Near the ruins of the Chapel of St. Catherine, who is a great favourite in these parts, the road to Laghetto turns to the right. The column we notice in the angle of the two roads was erected in 1827 in honour of Charles Félix, King of Sardinia, who paid a solemn visit to the monastery. This granite pillar bears the following graceful inscription :

REGE CAROLO FELICE
AEDEM MARIÆ SANCTISSIMÆ
SOLEMNITER ADITURO
VIA JULIA
OLIM IMPERATORIS ADRIANI
NUNC ACCOLARUM NICÆENSIUM AERE
RESTITUTA ET AMPLIATA EST
SATAGENTIBUS
AEMIL. ROTARIO SEVERINIANO GUBERNATORE
ALEX. CROTTI PRAEFECTO PROVINCIÆ
HIER. GNECCO CURATORE VIARUM
H. M. P. MDCCCXXVII.

'King Charles Félix being anxious to go in solemn procession to Mary's sanctuary, the road, formerly the Emperor Hadrian's, was at once repaired and enlarged at the expense of the neighbouring parishes and under the care of Æmilio Rotario Severiniano governor, Alex. Crotti, prefect of the district, and Jerome Gnecco, inspector of roads. This monument was erected in 1827.'

Only a very small portion was constructed on the old Roman road, here commonly called Camina Romana, which winds along the slope a little higher up on our left. The neighbouring parishes that contributed were Turbia, Eza, Nice, and Trinita Victor.

Owing to the trees having been cut down in the most ruthless manner, and the heavy autumn and spring rains having washed away nearly all the soil, the country looks bare. Just before we arrive at the lowest of some short sharp cuts across rocks and patches of field, we must climb up a little knoll in order to behold a most singular and serio-comic picture—a throng of carts, wagons, coaches, omnibuses, broughams, cabriolets, dogcarts, landaus, breaks, and even bicycles, of every size and shape ; carriages from the most primitive to the most fashionable, formed into a closely-packed line on each side of the road, or stowed away on every available level spot. Horses, mules, ponies, and donkeys occupy in peaceful harmony the remaining space, some being harnessed and fastened, some free, some strolling or rolling on the common, studded with noble trees. Human creatures move slowly to and fro. Those who had already finished their early morning devotions, breaking their fast and preparing for their journey home, were grouped around their movable cottage or a tree or beneath an over-hanging rock, all partaking of a frugal meal. A few outriders were quietly walking and talking, meditating or debating ; others were musing or snoozing, weeping or sleeping, according to occasion, character, and conscience ; fewer still were laughing or chaffing, doing a stroke of business or making love, playing or gambling. Country folks bringing more heart and character, townspeople more show and frivolity to the place. The former are nearly all in good honest earnest, the latter chiefly come for a lark, worldly enjoyment, or even real mischief.

On the wedge formed by two torrents stands the sacred building, with a small square in front and a cottage or two turned into inns. This place, like the road we came down, was literally thronged with people, and lined, or rather filled with stalls, and reminded one of a true old country revel. There were people clad in costumes of colours and cuts varied as fancy can invent ; stalls covered with ordinary toys of every kind, made of lime, paste, sugar, or wood, representing saints and parts of saints, nature and art, holiness and profanity ; booths

whose tenants sold eatables and drinkables, bread and fruit, cigars, tobacco and snuff, cloth and clothes, yarn and wool, hardware and trinkets, books and stationery ; nooks about hedges and rocks, for the blind, lame, disfigured, and crippled individuals who may deserve sympathy and assistance, but who ought never to be exhibited as incurables so near a shrine that boasts of having wrought so many miracles ; boards and *roulettes* ready for immediate use, where the rattling of huge dice, the seductive sound of *sous*, and the alluring sight of cigars excite the sleeping passions of the unwary, and where poor silly clodhoppers lose their year's earnings.

That is the dark side of the saintly picture, one of many evils not mentioned, but engendered by the gatherings. It is Vanity Fair ! Saints and sinners doing a stroke of business together.

Fortunately the vast majority of the people are most abstemious and sober ! Among all these pilgrims I saw only a few unsteady fellows.

Let us cross over towards the cloisters and see the religious side of the picture, where pilgrims are doing their rounds, singing or rather shouting to their heart's content. Their voices are far from being sweet and melodious, and their faces far from pretty. Sun and toil have told upon them ; but their sounds are mellowed by their hearts, and where hearts beat time and sing, a few dissonant sounds cannot altogether destroy harmony. We join their throng though not their creed. All are admitted and welcomed as worshippers ; many tolerated though mere spectators, or even hostile critics.

On their prescribed nine rounds each group chants its own particular vernacular. There seems to be a confusion of dialects, but far from it. They move along, never interfering with each other, and listening—seemingly listening at least—to their own party alone.

The endless number of an indifferent class of ex-votos that cover the cloister walls represent every kind of scene—ships in distress and danger ; houses on fire ; shepherds falling from lofty rocks and masons from their scaffolding ;

torrents drifting hay and straw, trees and timber, cattle and furniture, human creatures and domestic animals; children struck by lightning; aged women run over by an unwieldy cart; old men bitten by mad dogs; horsemen anywhere but on their saddles; sportsmen wounded by their own guns, a clumsy companion, or an infuriated wild boar; a carriage and pair going over the precipices of the Cornice road; quarrymen thrown high up into the air, or down a steep ravine, and that by their own mines too; landslips over fertile fields, sweeping away cottages and their inmates; accidents of daily occurrence and disasters on a grand scale. Yet danger is forthwith arrested and no harm is done. Madonna is appealed to. And Madonna, of course, appears in a cloud, in a vapour, in a sunbeam, upon a boisterous wave, within fire and smoke, before dashing horses, on floods and rocks, always surrounded by a dazzling halo—for God the Father Almighty is eclipsed and nowhere alluded to—and the peril of an individual, a party, a family, a district, is instantaneously averted or prevented by the Holy Virgin.

No wonder that the pilgrims swear by any one of these ex-votos as to a direct interference with the ordinary course of Providence; no wonder that these pilgrims enter the sanctuary with faith and awe! There, to their minds, is the tabernacle to which Christ's words refer: 'The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up.'

The inner chapel as well as every outer chapel and shrine is completely filled with people. A venerable friar says mass. Hundreds of penitents are on their knees. Every beseeching look that emanates from weeping eyes, every fervent prayer that passes from an aching heart over quivering lips, every unseen supplication and every unheard sigh that heaves up from a sorrow-stricken mind or a bleeding soul, all are addressed to the shrine placed above the altar. Many begin their round of prayers in the lateral chapels, respectively dedicated to St. Joseph, St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Theresa. Being in the immediate presence of the Queen of Heaven, and very likely her

spiritual advisers, on right and left, in dispensing her gracious favours, all these saints, already of considerable influence in the council of their brethren, must not be overlooked. The days of St. Joseph and St. Theresa, of St. Peter and St. Paul are, therefore, after Whitsuntide and Trinity, the chief festivals, but Trinity, I think, is the most attractive.

Mass being said, the sacrament administered, the high-flowing and flowery sermon in honour and praise of the immaculate Virgin delivered, preparations are made for the procession. If miracles ever happen, now is the time. The exhibition of the all but pretty statue and her child, both crowned with golden crowns, set with precious stones, and given to them by Anna Ricardi, an illustrious lady of Oneglia, is the most solemn moment and the decisive point of general expectation and ecstasy.

Here stands an elderly mother with an only son, a lad of sixteen or thereabouts, with all his limbs most pitifully distorted, his hands twisted out of their natural shape, his face sadly disfigured by the most unsightly excrescences and by incessant convulsions—a really fit object for the holy mother's immediate and efficacious interference. This poor youngster went through his set of prayers with a will. His aged mother, sorrow-stricken, and not only careworn but literally used up, having apparently come here for the last time, anxiety and grief personified, this poor mother, whose eyes, red with weeping, shed streams of tears, whose very soul seemed to heave up vows and supplications, directed and supported his devotions. At every invocation he touched one of his ailing parts, and his tongue that could but groan, what a tale it told and what a prayer it prayed. And his crippled fingers, his misshapen hands and feet, what telling witnesses they were. The solemn moment is approaching. Prayers take almost a tangible form. Alms flow abundantly, people give more than they can spare. Cries for mercy, screams for help, groans for succour, sobs for relief fill the holy place—enough to touch and move a heart of stone. Poor mother! Poor son! What misery! They give all they have. Their eyes and

hearts are riveted to the statue! Their souls are in their prayers, and yet they scarcely dare to hope any longer. The all-important moment is at hand—is gliding on—is gliding past—is gliding away—is gone—is over! No answer to their supplications! No grace vouchsafed! You must bear your cross a little while longer, and come again next year! This is but one picture out of many. There were no miracles wrought. The numerous human infirmities were not cured. The blind and lame and dumb and crippled were still begging, and their human brethren without were far more liberal than all their saints within the chapel. The crowd dispersed. I too went away pondering over all I had seen and heard, firmly convinced that the vast majority of the worshippers were sincere, and if I had been one of those mighty saints, I should have wrought one miracle, just one, in favour of that poor unfortunate mother and boy, and should have driven away all the gamblers and most of the traders too. But shrines and saintly pictures feel differently, I fear, if they feel at all.

The more precious ex-votos, such as hearts, limbs, wreaths, etc., made of silver and gold, with which the main altar and its sides particularly were profusely bedecked, had no longer any value in my sight. I even hardly missed now the absence of those more precious ones which had been carried away by thieves and soldiers in 1792 and the following years, or even by rulers strong in power but short of money.

We move out by a little gate on the right leading to the trinket stall, in the south-west corner under the control of, and for the benefit of, the establishment. A couple of most amiable and obliging friars, assisted by two lay brothers, drive here a flourishing trade, and do a good stroke of business. They would do credit to any shop or salesmen. And they get what they ask, for no one bargains here. The glittering ware is well and tastefully arranged, and hearts and hands, and flowers and wreaths, and saints and saintly things and scenes vie with each other in glowing colours. Elsewhere two other friars, from early morn-

ing till late at night, are busy in discharging higher duties—emptying bags of conscience. Some of those sturdy mountaineers must have brought down heavy burdens, a whole year's omissions and commissions, for they took many hours to turn over the leaves in which so many black marks are ticketed against them. I noticed one whose ordeal lasted an hour and a half.

How did this chapel become so celebrated and obtain such a hold over the masses ? This question leads us back to olden times.

The whole Ligurian coast bears numerous traces of the presence of the Romans. Their great road led close by Laghetto to Trinita Victor, Nice, Antibes, and Arles. Many milestones have been found within this neighbourhood,[1] some still standing whole or broken in their original places. Laghetto itself may have been a Roman outpost against some of the tribes so troublesome to their invaders.

The Roman vanguard of conquest and civilisation was soon followed by another civilising element of a higher standard and of a deeper working power. The Christian missionary was eminently a soldier, and St. Paul, whom tradition reports to have visited the region, surely sent forth men with their loins girt and with the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit, in fact the whole armour of God. Those early missionaries are the cause of there being so many chapels and churches which sprang up in the very infancy of Christianity, not only along the shore and within sight of the Roman settlements, but up on the hills. Laghetto was probably one of the first Christian stations in this part, taking most likely the place of a heathen shrine, or situated near the Roman castellum, which was greatly damaged by the Saracens, but the ruins of which were still visible in 1660. Its present distinction and reputation are of course of a much more recent origin, the natural consequence of the development of the worship of saints in general and of mariolatry in particular. The primitive chapel, hidden though it was within the trees

[1] As many as ten have been found in this neighbourhood, three of which are in the library of Nice and two in the museum of Monaco.—Ed.

and bushes of the narrow valley, must have been discovered, plundered, and partially destroyed by the barbarous tribes that flocked to and fro along this shore in the sixth century, for it was abandoned, and became covered with brambles and thorns, and was used as a shed for herdsmen and their cattle on rainy days. But it was restored and rose fast in fame, and became important enough to be left to the far-famed Abbey of St. Victor, near Marseilles, by a certain Raimbaud or Raimbaldo. It is mentioned in an act, according to which the inhabitants of Peglia obtained their bishop's pardon. This act, dated February 11, 1352, begins thus : ' Actum in territorio castri de Peglia videlicet in Sancto Martino de Laghetis præsentibus dictis Comite et Castellano, etc.' The fame of the spot must have been well-established in 1652, when Giacinta Porta, wife of Casanova of Monaco, being afflicted with a very grave malady, addressed all her supplication to Mary of Laghetto, and was cured of her disease, until then declared incurable. To show her gratitude as publicly as possible, she went with a large number of friends to Laghetto, presented her thank-offering, and seeing the Holy Virgin so poorly housed, she had the chapel rebuilt and gave one hundred gold florins towards the erection of a fountain. The news of this miraculous recovery, contrary to the expectations of all the doctors, soon spread far and wide, and Laghetto's fame increased year by year.

Christopher dell' Ara tried to restore the old statue of the Madonna, but it was impossible. It was of wood, and a large crack extended from the forehead down to the right eye, thus destroying her beauty. This sad calamity reached the ears of a pious Nice lawyer, a native, however, of Eza. His family had possessed a most venerable statue of the blessed mother from time immemorial. She was the great central point of their family devotion, and whenever Antonino Fighiera was reproved by his conscience for any act, he prostrated himself before his household saint and felt his sins forgiven, his briefs increased, and all his undertakings richly blessed. This gentleman, in a moment of sublime self-denial, offered his invalu-

able treasure to the Chapel of Laghetto. And when Antonino Rocca, the Michael Angelo of Nice, had restored it with his master brush, it looked so sweet and lovely that all the people of Eza insisted on carrying it to its new destination. The Holy Virgin was scarcely installed when she showered her mercies broadcast over all the neighbourhood, and in spite of the bad roads and the absence of food and shelter, people would come in large numbers to do her honour, to implore her protection, and to sing her praises.

Nice and Eza having thus set a good example, others followed in rapid succession. From September 8 to December 11, 1653, only one year after her restoration, there passed not less than fifty processions through Mentone, and in the month of November alone their number amounted to thirty-six, each consisting of from five hundred to two thousand persons, all bringing their prayers, their tapers, their offerings, their silver cups, their golden hearts, their massive lamps. The widow of Hercules, Marquis des Baux, eldest son of Honoré II., died in Carnolese in 1651 (see p. 111), and left rich presents to the shrine of Laghetto. One of the numerous Ventimiglian confraternities, having been in many noted places and witnessed, if not actually wrought, many miracles, went in great pomp to Laghetto on September 21, 1653, and besides their prayers and usual offerings, presented a heavy silver lamp. On their return they stopped near the fountain in Mentone, and there and then beheld to their indescribable amazement and satisfaction the effigy of Christ sweating blood exactly as they had seen it about fifty years before in the famous sanctuary of Vico, with the remarkable addition, of one large drop standing on the Saviour's forehead, inviting them, as it were, to gather it and preserve it as a sacred keepsake to work miracles in the future and to testify to their contemporaries how acceptable such pious processions and offerings were in the sight of Heaven. Miracles became now so numerous that suspicions arose about their genuine character, and the bishop of Nice had the sanctuary closed. But learned divines, abbots, lawyers, and doctors, having

duly inquired into every case and favourably reported upon all, he bowed to such unimpeachable testimony, and had the chapel reopened. One of the first visitors was the archbishop of Aix, accompanied by two thousand nobles, all mounted on their chargers. This was on April 17, 1660.

Bishop Henry of Nice, himself a Carmelite, appointed in 1674 his fellow friars sole and perpetual custodians of Laghetto, and they have to the number of twelve continued to direct and guard the place. Processions and pilgrims have kept on increasing, especially in times of trouble. Thus the Sospellians, after having visited two other shrines, marched with all the signs of humility and penitence to Laghetto to get rid of the plague then carrying off thousands of people. This happened on July 25, 1688.

The different wars of succession, and especially the violent convulsions of 1789 to 1795, disturbed this quiet retreat, and in 1792 the monks had to run for their lives, and the miraculous statue, powerless against lawless bands and well-disciplined troops, had to be removed and housed in Turbia. In 1802 it was restored to its former place, and in 1815 again entrusted to the care of the same religious order.

The royal house of Savoy was particularly devoted to and blessed by the Madonna of Laghetto. Charles Emmanuel II. (1667–1675) presented a massive golden baby of the actual weight of his infant son, who was cured by the Holy Virgin.

Prince Maurice and Prince Eugene sent heavy ex-votos of silver, beautifully worked and richly set, for great favours received.

Prince Philip and his consort came in person to offer their alms and thanksgivings for mercies vouchsafed.

Princess Maria Josephina Baptista offered a silver leg of the size and weight of her own, which had been cured at Laghetto.

The Duke of Mercœur came with his wife and two children and conferred on Madonna a diadem set with valuable pearls of rare beauty.

Victor Amadeus and his queen, a duchess of Orléans, paid

two visits in 1689, and manifested their high devotion and their attachment by a long stay and by a liberal supply of velvet robes, silver tissue, and jewellery.

Charles Emmanuel and his generals, laden with honours, paid a flying visit to Madonna, proclaiming her the immediate cause of their victories, and leaving a large share of their spoil.

In 1828 came Charles Felix and his august consort, Maria Christina, and in 1835 the then widowed queen visited Laghetto once more in search of comfort in her bereavement and sorrows.

The last and most memorable visit of the house of Savoy was that of Charles Albert in 1849. This valiant king who, for the liberty and independence of his people, the security of his dominions, and the proverbial honour of his name and dynasty, sacrificed his all, losing his crown on the battlefield of Novara, left his scattered army and his dear country and came to Laghetto to do penance and to pass his last night on Italian soil, ere he left it for ever to die in his voluntary exile in Portugal. This great king, noble in his prosperity, and still nobler in his adversity, has an inscription of his own as follows :

QUÌ
LA MATTINA DEL 26 MARZO 1849
CARLO ALBERTO
LASCIATI I CAMPI FATALI DI NOVARA
SOSTAVA IGNOTO ESULANTE.
QUI
PIAMENTE CONFESSÒ, E ALLA MENSA DI GESÙ
RICONFORTATO LO SPIRITO AFFRANTO
RINNOVÒ IL SACRIFIZIO DI AFFETTI E DI DOLORI
QUI
PERDONÒ L'INJURIE
PIANSE LE COMMUNE SCIAGURE
E ABBANDONANDO COLLA PRESENZA L'ITALIA
NE RACCOMANDO I DESTINI
AL PATROCINIO DELLA VERGINE MADRE

Translation : ' Here on the morning of the 26th March 1849, Charles Albert, after having left the battlefield of Novara, stopped, an unknown exile ; here, having devoutly

confessed and at the table of Jesus refreshed his broken spirit, he renewed the sacrifice of his love and grief; here he forgave every injury, bewailed the common disasters, and in retiring now from Italy, he recommended her destiny to the protection of the Virgin Mother.'[1]

[1] Since the dissolution of the religious orders and the expulsion of monks and nuns from France in 1901, things have somewhat changed at Laghetto, though nothing of the beauty of the position is altered. A solitary friar is left in charge of the monastery. The sale of miniature representative models of the Madonna and sacred trinkets of various kinds goes on vigorously still. When the Law of Separation of Church and State took effect in 1904, as there was no Association Cultuelle to take over the buildings, the church of the monastery was closed and the seals of the Prefecture of Nice were put on the doors. For twelve months no religious service was conducted in Laghetto; recourse had to be made to La Turbia for such service. When, however, things got straightened out and opinion became more reasonable, the embargo was removed and matters now go on smoothly.—Ed.

CHAPTER XXII

EASTWARD BOUND—GRIMALDI, MORTOLA

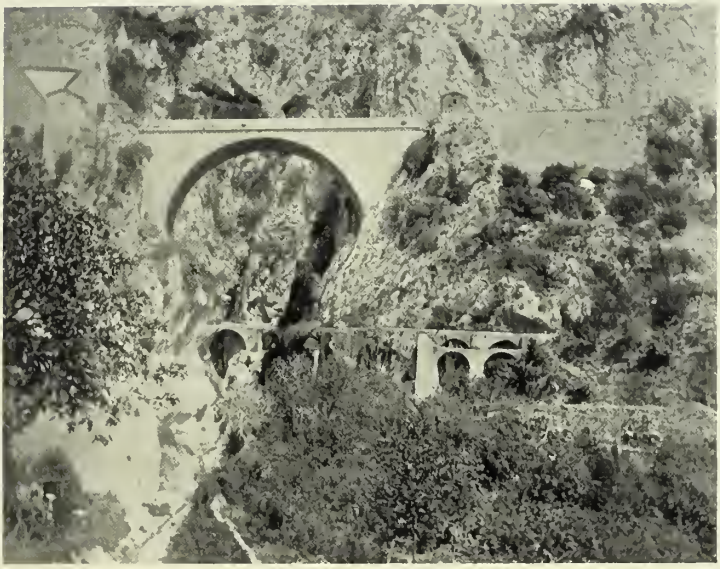
In winding along the quay and following the high road, embanked in 1868, enlarged and several times washed away, we gradually pass from Quartier St. Anne into that of St. Jacques, through Garavan into La Cuse, a most sheltered spot, as its name La Clusa, Clausa, Clausium, Claustra, a shelter, an enclosure, a retreat, seems to indicate. Villa La Cuse, with its fragrant avenue and bowers of heliotrope and jasmine, and newer villas right and left of the road, receive all the bright and warming beams of the sun, from his rising to his going down again, and in consequence of the radiation from the Red Rocks, have scarcely ever seen their tenderest flowers chilled. But here is

Pont Saint Louis

whose patron saint has his little, modest chapel lower down on the left bank of the torrent, on the Italian soil nearest to French territory.

The bridge, about seventy feet long and two hundred and twenty feet above the torrent, consisting of one arch, finished in 1806, and the work of Napoleon I., is a masterpiece of engineering. It is now the boundary between France and Italy, and forms, and I hope ever will form, a visible and tangible link of sisterly relationship between the two countries. On this single span we behold a picture of extraordinary beauty. Mentone, with its two bays, Cap Martin with its green pines, Monte Carlo and Monaco, Cap Ferrat and Cap d'Antibes, and the picturesque Esterel hills in the distance, with all the mountains from the Tête de Chien inland.

Listen to what Lady Blessington says on March 26,



PONT ST. LOUIS

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SARACENIC TOWER, GRIMALDI

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1823: 'Just outside of Mentone, on the road to this place (Ventimiglia), is the bridge, the Pont St. Louis, built across a ravine, on rocks, whose height is from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet high. It consists of a single arch, of an immense span, and of so admirable a construction, that it emulates the works of the Romans. The water falls in cascades into the ravine beneath, over which an aqueduct is constructed, which adds much to the beautiful effect of the bridge. A large spacious grotto or gallery (most likely one of the caves hardly visible now) is cut in the rocks near the bridge, but we had only time to look at it *en passant*. The Pont de St. Louis and the aqueduct were constructed by the command of Napoleon, and will serve as a durable monument of his hardy and enterprising mind. Travellers in France and Italy will often find occasion to recall his memory with gratitude, for he has made many a journey easy and agreeable which, without his aid, would have been a toilsome and dangerous pilgrimage.'

The view from the bridge is wonderful, embracing, as it does, nearly all the points of interest in the neighbourhood.

But let us look at the gorge itself. Though sometimes nearly dry, yet often a dashing cascade, with its fanciful sets of rocks, its Louis XIV. bust and tufted head almost in the middle, its curious mummy on the right as you look up, its wild flowers and ferns, its inaccessible pigeon holes, its giddy aqueduct and narrow path, with a perpendicular rock above, and a like precipice below, and the glimpse of the spotless sky beyond the royal head, is a gem worthy of any master's brush. When the moon at the full stands exactly south, as she generally does in autumn and spring at a convenient hour in the evening—November is perhaps best—her pale beams lighting up one side of the gorge and casting the other into deep shadow, then is the time to steal up to the bridge to witness a scene startling in its weirdness and one never to be forgotten.

Many lives have been lost here; the warrior and the highwayman may account for not a few. A nurse with a child in her arms slipped from yonder corner far above the

custom-house, and both lives were lost! A young maiden, finding that her lover was a habitual robber, leapt into the gorge out of sheer despair! A clergyman, in a moment of mental aberration, threw himself over the southern wall into the torrent, and had to be left there for one long day and night, in order to give time to Italian red tape, for the body had fallen just across the boundary! And a well-trained mountaineer lost his life in too boldly attempting to get a petrarca fern from beneath a stone.[1] What a long sad story this bridge might tell of human sorrows, human sufferings, human wickedness, human follies, and human despair! But let us move on.

It is a pity that the road is so much neglected here, being on fine days inches deep with dust, and inches deep with mud on wet ones. Pick-axe, powder, and dynamite shake and split these solid rocks to their very foundation, for man in constructing also at the same time destroys, or lessens, and spoils the beauties of nature. However, what cannot be cured must be endured. But what might be cured and need not be endured are the vexatious regulations of the custom-house, which prevent you from carrying any kind of fruit, vegetable, plant, or flower whatsoever. And if on your excursions there is found a pear, an apple, or an orange in your provision basket, or a pink or a rose in your button-hole, the men will take them from you and burn all —flower and fruit![2] But we shall soon forget these provoking formalities and all inconveniences connected with them, for here is

Dr. Bennet's Oriental Garden

where rare spring flowers and shrubs bud and blossom best at Christmas time, where friends are always welcome, and where visitors on specified days are freely admitted.[3] Our learned friend spent formerly his few leisure hours here, attending on flowers and plants, nature's frail, fair, and fairy

[1] *Asplenium Petrarchae*, a rare and local little fern growing on rocks which face the sun.—Ed.

[2] These drastic regulations, which were in force during the years when the phyloxera terror prevailed, are now done away with.—Ed.

[3] The garden is no longer open to visitors.—Ed.

offsprings, after having bestowed his skill, experience, and care on the suffering lords and ladies of creation. But now he has retired from his labours, and lives in rest and comfort in yonder mansion. May he pass many happy years in this his earthly paradise, which his taste and liberality created!

We enter by the upper gate. The lower one through a new plantation does not offer the same advantages. Up we are! Just look along that avenue! What a variety of flowers, plants, and shrubs! Every continent and zone has sent, and is, I believe, still sending its contributions. The perspective is marvellously striking. What a pity I cannot adequately describe the conglomeration of this floral union and display. But this is too stale and colourless a phrase, I meant to say this choice collection and selection of all that exists to charm the eye, to satisfy the taste, to please the artist, to gratify the uninitiated, to fill the balmy air with aromatic fragrancy, to occupy the botanist for hours, the pencil for weeks, the draughtsman for months, the sketch-book for a season! It is a floral hall that attracts, nay commands general attention and admiration![1]

Before leaving the precincts of this little Eden we must ascend the Saracen tower,[2] or, as it is commonly called, the Grimaldis tower, standing in the eastern corner just beyond the mansion; it is the head gardener's lodge greatly changed and sadly altered. It is intimately connected with the Roman road below, and was, according to exact measurements and calculations, a watch tower, a Vigilia. Such towers were invariably erected on prominent points to command an extensive view over land and sea, especially over a couple of small bays or creeks, so as to ensure the safe landing of ships, the passage of the troops, the communication with the outposts, and in this instance particularly with Monaco, and above all with Turbia, the Alpe

[1] I leave these paragraphs just as Dr. Müller wrote them, as a specimen of his exuberant and effusive style, which has made the editing no easy task.—Ed.

[2] Before his death, which took place in the year 1891, Dr. Bennet had parted with his mansion, retaining only the Saracen tower, which he had decorated and furnished appropriately.—Ed.

Summa of the ancients, and to facilitate an extensive watch over some of the more or less troublesome native tribes.

Later on, when the Roman power grew weaker and finally passed away, some new invaders dismantled or destroyed, others simply restored or remodelled such strong places and turned them to good account according to their wants and notions. This was chiefly done at the time of the general migration and the subsequent inroads of the Saracens, during the Crusades and the intestine wars of the Middle Ages, when each party made alternate efforts to get a firm and permanent footing on such an important coast. And though time and weather and ignorance have worn and torn away a great deal of all these superstructions, yet archæologists have been able to trace several styles in one and the same building. What a tale the old tower might tell. What a contrast between then and now; between the steady, strategic, and civilising Roman, the restless Longobard, the fanatic Saracen, the pious though often silly crusader, the reckless and impulsive partisan, the professional and mercenary soldier, the erring, homeless Barbet, and the modern warrior! They all passed on that road below, and I fancy I see them now filing along, each century and nation bearing its characteristic features.

The Barbets are made out to be much blacker than they really were. It is true, they waylaid the stragglers and even small detachments of the French republican army, or any soldier or traveller they fell in with in these Red Rocks, *i.e.* Balsi or Baussi Rossi.[1] But these men often left their homes to escape forced enlistment in the army that fought against their kindred and their native land. Then want, bad example, sheer misery, blind, unbounded revenge against any one they supposed, rightly or wrongly, to have robbed, injured, insulted or disgraced, a member of their family; these motives, real or imaginary, single or combined, drove them into bands, and step by step they became outcasts and criminals. The incessant passage of the

[1] From *balcium baucium*, Provençal *baus*, a barren rock rising almost perpendicular, or as John Ruskin would say, 'not vertical, but steep enough to seem so to imagination.'

armies of various nations for divers objects, during the last thousand years, has gradually developed the Barbet system and the Barbet terror. A careful and impartial perusal of all the documents and circumstances relating to this subject in this part of Liguria has led me to that conviction, and concise and imperfect as my narrative must needs be, the reader will yet find sufficient evidence therein to support my theory. But the real and perhaps only cause of the modern Barbets originated in the very organisation and behaviour of the first revolutionary army, a cause I have amply demonstrated in my sketch of 1792, p. 121.

In 1745 a band of Savoyards, going by the suggestive name of Barbetti, bearded men, had arrived within this neighbourhood, occupying the fertile Latte valley and its two slopes. Many of them are said to have been escaped convicts, ready for any crime, and were rather assassins than soldiers, which they pretended to be. They terrified the peaceful population by levying blackmail, tying peasants to trees in order to get money from them, or to learn where money or money's worth was to be got, dishonouring homes, and committing the most abominable atrocities. They numbered about four hundred, led by a certain Olivier of Coni, such a desperado that the Infant of Spain had offered a reward of one thousand pistoles to any one who would deliver him dead or alive. No one, however, could be tempted. All the stringent measures of the authorities led to no result. But help finally came from quite an unexpected quarter. It was a poor cottager who, unobserved and unsuspected, was a most persevering observer of Olivier's movements. One evening this man strolled quietly up to the commander, and told him that the dreaded chieftain could, with a good many of his band, be found that night in a cavern of the Balzi Rossi, the Rochers Rouges, near Lower Murtola, or Murta, as it was then called. This startling revelation was received with surprise and distrust. Olivier's tactics and whereabouts being until then shrouded in an impenetrable mystery to all the outposts, could hardly be known to an ignorant peasant. But as

the man insisted on the accuracy of his report, and gave the minutest particulars about the actual quarters of the band, the governor finally decided on sending a strong and selected detachment of tried and daring Corsicans, adding a dozen of trustworthy, stalwart Murtolese well acquainted with the locality, all led by a veteran officer, and guided by the informer. Favoured by a dark and stormy night they marched off cautiously towards the quarters of the famous band, where no one seemed to be on the watch. The captain's measures were prompt and decisive, the approaches to the cavern were so noiselessly and rapidly occupied, that escape was impossible. The bandits made a desperate attempt to rally and to struggle against the regular force, but all in vain. Many were slain, and forty-nine made prisoners. Olivier, mortally wounded, surrendered, and was carried to the town hospital, where in a few hours he died.[1]

But let us return to our historical remarks about this tower. There were along this Roman road, as on all others, two kinds of forts. The first were on the roadside, at given distances, to ensure the movements of the regular forces and everything concerning them, and the keeping of the road itself—these little towers were usually called Castella ; the others, serving as watch-towers, Vigilia, Vigiliæ, stood generally on an eminence to forward or to receive signals, corresponding more or less with our semaphore, or even perhaps a primitive lighthouse, as we see it at Cap Martin. Now if we carefully examine the foundation and position of these Vigiliæ, and if we compare the result of our investi-

[1] On the hillside lower down than Castel d'Appio is seen the picturesque little square tower known as Porta Canarda. The origin of the name is unknown. Professor Rossi says in a document of the year 1303 it is called Porta Cachena, which may be a mistake of the secretary. The document in question says of the tower, 'Superstans unus, lib. xv., portarii duo xxiii.' *Superstans* is the commander of the garrison at Porta Canarda, *lib.* is probably freemen, and *portarii*, porters. The Roman road passes through the tower. Above the pointed arch on its western side a plaque displays the figure of St. George and the dragon, the ensign of the Bank of St. George of Genoa, which in 1514 ruled Ventimiglia. Another marble tells of great personages who passed this way. Pope Innocent IV. in 1251, Nicolo Machiavelli in 1511, the Emperor Charles V. in 1536, and Napoleon Bonaparte in March 1796. In the year 1880 the old tower, which had become somewhat ruinous, was restored by Sir Thomas Hanbury.—Ed.

gations with what is written, and what is to be seen in some still standing, as well as the statements of the most reliable authorities, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that all these constructions are uncommonly alike both as regards position and material. The one which was destroyed only a few years ago stood near the monk, a short distance beyond Roccabruna station where the Monaco road leaves the old Roman one, and was a very fair illustration of our case. I watched the pulling down of the old walls with intense interest, and I am fully convinced that it was of Roman origin, and certainly erected for the object I have just mentioned, and this one up here was undoubtedly in direct communication with Turbia and Murtola, and from its importance must have had its own individual name and number, which I fear we shall never be able to verify unless we get permission to dig wherever a Vigilia is supposed to have existed. A. Giustiniani says: 'Alla parte qual resta a Levanti di Nizza, e propinque al mare, se vede Montboron, monte grande, alto sassoso ed infertile, ed in cima la torre della Guardia, qual riceve l'advisatione e signali che si fanno con foco da Antibe e da Capo Rosso e lei similmente con foco fa signali alla Turbia ed a Monaco.' [1]

That may be quite as correctly applied to this part of Liguria, and there is not the least doubt that this tower was a signal station.

About ten minutes' walk beyond the present Italian custom-house is the old one with its inseparable Caffè di Garibaldi, and its tobacco, salt, powder and match shop; the former crowded on Sundays, for its good, cheap wines and merry dancing parties; the latter for its articles of daily necessities and commodities for easy smuggling, which are considered cheaper and better than in France. Here too, we met the highest and last branch of those useful and numerous arteries that receive their water from the eastern slopes of the Berceau-Grammont chain, the lowest one being behind the Grand Hôtel, Garavan. These watercourses are a real blessing to all the terraces between the two torrents Le Fossan and St. Louis, and they depend on this supply

[1] Aug. Giustiniani, *Annali di Genoa*, lib. i. p. 2.

alone. I was told, but I cannot remember by whom, that a French geologist maintains, after a series of local observations, that Mount Bresse contains a lake fed by higher snow-capped ranges and glaciers. This can hardly be the case, since these limestones are full of cracks and fissures, and not likely to retain water in any considerable quantity, though it seems that the six principal springs, west and east, which provide a steady and regular supply of water, much colder in summer than in winter, must be, through a natural syphon, connected with the glaciers of Mounts Bego and Clapier and the lakes around them, the latter being about eight thousand, the former at least ten thousand feet high. The Berceau springs being at a height of two thousand feet, there is plenty of pressure to force down any volume of water. The great spring half a mile out in the sea beyond Mortola promontory, visible from here, and still better from a little higher up, which rises from a considerable depth, bubbling up as much as ten inches above the sea-level, and powerful enough to neutralise, to a certain extent, the taste of the salt water, seems also to justify and to support the existence of such a syphon.

All the land here, right and left of that spur, was frequently coveted by nomadic tribes. When four hundred years ago, war, famine, and plague—death's most powerful allies—had decimated many towns, desolated the country, and swept away the greater part of the rural population, leaving many a property without a tenant, or even without an owner, some barons and counts, mindful of their interest, induced a good many families of the barren valleys and slopes of the upper Alpine region to settle down here. They were glad to avail themselves of this tempting offer,[1] and came down in large numbers. Tilling the soil diligently, and being honest and economical, they soon became well-to-do farmers and were fully appreciated. Their vernacular is said to be yet somewhat distinct from the dialect of the valleys and villages where the native Ligurians dwelt, who did not at all, or but little, intermingle with the newcomers, and it is still similar to the harder and harsher one of their

[1] Appendix. Note F.

SPINNING WITH DISTAFF, GRIMALDI

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THE VILLAGE OVEN, GRIMALDI

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native place. Having never been able to indulge in figs before, they enjoyed this delicious fruit to such an extent that they went at once by the nickname Figoni (fig-eaters), and thus caused this name to be given to the localities in general gathered around Mount Bellinda ; and there are a good many hamlets called Figonie, Figonia, Figaret, etc., where figs are largely cultivated and preserved for the winter.

The fig-trees, useful and largely cultivated as they are, are less noticed and perhaps less appreciated than many of their smaller and even less valuable kinsmen grown in Liguria. Casting their old leaves very gradually and generally before the arrival of health-seekers and pleasure-hunters, and budding rather late (end of March), they look bare, and thereby losing somewhat of their stately appearance, do not attract all the attention they deserve, though their fruit is almost equally appreciated fresh or dry. When I say that the fig-trees cast their broad leaves early, and before the arrival of visitors for the winter season, I am wrong. I ought to have said that these trees are stripped of their large, smooth, and shiny foliage before their natural dropping, and then gathered in for the daily companions—the ass or the mule.

There are about thirty kinds of fig-trees.[1] Out of the most apprcciated varieties we only mention the Belloni, Bernisotti, Nerani, Cucurelli, Seroli, which bear from June to end of October. During all the summer figs are dried on mattings, chiefly or solely for home use ; these mattings are made of the reed grown so extensively here on damp strips of land, along aqueducts, torrents and rivulets and around springs. The Phœnicians are said to have imported the fig-tree into Provence.

In order to give an idea of the variations and peculiarities of idioms within a comparatively small district, I place them before the reader in the form of a paradigm or parallelogram, so that a comparison may be easy.[2]

[1] On the subject of the fig-tree and the explanation of the curious operation known as caprification, see Dr. Strassburger's interesting book, *Rambles on the Riviera*, p. 272 *seq.*—Ed.

[2] Appendix. Note G.

Grimaldi

There are a good many ways leading to Rome, and there are several leading to this village, snugly and gracefully situated within an olive grove, whose grave-looking elders keep a solemn guard around it.

There is, first of all, the so-called Roman aqueduct along the westerly slope of Pont St. Louis gorge, a rather perilous passage, and only fit for steady heads and feet; then there is one through Dr. Bennet's garden, only open in the morning and by special permission afterwards; then there is one fringing the eastern limits of this garden, and joining the former near a large cistern, and the aqueduct which provides Grimaldi and the whole slope down to the sea with water derived from the torrent. Leaving this aqueduct at its northward turn, and passing on to two pointed rocks, only a few yards down, we get a good idea of the almost perpendicular height of the gorge and the giddy passage opposite. There is finally a safer, though longer track accessible to donkeys, starting a short distance beyond the few houses with their Garibaldi Inn and salt and tobacco store. It is comparatively an easy ride, and there is not the least danger, though the new ravines look rather ugly.[1] Soon after, having passed the church in the village, we turn sharp to our right, make our way among the houses, and ascending a very steep and rocky path reach a level bit of road. Here we pause to breathe and to enjoy the view. The old barrack, now quite ruinous, dates from the Franco-Austrian War (1688 to 1701); it was used as an outpost, and was hotly contested during the wars of the Spanish Succession. During these wars Turbia fared very badly, and was several times sadly injured, Mentone fortified, the Balzi Rossi or Red Rocks strengthened from here down to the sea. These all were often assailed, stormed, taken, and recaptured. The French frequently occupied the accesses to Ventimiglia, Castellare, and Castiglione especially, on their hurried retreat after the disastrous

[1] This has been made into a road suitable for carriages, right up to the village of Grimaldi.—Ed.

MENTONE: THE TWO BAYS SEEN FROM ABOVE GRIMALDI

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THE NICE SNOWFLAKE

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battle of Turin, September 7, 1706. Prince Eugène, the valiant knight, had taught them that mountains and passes, till then considered impracticable, were no longer any obstacle, and could be crossed when patriotism and stratagem combined make their noblest efforts for one common purpose. Even two hundred years earlier, in 1525, when, after the memorable battle of Pavia, Charles v. had conquered Italy, Liguria swarmed with Spanish, German, Burgundian, Flemish, and Italian troops, and this small district had to house and to feed them, and these poor villages and hamlets had a heavy burden to bear in these trying times.

The Duke de la Feuillade considered this position so strong and important that he ordered these passages to be destroyed, so that he might not be further molested on his retreat towards and beyond the Var.

Now before we move on, I must tell you that there are two ways to the church on the ridge above; one on our right over some terraces, leading up midway to the wood, very enjoyable, but not always suitable for donkeys, the other which we take leads straight and easily to

Lower Ciotti

The mule path is in good condition, nearly level and offers one of the most striking views of Cap Martin and Mentone. They appear as if encased in a frame. On a favourable day, an hour or so before sunset, this little picture within quaint rocks of various tints has few rivals.

The little torrent below is quite an exception to its bigger brethren, for it provides, as we have already stated elsewhere, a large tract of land with sufficient water for home and field.

At the custom-house in Ciotti the path divides. The main one leads to a large oil-mill higher up the torrent, and thence up and over the crest to Mentone or Castellare. On the culminating point of this road there are the remains of a camp, generally called the Austrian camp. It is advisable to take the track leading to the higher entrenchment, where traces of an ancient encampment are very distinct.

It is quite an historical post, and has been frequently occupied within the last two hundred years. Between those two points, Girauda [1] the lower, and Guardieura [2] the higher, there was a continual passage of troops, several encampments and redoubts for men and guns. The present highway not existing, in these days regiment after regiment moved from the old Roman road up to Grimaldi, the very track we came by, then up here and on to Castellare, Castiglione, and Sospello. And hard work it must have been!

Crocuses and other wild flowers are plentiful here in February, and various other kinds as spring advances, notably the rare little Nice snowflake, *Leucoium Nicœense* (Ed.).

The descent to Mentone is very steep and rough, and must be done on foot. A better road passes St. Paul on the *Via devia*, a Roman by-road, where coins and weapons and broken pottery have been found.

We now return to Lower Ciotti or Ciotti Inferiore, an agglomeration of a few houses, evidently used as a kind of halting-place, and now a custom-house station. To ride up to

Upper Ciotti or Ciotti Superiore

is not exactly easy or comfortable, though not the least dangerous. To walk is decidedly preferable. The inhabitants of this small hamlet must labour hard to get a few coppers out of the seemingly barren soil. South of the church there is an abrupt rock with a sort of platform, where I have come upon many a merry party, many a jovial picnic, generally finishing up with a dance. From this point can be surveyed the homes of a large part of Figonia, a capricious series of houses, homesteads, and hamlets, still better seen from Bellinda. Figs are abundant here, and are generally dried for home consumption and the market.

From the church we move northward, leave a hovel and a cistern on our left, climb or ride up a rough flight of steps,

[1] From *girare*, *giraure*, to turn; a kind of natural sun-dial, indicating to a good many people the hour of the day; is perhaps related to *girouette*, a weathercock.

[2] From *guarda*, a guard, a keeper; *guardadura*, a lookout, a time-keeper, teller of the hour; *garar*, to watch; *gardaire*, a watchman.

OLD OLIVE MILL, VAL DE ST. LOUIS

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SCUOLA HANBURY, LA MORTOLA

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cut or rather worn into the rock, and then wind up the slope, which is very stony and tiresome. But the fatigue is amply repaid by the view obtained from the summit of the ridge called

Bellinda [1]

Bellinda is only eighteen hundred feet above the sea, but it affords one of the most extensive views in the district, embracing the junction of the Alps and the Apennines, Authion, Cime du Diable, prominent points of the Mille Fourches line joining the Nauca chain, all overtowered by Monte Bego, a range rising from eight to ten thousand feet. Corsica is the landmark to the south ; and between the waving outline of the Alps and the spot we stand on there lies an undulating tract of land, intersected and fertilised by numerous rivulets, which have cut deep channels into the stiff blue clay of which the ridge is principally composed. Heat, frost, and rain combine to change the now almost treeless slopes, and lay the rocky skeleton quite bare. The immediate neighbourhood is studded with villages and human dwellings, encompassed by terraces, orchards, or patches of wood. The ground slopes gently down to the Bevera which joins the Roya, the whole forming a very picturesque scene, whilst the fast-decaying Castel d'Appio, rising above Ventimiglia, and Perinaldo on a distant hill, remind us of bygone times. Some of these homesteads around this hillock bear still the name of old families that exercised a meritorious influence in times past, being the venerable heads of clans, more or less large and wealthy. Such are : Li Brughi, Li Cartelli, Li Mirelli, Li Curli, etc., old Ventimiglia aristocrats that endowed many a hospital, church, or monastery ; they singly or jointly resisted in 1270 Luchetto Grimaldi, a Genoese nobleman, upon his assuming the governorship of their rallying-point, Ventimiglia.

On our return we may select any of the paths mentioned

[1] Prof. Rossi in his *Storia della città di Ventimiglia*, p. 6, derives the name from Belen, a god of the Ligurians, to whom worship was offered on the top of the hill.—Ed

previously, but those who like a change, and have time to spare, had better go down to Mortola. No one can miss the path, though it may not be exactly as tender feet might like it. We descend by the path by which we came up, and join the road at the custom-house.

After a long pull up the dusty road from Garibaldi, we reach the schoolhouse (Scuola Hanbury), where the children of the surrounding villages receive sound, gratuitous, non-sectarian instruction. The position is most beautiful, the house commodious, the schoolrooms cheerful and liberally provided with all the appliances that make instruction comparatively easy and pleasant. Mr. Thomas Hanbury [1] has done, and is doing a vast amount of good not only within his immediate neighbourhood, but over a wider area, and all in the most unostentatious way. This institution does not only improve the mental condition of the present generation, but must raise the standard of the population of the outlying district, and exercise a lasting and salutary influence on their future life, when they will realise the invaluable results of useful studies.

On pursuing our walk down the road we observe on our left that the limestone strata are tilted up at a very high angle, so high that the soil, unable to adhere, has slipped off, laying bare a large surface of barren rock, where trees or even bushes find it next to impossible to root (Ed.). The spring near the bridge has, I believe, been captured by Mr. Hanbury, who gets here a supply of water brought into his garden by large cast-iron pipes. The small steep path leads up to the church crowning the ridge, and erected for the hamlets Ciotti on the western, and Mortola Superiore on the eastern slope, just above the torrent. This ravine is the most telling accusation nature can make against the insane practice of cutting down trees and shrubs indiscriminately. Up to 1850 all these slopes were still fairly clothed. What a fine forest there must have been some

[1] Mr. Hanbury, who was first Cavaliere and then Commendatore of the Order of the Cross of the Crown of Italy, and also of SS. Maurizio and Lazaro, was in 1901 created by our King Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. He died March 9, 1907, lamented by the whole Riviera.—Ed.

centuries ago, when Strabo wrote that the trees were of prodigious height and size, many measuring as many as eight feet in diameter, and supplying not only a valuable amount of timber to contractors and shipbuilders, but wood for furniture, with a grain as fine as cedar wood. But now all is gone except a few dwarfs and cripples. And why ? Because a tree, ignorant people will tell you, here and all over the Maritime Alps and the adjoining departments, because a tree occupies and commands a certain range of ground, where grass might grow for six sheep or a cow, forgetting in their stupid, selfish calculation that with the tree the soil will and must go, and with the soil the imaginary grass and the six sheep and the cow, and every possibility of replanting afterwards. The cementing factor, the roots, which strike deep into the cracks of the limestone rocks, having disappeared, the terraces must needs yield to the heavy rains, and the soil is washed away into the sea. Every rainstorm causes new losses. Old and new torrents and ravines are becoming wider and wider, deeper and deeper, and thus the area for cultivation continually lessens, and the climate of the whole region becomes changed.

Formerly the forests of the Maritime Alps constituted a rich mine of wealth, and shipbuilding was in a flourishing condition. Now the supply comes from Sweden and Riga. This is an undisputed fact, and ought to open the eyes of national and municipal administrations. But they are not yet alive to the great importance of forest culture, for I see, year by year, the area diminished, and recent plantations shamefully neglected and mutilated. The attempted replanting perseveringly done in France during the latter years of the empire, in spite of the stubborn opposition of ignorant and short-sighted municipalities, though handsomely compensated, is now in a sad plight, and perhaps given up altogether. Caterpillars,[1] notwithstanding good laws and

[1] Especially the Procession Caterpillar (*Cnethocampa Processionea*, Linn.), which spins a large silky cocoon on the branches of the pines, in which the caterpillars rest during the day in a great family, and issuing therefrom at night they commit havoc on the pine shoots. When full grown the caterpillars descend in single file, in daylight, and crawl as in a procession (hence

prefectorial injunctions, thrive better than seedlings. Herdsmen are the enemies of forests by polling young trees, by cutting the bark of old ones, or by setting them on fire. Sheep, but especially goats, nibble off the tenderest shoots and thus cripple a plant for ever, 'les troupeaux ruinent les chemins, et les plantes et les sources.'

A few Frenchmen are becoming alive to this deep-rooted evil, and raise their voice—a voice in the wilderness—for new plantations on a large scale.

Thus we read:[1] 'En attendant cette régénération agricole de notre littoral, la transformation continue des marécages en terres arrosables et cultivées, nous avons des améliorations importantes à réaliser, et celles-ci ne dépendent que de nous.'

'La première est à restituer ces richesses forestières perdues que la nature avait données et que la main de l'homme a brutalement détruites. Notre littoral présente en effet un aspect désolé (p. 446) . . . Il est de la dernière évidence que les conditions physiologiques de la vie des arbres et des plantes n'ont pas changé depuis six siècles, et que les forêts qui existaient à cette époque peuvent renaître aujourd'hui. On objectera que les essais partiels qu'on a faits jusqu'à présent ont en général assez mal réussi, mais il est juste aussi de reconnaître que presque partout les premiers semis et les plantations ont été l'objet des dévastations inconsidérées. Sur une partie où nous avons entrepris de fixer avec des fascines et des fagots et d'ensemencer des pins une zone asez étendue nous avons vu la population arracher les piquets et les branchages, emporter les fagots et les fascines et se livrer à une véritable maraude . . . Après les hommes, les animaux. Des troupeaux sont venus broûter les herbes naissantes, bouleverser les semis de pins, etc.' (p. 477).

And again:[2] 'Depuis quarante ans, on a tant coupé de bois, tant dépouillé les montagnes et les collines des Alpes

the name), till they find a soft piece of ground where they bury themselves, and transform, emerging in the month of July as a grey, inconspicuous moth.—Ed.

[1] *Les villes mortes du Golfe de Lyon*, par Ch. Lenthéric.

[2] *Statistiques du Var* (1848), par Jaume Saint Hilaire.

d'où sort la rivière de Siagne, que les pluies entraînent une grande quantité de terre végétale et la déposent dans la plaine de Laval, de sorte qu'après tous les débordements cette plaine s'est exhaussée de plusieurs centimètres. . . . Je me suis assuré par moi-même que dans le débordement, qui eut lieu en Avril 1841, le niveau d'une pièce voisine de la maison où j'étais logé fut exhaussé de plusieurs centimètres dans l'espace de quinze jours.'

And once more : ' On sait en effet, que la consommation annuelle du bois en France est toujours progressive et de plus en plus hors de proportion avec la lente production de nos forêts. Le terrible arrêt de Colbert, par lequel il exagérait sans doute sa pensée : " La France périra faute de bois," ne doit pas être considéré comme une vaine parole.' [1]

Those interested in this subject ought to read all the passages of the book from which I have just quoted. It is very instructive, but I fear not one out of a hundred of the forest administration has ever opened this book. The laws are good, but after a year's existence they become a dead letter and are buried. It is only red tape that lasts and prospers !

But here is Mortola Inferiore, an elderly maiden with a new complexion, ancient, as far as origin goes, modern in appearance. According to the most reliable itineraries, it had a station on the Roman road. Here we reach the Gate of La Mortola. The old olive-tree standing before it yields perhaps little oil, but plenty of good water, is unique in its kind, and owes its peculiar and certainly original usefulness to Mr. Thomas Hanbury. It is called La Fontana del' Olivo, and is three hundred and fifty feet above the sea. This water is a real boon to the villagers, who were formerly obliged to walk half a mile to a poor spring by the roadside. On the inner side of the entrance gate is to be seen the Chinese word, *Fo*, meaning happiness, written by Mr. Hanbury's friend, Kuo Sung Tao, the first ambassador from China accredited to

[1] *La Provence Maritime ancienne et moderne*, par Ch. Lenthéric. Paris, 1880, p. 480, and to be consulted, pp. 387-389, 437-480.

the Court of St. James, London ; and a very pleasant gentleman he looks, judging by his portrait, which with that of his wife adorns the walls of the dining-room. He visited Mortola in 1879 on his way back to China.

The gate is open to all comers.[1] We enter and examine and admire, as thousands of others have done, the rich and interesting gardens. The long list of visitors includes the names of Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, her children, the Prince of Wales, Arthur, Duke of Connaught, Leopold, Duke of Albany, and Princess Beatrice ; the ex-empress Eugénie, the King and Queen of Saxony, Earl Spencer, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Right Honourable John Bright, etc.

Murtola, *mortola*, means a myrtle, a myrtle grove or glen, in Latin, *myrtus*, in Greek, μύρτος ; our old Murtola is, even in its derivation, closely connected with the classical languages. The old Murtola manor has been transformed into an Eden, and has seen and undergone such changes, and experienced such improvements as are rarely witnessed out here. The ancient Palazzo Orengo, as it is marked on the Italian ordnance map, consisted quite recently of only bare walls with empty rooms, and gave free access to all the blasts of heaven, offering an undisturbed shelter to an unlimited number of bats and sparrows, and admitting a few strangers who came over from Mentone, along the then practicable Roman road, to admire the view from the loggia, or to gather violets, hyacinths, and narcissi that grew in abundance on the dilapidated terraces. The palace of the noble family of the Orengos is now a comfortable English home, and only those who have seen the former and the latter can form an idea of what money, skilfully and tastefully spent, can do.[2]

On a marble slab, placed on the west wall of the building, the history of the house is thus given :

[1] The gardens are open to visitors on Mondays and Fridays during the season—a great and much appreciated kindness on the part of the proprietor.—Ed.

[2] Appendix. Note H.

PALAZZO ORENGO, LA MORTOLA, SOUTH FRONT

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PALAZZO ORENGO, LA MORTOLA, FROM THE EAST

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DOMUM HANC
IN USUM RUSTICATIONIS
A VIOLANTE VIRG: DEO DEVOTA
EX NOBILI LANTERIORUM GENERE
NOVISSIMA
MCO. JOAN BAPT ORENGO VINTIMIL
ANNO MDCXX VENUNDATAM
VETUSTATE FATISCENTEM
THOMAS HANBURYUS
SPLENDIDIORE CULTU
RESTITUIT ATQ: DECORAVIT
MDCCCLXVII
et
MDCCCLXXVI

which is to be translated: 'This house, in use as a country residence, was sold in the year 1620 by Violante, a virgin devoted to God, the last of the noble race of the Lanteri, to "Il Magnifico" Joan Baptist Orengo of Ventimiglia. Falling into decay, Thomas Hanbury restored and decorated it in a superior style. 1867 and 1876.'

Above the porch are the terra-cotta medallions of Decandolle and Linnæus, executed by Tinling of London:

Then comes:

INVENI PORTUM
SPES ET FORTUNA VALETE
SAT ME LUDISTIS
LUDITE NUNC ALIOS [1]

and which is thus translated:

'I've reached the harbour, Hope and Chance, adieu!
You've played with me, now play with others too.'

A marble slab over the door of the drawing-room reads thus:

HAC IN AULA SEDEBAT
VICTORIA
REGINA NOSTRA SERENISSIMA
NOBISCUM URBANITATE COLLOQUEBATUR
MAGNAQUE ADMIRATIONE CIRCUMSPECTIBUS OMNIBUS
GLORIAM UNA VOCE INCESSABILI ENARRANTIBUS
DOMINI DEI CREATORIS
PROSPECTUM PULCHERRIMUM
MANU SUA DELINEAVIT
XXV DIE MENSIS MARTII
MDCCCLXXXII

[1] These lines are at the end of Le Sage's *Gil Blas*, and are translated from the *Anthologia Græca*. There is a variation running thus:

'Jam portum inveni, Spes et Fortuna valete!
Nil mihi vobiscum est, ludite nunc aliis.'

and which is thus translated : ' Here, sitting in this room, Victoria, our Most Gracious Queen, with royal condescension, speaking to us, and greatly admiring the surroundings, which with one voice proclaim the glory of the Lord their divine Creator, with her own hand sketched this beautiful view, the 25th day of March 1882.'

In the portico is a remarkable mosaic of Marco Polo, greatest of mediæval travellers.

Among the pictures in the house we notice in the upper saloon, a large fresco by Ettore Grandi, representing Julius Agricola taking leave of his mother, Julia Procilla, on the occasion of his starting for Britain in 60 A.D. The scene is a house in Ventimiglia where the lady lived. In the lower salon is a good Madonna by Buonconsiglii, signed and dated 1490. On the staircase is a very handsome bas-relief in white marble, by Woolner, of Mr. Hanbury's elder brother, the late Daniel Hanbury, F.R.S., an eminent man of science.

Let us now go down and inspect the extensive grounds which reach as far as the sea. Many of the poor old trees, for want of water and of nourishment, never prospered, now the stateliest of them, left as ornaments and worthy specimens of bygone ages, do well, and bear fruit some twenty-fold and more. The easiest way, though often called the longest, is, after all the shortest, and here the best, for it embraces the largest part of all the range. All the plants here, though strangers more or less, are quite at home, and show their cards as honest citizens, and tell you who and what they are, and where they come from. As we pass along and marvel at the rich variety of colours and of forms in the anemone collection, that charm the eye of every one, and call forth universal admiration ; and gaze at beds and borders stocked with innumerable violets, hyacinths, narcissi, jasmin, and roses, that fill the air with sweet perfume ; or contemplate some tiny flowerets and dwarfish shrubs, having such a bizarre look, and wearing such a strange costume, we are lost in wonderment. The groves of foreign trees, brought here from Australia, Mexico, the Cape, South America, and China, and many other lands, thrive well and ripen their

seed in the open air. The native vegetation being well cared for, looks superior to, and far outdoes, its kindred *extra muros*, such as lemon, orange, fig, and olive-trees. The Pergola, an evergreen arcade, shaded and entwined with innumerable climbers, that delight the senses by their colours and perfumes, the rocks half hidden by capricious creepers, the grottoes full of ferns and aquatic plants, the fountains sending their limpid jets high up to catch the sun's golden rays, they all have an attraction of their own. I dare not single out this or that favourite spot, for every nook and corner has its charm. But there is unanimity on one point ; all agree that the presiding genius is taste, and that intelligent outlay has successfully transformed confusion and sterility into harmony and beauty.

On resuming our excursion, we notice *Castel d'Appio* perched on a ridge, crumbling fast away, held in 1220 by Ottone della Murta,[1] evidently a native, or perhaps the baron of this place, then in the service of the Genoese, who was commanded to keep a watchful eye on discontented Ventimiglia, and to protect the immediate neighbourhood.

Here, beyond the bridge we turn to our right, and following a path drop into a set of terraces leading to the famous Lady Tulips.[2] These graceful flowers are plentiful, but proprietors, seeing the injury done to their plantations by reckless visitors, and having discovered the value of these flowers, watch them now very carefully, and sell them or allow them to be gathered at so much a dozen. And we ought not to complain, for the farmers must pay their rent.

We are now in Latte Valley, the Milk Dale, that was a real Canaan, where milk and honey flowed, but where water has now become scarce. It takes its name from the Latin : *lac*, *lactis*, milk, and *vallis*, a dale, thus the fertile valley, the *c* before *t* generally changed into *t*. The small, short valley is less warm than Murtola. It was known to the Romans, their merchants and traders as a kind of *emporium et mutatio* ; the former meaning store-rooms

[1] Gioffredo, p. 513. [2] *Tulipa Clusiana.*—Ed.

for supplying troops, merchants, traders, and travellers official and private; the latter a kind of posting station. Later on, Roman families settled there, and had their villas and gardens which, when the Roman power waned, were taken and altered by wealthy Ligurians, who adopted Roman civilisation, as many walls, gateways, and coats-of-arms still testify. During the fatal affray between the partisans of Otho and Vitellius, this quiet spot is said to have been the scene of a series of cruel deeds committed by the ill-disciplined troops of the rival emperors, though, I believe, it was only legions fighting against legions, and the rival emperors had nothing to do with it. Some people will have it that Julia Procilla lived here in quiet retirement. She was the mother of Agricola, the celebrated Julius Agricola, who was a native of Fréjus, Forum Julium, and afterwards prætor in Aquitania, and who gained his first military laurels in England. The mercenary soldiers retaliating alternately, murdered Julia Procilla.[1]

The valley, for, according to modern ideas, we can hardly call it a place or settlement, must have kept up its importance, though history seems to ignore it entirely, since Pope Lucius III. granted the whole tithe of Latte Church to the chapter of Ventimiglia cathedral. The papal bull is dated June 8, 1182,[2] in which Latte is conjoined with and quoted along with several other churches and chapels. It has now lost its importance entirely, though three roads, the Roman, the Cornice, and the Rail, the extreme borders

[1] Cnæus Julius Agricola veteri et illustri Foro Juliensium colonia ortus, utrumque avum procuratorem Cæsarum habuit, quae equestris nobilitas est. Pater Julius Graecinus senatorii ordinis, studio eloquentiae sapientiaeque notus, iisque virtutibus iram Caii Cæsaris meritus . . . Mater Julia Procilla fuit, rarae castitatis. Tacit., *Vit. Ag.* iv.

Sequens annus gravi vulnere animum domumque ejus afflixit; nam classis Othoniana licenter vaga, dum Intimilium, Liguriae pars est, hostiliter populatur, matrem Agricolae in praediis suis interfecit; praediaque ipsa et magnam patrimonii partem diripuit. Tacit., *Vit. Agric.*, vii.

[2] Privilegio communimus Ecclesiam Sanctae Mariae de Carnolese cum omnibus pertinentiis suis medietatem decimae Podii Pini, decimam quam habetis in *braida* * comitis de Carnolese et decimam quam habetis in Lacte et quid quod habet in Agerbol aut in ejus territorio.—Bull, *S. P. Lucii*, iii.

* *Braida*, campus vel ager suburbanus, in Gallia Cisalpina, ubi *breda* vulgo appellatur Monachus Paduan, libri i. chron. cap. 1.

SMALL OVEN, LANCARI: VAL DI LATTE

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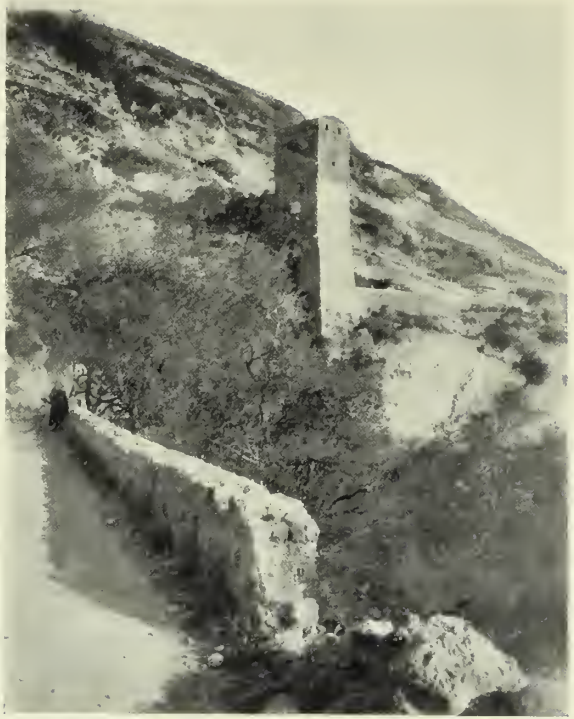

PORTA CANARDA, VENTIMIGLIA

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of two thousand years, intersect its small territory. Latte will never trouble future historians, unless a very careful handling of old walls and buildings, near or on the Roman road, should bring to light some fragments that might add a precious link to that long chain reaching from Rome to Scotland, branching off in many directions all over Europe, a chain so often broken, that we despair of seeing it ever whole again.

The neighbourhood bristles with reminiscences of a long Roman occupation, especially the town we are about to enter.

The stiff blue clay to which Dr. Müller alludes at p. 376 is an interesting geological phenomenon along the Riviera. It belongs to the Pliocene as does also the Conglomerate which frequently underlies it. It appears in many parts in the valleys several kilometres inland, as high up as 700 feet. It sometimes forms great cliffs, such as those cut by the road just before entering Ventimiglia, where it descends to the sea. It also forms the cliff below Castel d'Appio which, as seen from Bellinda, exhibits very remarkable signs of erosion. The clay is in many parts full of marine shells of all sizes, and being only semi-fossilised, are in a remarkable state of preservation. Many hundreds of species occur, some of them possessed of great beauty of form. The majority are extinct, but a few are still to be found living in the Mediterranean. Between the ruined fort of Ventimiglia and Castel d'Appio, where the clay has been dug and broken up, numbers of these marine shells may be discovered among the vines, lying on the surface.—Ed.

CHAPTER XXIII

VENTIMIGLIA, OR VENTIMILLE

The gradual transitions in the name of this place are an interesting study. In Roman days it was known as Albium Intemelium. In course of years it became Albin Temelium; then Alben Timilium, Albin Timelium, Bintimilium, Vintimilium, Vintimilio, Ventimiglia.

THE position of Ventimiglia is very accurately stated by Strabo, lib. iv. c. vi. i., and lib. vi. 'Three hundred and seventy stadia (42 miles 1010 yards) from Sabata is the town of Albingaunum (Albenga), occupied by the Inguanes and from this town to Monaco there are 480 stadia, or 55 miles 300 yards, and between them stands Albium Intemelium (Ventimiglia), another considerable town occupied by the Intemelii.' Now, according to modern measurements, it is about fifty-two miles from Monaco to Albenga. The difference is thus wonderfully small, and the old calculation marvellously correct. Before the construction of the new direct road from Nice to Monaco the distances ran thus :

Nice to Mentone, .	.	kilom.	31	miles	$19\frac{1}{2}$
Ventimiglia,	.	,,	41	,,	$25\frac{1}{2}$
Bordighera,	.	,,	47	,,	30
San Remo,	.	,,	58	,,	$36\frac{1}{4}$
Porto Maurizio,		,,	81	,,	$50\frac{1}{2}$
Oneglia, .	.	,	84	,,	$52\frac{1}{2}$
Alassio, .	.	,,	103	,,	$64\frac{1}{2}$
Albenga, .	.	,,	110	,,	$68\frac{3}{4}$
Finale, .	.	,,	129	,,	$80\frac{1}{2}$
Noli, .	.	,,	138	,,	$86\frac{1}{4}$
Vado, .	.	,,	148	,,	$92\frac{1}{2}$
Savona, .	.	,,	153	,,	$95\frac{1}{2}$
Genoa, .	.	,,	198	,,	124[1]

[1] Appendix. Note I.

There is no doubt that it was a very important city, perhaps, even before the arrival of the Romans, although its earliest history is very hazy. Some excavations, chiefly carried on under the diligent and intelligent direction of Commendatore Rossi, the well-known historian and antiquarian of Ventimiglia, have brought to light indisputable proofs of its former greatness as a Roman station. The road we have just passed, leading up to the forts and down again to the railway bridge over the Roya, and to old Ventimiglia, will be mentioned under the Via Romana, as well as other things such as: castella, milestones, inscriptions, and any remains that relate to it or are, so to speak, part and parcel of it.

Very few people stop here, some come over from the neighbouring winter resorts to pay merely a flying visit to its public buildings, its historical monuments, its small collections of antiquities, and its extensive fortifications.

The former counts of Ventimiglia exercised a great influence, not only within their narrow local sphere, but over Liguria, and a great part of Provence, and on being allied by marriage to the noble house of the Lascaris, they became almost cosmopolitan.[1] Their political sway was felt and highly appreciated both in church and state and in literature. They struck money before 1100, and their arms, an eagle with a golden head on a red field, may still be seen on coins, though very rare.

From the spacious square we notice, on the shore, a conical stone, with a few crippled trees, a remainder perhaps of the spur that sloped down into the sea, before the present road was constructed, and not an island as Cluverius in his *Italia Antiqua*, lib. i. cap. 9 states, though his description is generally very true and exact. The main street, which we reach through a gate, after having crossed a kind of avenue, contains all the principal buildings.

The Cathedral

under the invocation of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin, is erected on the ruins of a temple, originally dedicated

[1] Appendix. Note J.

to Juno, and contains, amongst several other things worth notice, the following inscription, cemented into the southern wall on our right on entering, and which runs thus :

IVNONI REGINAE SACR[VM]
OB HONOREM MEMORIAMQUE VERGINIAE P. F.
PATERNAE P. VERGINIUS RHODION LIB NOMINE
SUO ET METILIAE TERTULLINAE FLAMINI[CAE] UXORIS
SUAE ET LIBERORUM SUORUM VERGINIORUM QUIETI
PATERNAE RESTITUTAE ET QUIETA[E]
S. P P.

The third word on the first line is evidently SACRUM ;[1] FLAMINIC, though incomplete—the defective C may either stand for G or C—can only mean FLAMINICAE, which would refer to the wife of a Flamen, a priest, and in this temple a Flamen Dijovis, and not as being of a Flaminian family, therefore a Flaminica ; and the last word of the text QUIETAE ; the interpretation does not admit any other solution, and is, after all, the most easy we have met with. It would read thus :

IVNONI REGINAE SACRUM
OB HONOREM MEMORIAMQUE VERGINIAE PUBLII FILIAE
PATERNAE PUBLIUS VERGINIUS RHODION LIBERTUS NOMINE
SUO ET METILIAE TERTULLINAE FLAMINICAE UXORIS
SUAE ET LIBERORUM SUORUM VERGINIORUM QUIETI
PATERNAE RESTITUTAE ET QUIETAE
SUA PECUNIA POSUIT

and which is to be translated : 'Sacred to Juno, the queen, in honour and memory of Virginia Paterna, daughter of Publius, Publius Verginius, a free Rhodian, in his and his wife's name, Metilia Tertullina Flaminica and of the Verginians, their children's names, Quietus Paterna, Restituta, and Quieta ; erected out of his own money.'

The pulpit, in white marble, with figures remarkably well cut in Florentine style, and given to the church by one of the then canons, simply bears the donor's name :

ROBERTUS GALLEANUS CANONICUS
ANNO 1683

[1] Gioffredo, p. 111, gives the first three words complete, but oddly enough adds that the remainder is illegible. This is a strange occurrence with him.

The whole fabric has lately undergone a thorough restoration, and most of the work has been very tastefully done. We descend into the old baptistry. The former communication from within the sacred edifice having been closed, we must go round it and follow a lane leading to the basement of the cathedral. It is an interesting octagonal room, in the large central basin of which catechumens received baptism by immersion. On each side of this basin is a recess in which the officiating priest stood. It may really have been originally a place where pagan priests sacrificed to their god. Visitors must not forget to examine a beautiful old missal, printed in 1570, and the old font stored away in a corner.

We continue our walk up the Via dei Lascaris, and pass through a few narrow, dirty lanes exhibiting a large variety of shops and goods, and an unpleasant mixture of smells, and finally reach St. Michael's, situated in the north-eastern corner of a small square. The church, strangely neglected both within and without, was originally a pagan temple, dedicated to Castor and Pollux. These heroic youths received divine honours in Greece, but their worship spread by degrees all over Italy, and seems to have reached Liguria early and in full vigour. This is, after all, but very natural, since the Intemelians as Ligurians wanted special protection as sailors and mariners, and the twin gods, after Neptune's reward, had power over winds and waves. Neptune himself, holding undisputed sway over the whole watery element, and the Mediterranean in particular, was, of course, not forgotten, and we shall soon see some tangible proof or traces, at least, of his former worship in this corner of the world. Here we have only to examine the general construction of the building, which bears unmistakable signs of its ancient origin, and its ulterior transformation into a Christian chapel, as well as two interesting milestones.[1] No authentic document of its earliest destina-

[1] This church now contains three Roman milestones. One on the right hand of the entrance bears the inscription, IMP. CAESAR AVGVSTVS, DXC. A second in the crypt supporting the roof, IMP. ANTONINVS PIVS FELIX PONT CVRAVIT, DXC. The letters DXC tell the distance from the golden milestone in the forum at Rome. The third milestone is on the left as one enters the

tion can, I fear, ever be produced. But about its existence as a Christian church there are a few charters testifying to its importance.

First a parchment sealed with a leaden seal, in which Guido, imperial count of Ventimiglia, gives to the abbey of Lérins,[1] amongst other things, this church of St. Michael, which his father had built—that means transformed, I suppose—a house and an olive-yard adjoining, cultivated and uncultivated lands, orchards, mills, and outhouses, reaching down to 'Burgi Locus,' a gate of Lower Ventimiglia. The act is dated April 3, 954.

And again, in the same year, he bequeathed—perhaps he only confirmed the former act, unless the scribe made a mistake in his copy—to Albert, abbot of St. Honoré, and to his monks, the church of St. Michael, near the walls of Ventimiglia, with its hospital and orchard, together with the castle of Sebourg and all its jurisdiction.[1]

And on May 13, 1145, Pope Eugenius II. sanctioned an agreement between the abbot and his fellow monks on the one side, and the bishop of the place on the other.

The independent existence of St. Michael as a priory lasted up to 1516. Soon after that date it lost its power and importance, and during the construction of the fortifications it was placed within the walls, whilst formerly it was *extra muros*. Thus ended a priory whose list of priors dates from 1060, and continued up to 1640 without any interruption.[2]

From these facts and a few others to be quoted in reference to other places, it may be justly concluded that Ventimiglia's influence was considerable in early days, since it was situated at the outlet of the Roya, which embraces a series of valleys, every branch being an important artery. The tribes that occupied this extensive territory were numerous, all acknowledging Ventimiglia as their chief and rallying-point.

church and bears the name of ANTONINVS. It, like the first mentioned, serves as basin for holy water.—ED.

[1] *Cartul. Abbatiæ Lirinensis*, clxvii.

[2] *Cartulaire de l'abbaye de Lérins.* Paris, chez H. Champion, 1883. See Charters LXXIX., and Introd. xxi., clxv.-vii., ccxcvii.

SAN MICHELE, VENTIMIGLIA

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THE MUSEUM, LA MORTOLA

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The Romans perceived the strategical value of the place, and perseveringly turned it into a strong centre of their operations. Even the multifarious spellings of its name by many authors offers some evidence of its being well and widely known. Strabo calls it *urbs magna*, a title very sparingly bestowed during the first millennium of the Roman empire. As a Roman city it had to recast its ancient customs and inner life, to adopt the Roman law, and adapt its entire organisation gradually to that of Rome, the model of all cities. Here I intend to give only a few local inscriptions and information I deem interesting to the general reader.[1]

C. ALBUTIUS C. F.
FAL. D. INTIMIL.
M. COH. VIII. PR. M. A.
XVII. V. A. XXXV.
H. S. EST.

And which reads thus: 'Caius Albutius, Caii Filius, Falerinus Domo Intemiliensi, Miles Cohortis Octavæ praetoriae Militavit Annos Septemdecim, Vixit Annos Triginta Quinque. Hic situs Est'; and is to be translated: 'Caius Albutius, son of Caius, of the Falerna tribe, a native of Ventimiglia, a soldier in the eighth praetorian cohort, served seventeen years and lived thirty-five, lies buried here'; which proves the locally interesting fact, that the Intemilii formed the Falerna tribe, and this is, I believe, supported by an inscription still existing in Saorgio higher up the Roya.[2]

On our way up to Castel d'Appio, I venture on a short historical sketch of Ventimiglia. Those who want to go into details, I refer to Commendatore Rossi's works,[3] and all the well-known great authors, who have made La

[1] *Antichitè di Aquileja.* Venezia, 1793, p. 172.

[2] Many Roman inscriptions from the neighbourhood have been built into the walls of the gymnasium or high school. One of the most interesting is a marble plate inscribed on both sides, 'MAIAE. M. FIL PATERNAE ANNOR XI. PARENTES FILIAE PIISSIMAE'; on the reverse, 'I. P. NISI PER DOM. P. NON PR.' *i.e.* 'In pace nisi per dominem pax non prebetur,' which shows she was a Christian child.—Ed.

[3] *Storia della Città di Ventimiglia* (rare); *Storia del Marchesato di Dolceacqua*; *Sulla Fondagione d'Airole*, etc. (*I Liguri Intemeli.*—Ed.)

Provence, Liguria, the Maritime Alps, and Piedmont their special study. After the decline of the Roman power, Ventimiglia seems to have been under the leadership of native chiefs, generally called counts, who, with their neighbours, were unable to resist the invasion of the Saracens. When Charles the Great arrived in 777, in this part of his vast empire, and heard of the barbarous acts committed, and the superhuman sufferings endured, he promised his aid, and at once named Guido Guerra, a tried warrior, marquis of the Maritime Alps, and confirmed him as imperial and sovereign count of Ventimiglia, on condition that he should keep a sufficient force for the protection of the littoral.[1] He could, however, do little good; the Saracens held their positions for two hundred years longer, when princes and cities made a united effort and rid the coast of the daring Moors. Ventimiglia had scarcely recovered from the losses in men and money, when it became an obstinately contested bone of contention between two powerful rivals, the counts of Provence from the west, and the Genoese merchant princes from the east. The latter being nearer, and not having any consolidated state between them, enjoyed thus a great advantage, whilst the Prince of Monaco and his connections could seriously impede the operations of the former. The Ventimiglians, with the help of their imperial master, Frederic II., could have long and successfully resisted both parties, had they not, by their intestine quarrels about rights and duties, counts versus citizens, done each other the greatest possible injury. They called in doubtful allies, who imposed humiliating terms, so that the power of the county became undermined, its independence shaken, its very existence endangered, and its ultimate fate hastened and finally consummated.

In 1220 the division was an accomplished fact, the people having shaken off their counts' authority, were nominally free. The counts only held their precarious fief up to the Var. Gold here, as everywhere, soon wrought mischief. A monthly allowance of one hundred and fifty lire tempted

[1] Toselli, *Récits historiques*, I. i. p. 22.

Count Manuel to sign a convention with the Genoese against the township, which, being exasperated by such a disgraceful and treacherous act, armed hastily and marched hurriedly against Luceram, Peglia, and other possessions of the count. But their very impetuosity and ill-concerted attack ended in a lamentable defeat, and as they could not rally again, their attempt to storm Sospello ended in real disaster. Forty-five of their bravest men fell into Manuel's hands, and the rest had to run for their lives. The Genoese, Manuel's allies, made an offer of peace, but added insult to injury by asking one thousand four hundred lire in hard cash, and an unreasonable number of hostages. This was naturally too much for the townspeople's temper. The negotiations of course fell through. Hostilities began forthwith ; the Genoese attacked by land and by sea. Count Raimond Berengarius of Provence was a tardy and lukewarm ally, and when most needed he sneaked away altogether, and the knights soon followed their chief. The final assault was more impetuous and fierce ; the defence more heroic and stubborn ; both sides sustained heavy losses ; no quarter was given. The Genoese were bent on conquest and revenge. They marched their prisoners to an eminence intending to shoot them in sight of the besieged or to enforce an unconditional surrender. This step decided Ventimiglia's fate ; three hundred hostages, the keys of the city, and the immediate evacuation of the forts, such were the conditions. But when on the following day a Genoese company arrived before Castel d'Appio, the commander not only refused to surrender, but tried to retain it. Uncontrolled rage swelled the Podestà's breast at this want of faith, and so he had forthwith the eyes of half the prisoners dug out. This act of wanton cruelty cancelled all former stipulations, and operations began on a larger scale. The Genoese worked with a will, strenuous efforts were made to turn the waters of the Roya, so as to deprive the city of water. Powerful engines raised and propelled huge stones among the besieged and caused fearful havoc. On Mount Christopher a new fort rose as if by enchantment, vessels barred the torrent. A dam con-

structed with the help of pontoons completed the line of attack, and a wall of a stupendous height protected the huts erected for camp followers and the civilian element. Two thousand soldiers could hold the besieged in check and prevent egress.[1] Cultivation was impossible, provisions became scarce, animals died or were slain for want of provender; many of the non-fighting population left and accepted the enemy's hospitality. Privation stifled patriotism. The Podestà, having given his final orders, left for San Remo, to settle personally a dispute which sprang up between the archbishop of Genoa and Count Manuel about levying taxes there. The case was decided in favour of the strong, the prelate consigned to his palace, and the commune fined. During these transactions the Ventimiglians secured a brig, which they used as a privateer. This prompted the Podestà to more stringent measures. The brig being chased into shallow water and captured, the sailors had to serve on the Genoese fleet, and the officers were sent on to Genoa to be dealt with there. The unfortunate town, iron-girt and literally dried up, now sued for peace, and the submission was granted under the following conditions: persons and property to be respected, taxes to flow into Genoa's treasury, forts to be constructed with the conqueror's consent only. Two of these still remaining owe their existence to this period. Modern strategical science has, however, changed all and swept away many.

Almost a hundred years later, in 1319,[2] Guelphs and Ghibellines, infuriated by political and religious hatred, ruined their respective dominions by changing sides as regularly as the moon changes her quarters, and by mutual reprisals. King Robert, a zealous Guelph, held, lost, and regained Ventimiglia about sixteen times within ten years.

A century later the Genoese were again in the field. They opposed Ventimiglia's alliance with France, and would neither tolerate a fleet within sight, nor an army within call. Though the commanders proposed a mutual

[1] Gioffredo, pp. 507, 508. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 716.

settlement, they had to yield to the clamorous and threatening attitude of their soldiers and sailors. The assault was impetuous and determined. The Genoese mercenaries seemed to be beyond control, and the poor town was soon stormed and taken. The victorious army acted most disgracefully, though one superior officer energetically interfered, and thus somewhat mitigated and shortened the torture of the helpless population. This happened in 1419.

After a few exchanges, in which Ventimiglia was invariably the loser, the house of Savoy obtained possession of it. Castel d'Appio was left to its fate, and was only used occasionally during the sanguinary conflicts of the last two centuries, and especially during the various wars of succession.

Castel d'Appio, once very strong, now fast decaying, and almost swept away, was erected, perhaps on a more primitive construction, by Appius Claudius, about 184 B.C., though Alberti [1] and a few others derive its name from an Egyptian divinity. They may not be wrong, since the bull's head is still found in remote villages, and particularly at Peglia, early mentioned in the history of this country. What is left can hardly convey a just idea of its former strength and extent. In a document dated 'Anno Domini millesimo tricentesimo tertio die vicesima sexta Madii, primæ indicationis,' communicated by the Comte Cais de Pierlas,[2] we read, after a good many enumerations, 'Item dixit dictus dominus Audebertus quod cadrelli qui erant in dicto fortalicio Baudi, quondam provinciæ senescallus.'.

The geological structure of the ridge, the destruction of the pine wood, the incessant passage of flocks of sheep, the heavy spring and autumn rains, the general neglect of ancient buildings, and the constant removal of stones for repairing old and erecting new huts, are enough to account for its present condition.[3]

On our way down to Ventimiglia we get a splendid view

[1] Altro Castello alzo nel colle cui impose il nome di castel d'Apio in onore del Apio sia Toro che in Egitto adoravano.—*Istoria*, etc., p. 27.

[2] *Annales*, etc.

[3] The great cistern or well in the heart of the castle is one of its most interesting features. The castle suffered severely from the earthquake of 1887.—Ed.

of the Cima della Nauca and del Diavolo, the highest and furthermost points of the Nauca line, the present boundary between France and Italy. The other giants of the Maritime Alps—Bego, Clapier, and Gelas—soaring up to a height of ten thousand feet and more, are altogether in Italy, and are now very much explored by sportsmen, tourists, and the Italian Alpine companies. Hardy soldiers are frequently seen manœuvring around them, and even climbing them during the summer months.

Having reached St. Michael's again, we descend along the wall, and reach the Roja (Roya), in different documents variously spelt Rutula, Rotta, Radoria, Rodogia, Rudigia, Roira, Roera, Rodia; all these names signify a rapid, roaring stream. It has, however, lost a great deal of its original destructive propensities, and likewise of its usefulness. There are no more real forests, there is consequently less wood, less snow, less water, and a greater difficulty and expense in floating the timber. In early spring 1866 an unusual quantity of firewood and timber had been stored along the higher banks of the torrent, several days of mild rain rapidly melted the snow on the mountain, washed the whole storage away down into the sea, and landed it finally in the eastern bay of Mentone, proof that the current of the Mediterranean runs strongly westward, though, strange to say, all its affluents discharge their waters almost south-east.

After having crossed the new bridge that replaces a shaky wooden construction, we take a retrospective view of Ventimiglia, lying now in the shade; terraces of houses, piled up, one upon another, a little out of shape; convents with small square windows, half caged in, looking more like Venetian prisons; towers and spires darting high up in the air; all, houses, convents, palaces, chapels, churches, towers, and spires, now much less under the tutelage and guardianship of their thousand saints than under the strong and long line of the forts beyond.

The suburb of St. Augustine, changed and improved by the international railway station, and rendered healthier through the plantation of eucalyptus-trees, was most likely

CASTEL D'APPIO

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CASTEL D'APPIO—INTERIOR

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the original Intemilium, and perhaps part of Nervia, which may have been situated at the mouth of the river of the same name close by. Why we say so will appear by and by. But the historical haze of this city is as thick as the sand that covers its ruins. Mommsen says: 'Album Intemilium situm autem fuit non eo ipso loco quo nunc est Ventimiglia, sed mille passibus fere inde ad orientem, in campis inter Royam fluviam et torrentem qui dicitur la Nervia.' [1]

The construction of the railway must have caused some damage to the Roman settlement, camp, and town, but has ultimately given a new impulse to more careful and more extensive researches. I cannot possibly describe the aqueducts, porticoes, tombs, precious bas-reliefs, mosaics, vases, urns, idols, figures, and statues found between the two torrents, and more particularly beyond the station and the Nervia torrent, and I must needs ask the reader again to refer to the local museum and private collections, principally to one occupying a part of the circus, though I fear the rarest and most valuable part has been dispersed.[2] The circus or the Roman theatre, discovered in 1877, through the persevering exertions of Commendatore Rossi, has brought to light another unassailable proof of the existence of a Roman city, most probably called Nervia, the capital of the Intemelii, the large Falerna tribe. To us it hardly matters whether the river was the godfather of the city, or the city of the river. The theatre seems never to have been used, and to have been constructed when the Roman power was on its wane. The sand that covers it, and many other places about here, may have been swept in by the sea, which is about six hundred yards off, or by the wind. A landslip cannot have occurred. The geological structure does not admit of such a theory. Nor can either of the torrents have been the agent, though in prehistoric times both formed but one and the same estuary. This

[1] *Annales*, etc., vol. iii. p. 79.

[2] A considerable number of these were acquired by Sir Thomas Hanbury, and are now to be seen at La Mortola.—Ed.

is, and will be for some time to come, a problem our antiquarian masters will find difficult to solve. This thick area of sand makes excavations laborious and expensive. The circus is now ten feet above sea-level, but below the old Roman road, and about twelve yards from the national road. In order to complete the description of the theatre, I transcribe an interesting article, written by Mr. F. Brun, a great authority on antiquarian subjects. He says :

'Le théâtre antique découvert par M. Rossi, est dans un état remarquable de conservation. Il forme un demi-cercle très légèrement aplati, et dont le diamètre, parallèle à la scène est de 30 m. 15 au gradin supérieur, et de 19 m. 15 au niveau du gradin inférieur.

'La partie de la cavea découverte se compose de neuf rangs de gradins reliés entre eux par deux scalæ. Ces gradins ne forment qu'une seule précincture, ils sont en pierre de taille de la Turbie, et leurs dimensions sont pour le gradin supérieur : hauteur 0 m. 40, largeur 2 m. ; pour les sept gradins suivants ; hauteur 0 m. 40, largeur 0 m. 70 ; et pour le gradin inférieur ; hauteur 0 m. 90 largeur, 0 m. 70.

'A partir du balteus de 0 m. 80 auquel est adossé le gradin supérieur, se trouve un massif de maçonnerie de 8 m. 10 de largeur qui supportait probablement le portique couronnant l'édifice.

'D'après cela on voit que le théâtre pouvait contenir environ sept cents spectateurs assis et un grand nombre d'autres debout sous le portique.

'On n'a jusqu'à ce jour découvert qu'un vomitorium et deux scalæ ; ces derniers sont formés par des entailles à mi-hauteur et mi-largeur des gradins ce qui fait deux marches pour un gradin ; la dernière marche de l'un de ces escaliers le plus rapproché du vomitorium découvert à ce jour, n'est pas entièrement taillé, l'ouvrier n'y a donné que quelques coups de ciseau.[1]

[1] This fact and the whole appearance tell in favour of remarks I made above, *i.e.* that the theatre was constructed towards the wane of the Roman power and was perhaps never used.

Le vomitorium n'est pas voûté ; il est appareillé en plate-bande et formé de larges dalles corespondant aux quatre gradins supérieurs.

' Le plafond forme trois redans de l'épaisseur d'un gradin ; et entre le dessous du gradin supérieur et le dessus du troisième gradin de la cavea, on a ménagé dans ce plafond un large vide vertical rectangulaire de 0 m. 40 de hauteur éclairant le vomitorium. La hauteur de ce passage varie donc et se trouve être successivement sur les deux premiers mètres de 3 m. 55 ; 2 m. 06 sur 1 m. 40 ; et de 2 m. 45 sur la longueur de la dernière dalle corespondant au quatrième gradin à partir du haut.

' Sous ces dalles se trouvent des moulures très-régulières et assez élégantes formant une espèce d'encorbellement ; elles sont bien traitées et d'un bon style.

' Entre la route provinciale et le vomitorium, on a découvert une muraille et l'extrémité du linteau d'une des portes latérales de la scène, qu'il ne faut pas confondre avec les trois valvae pratiquées dans le mur de fond ou scène (la valva regia et les hospitales).

' Il est regrettable qu'une maison de peu de valeur du reste, soit construite à l'emplacement même de la scène. Nous faisons des vœux pour que les démarches relatives à l'expropriation du sol aboutissent et permettent de déblayer entièrement ce monument remarquable.

' La hauteur totale depuis la plate-forme, qui se trouve à 0 m. 80 au-dessus du dernier gradin, jusqu'au niveau de l'orchestre, est de 4 m. 90.

' Le sol de l'orchestre est à 3 m. 90 en contre-bas de la route provinciale voisine.

' L'ancienne voie Romaine, qui a été découverte à 200 mètres au levant sur le bord de la route provinciale est à 1 m. 20 au-dessus de l'orchestre, qui, même, se trouve à 2 m. 65 plus élevé que le niveau de la mer.

' Le théâtre était entièrement recouvert d'une épaisse couche de sable fin qui dépassait de plus de 3 mètres les maçonneries les plus élevées ; il était donc impossible d'attribuer cet ensablement à la mer. Quelques personnes avaient cru que les deux rivières voisines, le Roya et la Nervia,

pouvaient avoir produit cet ensevelissement de l'antique cité ; mais l'examen attentif des sables, d'une ténuité extrême et absolument semblable à ceux de toutes les dunes du littoral, la classification des coquilles terrestres qu'ils contiennent et parmi lesquels M. Doumet Adamson a reconnut les mollusques modernes qui vivent sur les sables, ne laissent plus aucun doute sur l'origine de ces accumulations par les vents.

' Les principales coquilles reconnues par M. Doumet, et que nous avons retrouvées dans d'autres dunes plus voisines de la mer ; sont, la Cyclostoma elegans, l'Helix variabilis, le Bulimus actus, l'Helix pisana, l'Helix maritima, l'Helix pyramidata, la Pupa cinerea, et l'Helix vermiculata.[1] Ces coquilles n'ont pas été transportées avec le sable ; elles proviennent de mollusques nés à la surface des dépôts successifs.

' Parmi les objets remarquables trouvés dans les fouilles M. Rossi nous a présenté une pierre percée de deux trous demi-sphériques, dont l'un d'environ 0 m. 15 de diamètre et l'autre à peu près du double. On pense que cette pierre formait le dessus d'un autel antique, probablement la thymele, petit autel qui était placé vers le milieu de l'orchestre et sur lequel on sacrifiait à Bacchus au commencement des spectacles, usage grec quelquefois conservé dans les colonies ainsi que le prouve, la thymele trouvée au grand théâtre de Pompéi, mais qui n'était pas ordinairement adopté par les Romains, l'orchestre ayant chez eux la même destination que le parterre des théâtres modernes.

' M. Rossi nous a dit qu'il avait également trouvé en faisant des fouilles, portant les deux lettres Romains S C (la lettre S paraît être la fin d'un mot et non pas l'initiale des mots Senatus Consultum) une amphore contenant les ossements d'un enfant ; et le squelette d'un homme trouvé à la hauteur du gradin supérieur. M. Rossi croit que cette dernière sépulture remonte au sixième siècle de notre ère.

[1] From the little blue glass unguent bottles found in the tombs of the Roman cemetery near by I obtained a very large number of the shells of the minute white semi-subterranean snail, *Achatina acicula*. Perhaps the little creatures had been lured to their death by the sweet stuff the little flasks formerly contained. — Ed.

'Dans le voisinage se trouvent, sous le sable, de nombreuses substructions d'édifices antiques ; il y a quelques années, on a découvert une belle mosaïque représentant Amphion sur un dauphin. Tout indique qu'en ce lieu existait une ville importante.'

Thus runs the author's own extract from his Sorbonne lecture, delivered before the Congrès Scientifique in 1879, and then he adds :

'Comme on le voit par la description qui précède, le théâtre dit de Ventimiglia diffère essentiellement de ceux de Fréjus, d'Arles, d'Orange, etc. Il ne présente nulle part la voûte plein cintre qui charactérise essentiellement tous les théâtres romains, le premier gradin de la *cavea*, se trouve sur une plate-forme distant de 0 m. 90 du sol de l'orchestre ; le dessus de ce premier gradin est donc à 0 m. 30 au-dessus de ce niveau, ce qui est presque la dimension adoptée dans les théâtres grecs. Il n'y a pas de précinction, ce qui indique que les spectateurs devaient être placés sans distinction de rang ; il est de construction plus soignée que ceux de Fréjus et d'Antibes ; de plus, on y a trouvé les débris d'une *Θυμέλη*[1] ce qui indiquerait que l'orchestre avait la meme destination que dans les théâtres grecs.

'Quelle était la ville où ce théâtre était construit ? Est-ce bien Album-Intimelium, de Pline ? La racine Alb ou Alp n'indiquerait-elle pas que la ville romaine était située sur la hauteur, à l'emplacement de la ville actuelle ? La cathédrale n'est-elle pas construite sur les ruines d'un ancien temple ?

'Quelle était cette cité de la plaine ? Les belles mosaïques, les ruines nombreuses et les inscriptions qu'on a retrouvées dans le voisinage du théâtre, tout indique l'existence en ce lieu d'une importante cité. Il peut se faire qu'à une certaine époque la ville haute, l'acropolis ait été abandonnée par les riches habitants qui seraient venus fonder un établissement dans la plaine.

'Un point important reste à déterminer, et les fouilles du théâtre peuvent nous éclairer à ce sujet. Quel était le niveau exact du proscenium par rapport à l'orchestre ?

[1] *Θυμέλη* is an altar-shaped platform in the middle of the orchestra. —Ed.

Si ce niveau dépasse la hauteur de cinq pieds et s'approche de celle de neuf, il y aura là une indication certaine sur l'usage de l'orchestra, indication que peuvent compléter les communications qu'on reconnaîtra entre cette partie du théâtre et la scène. Ce qui me porte à croire que les représentations au théâtre de Ventimille devaient être d'un ordre plus relevé que celles des autres théâtres de la contrée, ce sont les petites dimensions et les soins apportés à la construction. L'avenir nous révélera probablement quelque chose, sur l'origine de ce remarquable monument, aujourd'hui que les fouilles sont à peine débauchées nous ne pouvons que faire des suppositions plus ou moins fondées. A mon avis, le théâtre de Ventimille est le plus ancien de la contrée ;[1] sa construction a précédé celle des théâtres dont nous avons parlé, on devait y représenter de véritables œuvres dramatiques empruntées, selon toute la probabilité, au répertoire grec, ou aux traditions de Livius Andronicus.'[2]

For lack of money the excavations go on very slowly. Small and interesting articles are soon disposed of and lost to the municipal museum ; tombs and monuments are no sooner unearthed than they are mutilated or destroyed. Thus it happened that two tombs which were dug out of the sandpit in Nervi, were literally carried away soon after. They were twins, perfectly alike, (*a*) with the inscription quite intact, (*b*) with an injured roof, deeply embedded, one metre in width, 1 m. 80 in height, and three in length. The actual size of the inscription is, or rather was, 0 m. 42 by 0 m. 38.[3]

D M
M IVNIO TRAN
QVILLO BENEF
PRAEF FABRIC
PECULIARIS
MATER FILIO PI
ENTISSIMO FEC

[1] Is this not in contradiction to the unfinished state of the theatre, when the learned antiquarian speaks about the top steps of a staircase as having only received a few strokes of the chisel, just as if the mason had suddenly been interrupted in his peaceful labour.

[2] *Annales de la Société des Sciences, etc., Nice*, vol. vii. p. 289.

[3] This inscription is now in the municipal buildings, Ventimiglia.—Ed.

which is to be read : ' Diis Manibus Manlio Junio Tranquillo benefico Præfecto Fabricarum Peculiaris Mater filio pientissimo fecit.'

In order to understand and appreciate all the details of this interesting spot, a visit is not only desirable, but even necessary. Besides the above-mentioned mosaic, representing an Amphion seated on a dolphin,[1] surrounded by a shoal of fishes darting around him, another one was found, giving the four seasons, very gracefully worked, and beneath them the fragments of the following inscription :

DEDIC. A. T. Q. E.

which has been lost since its first publication in 1852.

In the left angle of the old chapel St. Roch, among the olive-trees on the left bank of the Nervia, by the side of the Roman road, is a cippus with the inscription :

APOLINI
V. S.
M. C. ANOUS

which is to be read : ' Apolini votum solvit Marcus Caius Anthus.' And to be translated : ' Marcus Caius Anthus fulfilled his vow to Apollo.' Anthus and not Antonius, as some read, is the name of a freed slave.

On reaching the gate of the last property on our right, belonging to Sig. Secondo Approsio, we enter and examine a large block close to our left, excavated on January 27, 1870, which is to be read : ' Quinto Mantio, Quinti Filio, Palatino Placido, Equo Publico, Ædili, Duumviro, Sacerdoti Lanuvino ; Lucius Polfennius Cerdo et Mantia Lucida cum liberis suis Mantis Lucifero et Zenione posuerunt sua pecunia.' And to be translated : ' To Quintus Mantius Placidus, the son of Quintus of the Palatina tribe, a public knight, an ædile, a magistrate, priest of Lanuvinum, Lucius Polfennius Cerdo, and Mantia Lucida, with their children

[1] In 1897 there were discovered in a field to the east of the theatre, the remains of the baths of Albium Intemelium. Many square earthenware pipes for conveying the water from the boiler—a bath with mosaic pavement in black and red, showing Arion on a dolphin surrounded by fishes—and the calidarium mounted on short brick pillars. As no purchaser could be found it was all covered up and planted.—Ed.

Mantis Luciferus and Zenio, have out of their own money erected this.'

We now cross the railway, and turn at once to our left, taking the road that leads to

Camporosso

which derives its name—Redfield, Rosefield—from the oleander shrubs and trees that line the banks and cover the oasis of the Nervia torrent, and give, for several months, a rosy appearance to the valley. That may have been the case some time ago, but now the town and stream look rather prosy, and anything but rosy. The position of the town and its bold background are certainly pretty, but the interior of the place is not in keeping with the neighbourhood. The pavement being very defective, both horses and carriages are in imminent peril; it is a trial passage for legs and wheels.

On each side of the neglected marble flight of stairs that leads to the church, we notice a set of ugly mermaids, pouring, however, delicious water into dirty-looking basins, and we may well wonder why the dispensers of that wholesome liquid should not be cleaned, together with the untidy urchins who play about the place. The town is politically and historically tied to Dolceacqua. A statistical notice, from the year 1667, mentions the following remarkable facts: 953 inhabitants, 18 priests, 17 regular monks, 4 notaries, 5 surgeons, and only 65 persons able to read and to write. I do not know the result of the present census, but I fear the two hundred and odd years have not had a proportionately progressive influence on education. There are no statistics, and sanitary measures are certainly not known here.

The narrow gate, skilfully passed by our experienced driver, leads into a road that defies description. A short stretch of it is in a most disgraceful condition, and endangers the safety of men and beasts. We happily soon reached a really good road, and trotted along, admiring the beautiful landscape, the fertile plain, the woody slopes, the

CHAPEL OF SAN ROCCA, NERVI

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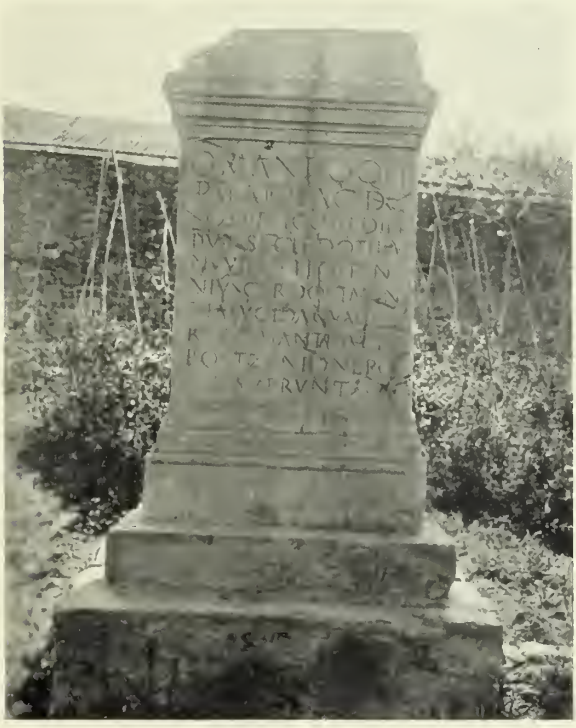

ROMAN MONUMENT, NERVI

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limpid stream, and the snowy peaks far beyond, until we reached

Dolceacqua

Dulcisaqua, Dulces aquæ, Dulzaganæ, a very picturesque town, and an interesting spot. Whether we look at the ancient portion, or the modern additions, both curiously blended together, we find it certainly attractive. The castle itself is an accumulation of several ages, nations, and styles, Roman, if not older, in its foundations; Saracen in its reduction and modification; Genoese in its mediæval alterations and finish; imposing even in its decay. The town, literally pinned to its manor, the cause and origin of its existence, trials, and vicissitudes, consists of a few narrow streets, dirty, gloomy, ramifying, haunted like the series of dungeons and keeps, where, without overstretching our fancy, we seem to hear the groans of captives that lingered for years therein neglected, ill-treated, starving, during the many and sudden changes so characteristic of this coast.

The bridge, in the shape of an old pack saddle, spans the Nervia and nothing seems wanting but the knight coming from one of his doubtful excursions of waylaying individuals or caravans, or returning from a noble tournament, a great defeat, or a glorious victory. The part of the town, situated on the right bank, is of quite modern growth, and entirely spoils the former pleasure grounds and gardens. History whispers of many great events, dark conspiracies, and darker deeds; legends relate in glaring colours the tragical and sanguinary conflicts of the middle ages; religious superstitions have added numerous miracles to stories already sounding too wonderful even for our time; and subterranean communications, a real maze, have their own doleful tale to tell. Yet all these things appear to have lost their charms, their awe, their influence over the native children, who flock around the castle ground, and run along the dilapidated underground passages. There they do no harm, it is true, but when you pitch your camp on the platform, among the ruins with their mysterious

and suggestive dungeons, or along either bank of the upper torrent, or among the pine groves of the eastern slope, these children will follow you wherever you may settle down, and become troublesome and impertinently intrusive. Their faces, hands, and feet have surely never been washed since they have been able to toddle about. No comb has ever passed through their matted hair, though the limpid Nervia murmurs against such a state of things, and invites to cleanliness. Eatables are generally rudely refused by them. Empty bottles are grudgingly, never gratefully accepted. They condescend, however, to accept *sous*, but never thank you for them. The schools, if schools there are, must be empty, and instruction seems to be at a discount. Both authorities, civil and clerical, have a vast field of useful and beneficial labour to explore. I advise visitors to drive higher up, and enjoy their picnic in comfort, and visit the place on their return.

The whole history of the castle is closely interwoven with that of the numerous ruling powers and factions within the Maritime Alps and the Riviera, and is even linked to the Druidical period. For we frequently meet the name of a god, Abelio or Abellio, who dwelt in groves and woods, and who has left some traces in the valley, La Gorro, where we find almost opposite Rochetta, Mount Abbellio, lower down Col Abellio, Mount Abelliotte and Pogio Abeilliotto.

In the eleventh century it is mentioned as Castrum Dulzaganæ in an act that regulates sundry local customs; in 1185 it was burnt down; in 1270 it became the property of the Dorias; in 1329 it was allotted to the Monaco Grimaldis. Then followed years of misery, for after a short civil war the populace suffered from excessive drought in 1323; from inundations in 1330; from famine in 1331; from locusts in 1339; from incessant rains in 1345; and in 1347 from a severe disease that carried off their fowls and babies. A treaty signed in St. Michael's, Mentone, secured them a period of peace; in 1365 they had their rights and privileges clearly defined, and then passed over to the house of Savoy. But, as a rule, with a new and more powerful master came new taxes, the old ones remaining,

THE BRIDGE OVER THE NERVI, DOLCEACQUA

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BARMA GRANDE, ROCHERS ROUGES

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new difficulties, new disputes, and often new sufferings. The castle was still inhabited in 1717,[1] but sustained a long series of assaults during the Austro-Spanish War of Succession, and the people, fearing its reconstruction, began to carry off the material, as fast as they could, for more humble and peaceful dwellings across the stream. The final destructive blow was inflicted here as everywhere, in 1793, and the old stronghold was reduced to its present condition. The church and chapel contain a few good paintings, and a few inscriptions relating to the history of the place. Half an hour is sufficient for those who are merely sight-seers and not students of the fine arts, and we start at once along an old Roman road and make for

Bordighera

which is, by road or by rail, only a short distance from Mentone (sixteen kilom. or ten miles), and a favourite resort for many. We shall not say anything of its antiquity, its saints, the various phases it has undergone in Ligurian history, and the few English gun-shots, which with those of seven other nations, destroyed its wall, and did perhaps more good than harm in facilitating its ultimate extension. Here the fishermen are a shade more characteristic in their costume than in Mentone, and less modernised ; the faces and manners more Italian, almost Oriental ; the landscape embraces the numerous promontories lying to the west, as well as the picturesque mountains behind Mentone, and the many palms and palm-groves give to Bordighera quite a peculiar aspect. The palm tree is in itself not particularly attractive. It looks stiff, grave, motionless. Trunks, fronds, and leaves grow in monotonous forms, and the crowns are tied up, mummy-like, everywhere, so as to protect the tender sprouts from wind, sun, and frost, and thus preserve their soft yellowish tint, for these palm-trees made and maintain the reputation and prosperity of the borough. These tender tops, sent to many places and countries, and especially to Rome, are a most striking feature on Palm Sunday, and

[1] Appendix. Note K.

some weeks before; and from the pope down to the poorest village priest, are blessed in remembrance and illustration of the disciples strewing the way of Christ their Master, with branches, upon his entrance into Jerusalem. The natives turn them into various graceful shapes, especially crosses, and sell them to all comers. As Palm Sunday happens when spring is loveliest out here, it is naturally a season of great rejoicings for old and young.

The flower of the palm-tree is encased in a sheath or fleshy spike called a *spadix*, of a fleur-de-lis shape, and from ten to eighteen inches long. This sheath bursts lengthwise and gradually opens as the flowers develop. There are several beautiful groves between the new and old town, and even beyond the ridge at Ospidaletti.[1]

But why is Bordighera, above all places, so remarkable for its palms ?

The facts are simply these :

The only perfect obelisk found in Heliopolis was brought to Rome by Caligula, and placed on the new circus, where now the vestry of St. Peter stands. More than fifteen hundred years later, Pope Sixt v., engaged in the final enlargement of that church, wished the monument to be removed to the front of the Basilica. A great number of plans were sent in, and after a careful examination, he entrusted Dominicus Fontana with the difficult if not hazardous undertaking. The removal succeeded, however, perfectly, and its erection on its new site was to take place on the 10th of September 1584. Eight hundred workmen and one hundred and forty horses were employed, and blessed by the holy father himself.

The occasion stirred the heart of Rome, and an enormous crowd assembled to witness the spectacle. The pope, at the request of the architect, had given orders that absolute silence, on pain of death, should be observed by the crowd during the operation. The suspense and excitement of the people rose to the highest. The task was on the point

[1] The grounds of the Villa Garnier on the east side are remarkable for their profusion of palm-trees, which, both for their size and peculiarities of growth, are well worthy of a visit.—Ed.

of being accomplished and the obelisk was within an ace of the position assigned to it. But at the critical moment the ropes began to stretch, one actually gave way. No higher could the great monument be raised. Consternation seized the architect, and even the holy father showed signs of grievous disappointment. Suddenly a voice rung out from the crowd, 'Wet the ropes!' The engineer, struck by the suggestion, promptly acted upon it. The ropes were moistened, and at once began to contract, and before long the mighty obelisk rose to its position and stood perpendicular. When the outburst of cheering had subsided, he who had dared to violate the commands of the pope was summoned before the pontiff.

Trembling he went. But who would execute such a man? The holy father not only pardoned him and gave him his blessing, but bid him ask what he would as reward for the advice he had given. He replied, 'I am a sailor, and come from Bordighera on the Ligurian coast. We have many palm-trees there. May it please your holiness to grant me and my fellow-townsmen the sole privilege of sending annually to Rome the palm branches for use in the churches on Palm Sunday. The request was granted, and the privilege has been enjoyed by Bordighera from that day till this.

Here our eastward excursion ends.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MENTONE CAVES

Apart from the attractions of its climate and delightful environs, Mentone has a great interest for the anthropologist and archæologist. In the Rochers Rouges (Baussé Roussé in the patois) Balzi Rossi in Italian, or Red Rocks, are to be found those caves which for the last fifty years have been known to the scientific world on account of the prehistoric treasures they have yielded.

The Rochers Rouges do not belong to France, they lie some 300 yards to the east of the Gorge St. Louis, which forms the frontier. Of recent years they have changed much in appearance, being extensively quarried for building purposes. The rock is composed of Jurassic limestone of a beautiful pinkish colour, and has large white veins of sulphate of lime running through it. The rocks come down to within a few yards of the sea. In former days the cliff was skirted by the Via Aurelia, the great Roman road which ran from Rome to Arles ; many portions of which are still traceable. Nowadays the iron road pierces it by a tunnel. On the face of the cliff, from 60 to 70 feet above sea-level, are, or were, nine caves, or rather fissures. The largest of them, the Barma Grande, is about 65 feet high, 53 feet deep, and 23 feet wide at the entrance. These have been the abodes of untold generations of animals and men. In the course of years the bottom of the caves has become filled up with soil, partly due to the decomposition of the rock, and partly to the sand and dust blown in by the wind. In some cases the depth of soil is as much as 31 feet.

For long it was known that bones of animals and flint implements were to be found in the caves. But in the year 1870 M. Emile Rivière began explorations in them on scientific principles. Among many bones of extinct animals.

THE ROCHERS ROUGES FROM THE EAST.

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such as the cave bear, cave lion, cave hyena, woolly rhinoceros, urus or wild ox, etc., he discovered in the fourth cave, the Grotte du Cavillon, at a depth of 21 feet, a human skeleton, which at once became an object of the greatest interest to the scientific world. That skeleton is now in the Natural History Museum of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. Two other skeletons were found by M. Rivière in Cave No. 6. Then in 1883 M. Julian and M. Bonfils, the venerable curator of the Mentone Museum, discovered in the Barma Grande a male skeleton, at a depth of nearly 28 feet below the original surface of the cave. This skeleton, which was gigantic, was maliciously carried off, and only the skull, at present in the museum, remains to tell its story. We are told ' three large flint flakes lay, one on the top of the head, with other two like epaulettes on the shoulders.' In 1892, while removing soil from the cave for his garden, M. Abbo, proprietor of the cave, and quarryman, came on three skeletons, lying side by side, and two years later on other two. Some of these are still preserved in the cave *in situ*, and others have been removed to the pretty little museum outside the cave, built through the kindness of the late Sir Thomas Hanbury of La Mortola.

Since then the Prince of Monaco purchased two of the caves, No. 2 and No. 9, and under the careful supervision of Chanoine de Villeneuve these have been explored down to the bed rock in the most scientific fashion. A vast multitude of animal bones have been obtained, and several human skeletons, some of which, to be afterwards referred to, are of exceptional interest. All these are now in the Musée Anthropologique at Monaco, where they are most beautifully and scientifically arranged.

The contents of the caves reveal a very long passage of time. When the superficial layer of soil, containing the remains of recent birds and animals, has been removed, levels are reached which exhibit bones of animals no longer existing in this region. They belong to animals met with now only in the High Alps or in the Arctic regions ; deeper down they are of animals wholly extinct.

In the Barma Grande the lowest level as yet reached is

what may be termed the Elephant layer. In it has been found the huge pelvis and part of the femur and tusks of an elephant, no doubt brought in for food by men. The molars, which have also been found, decide it to be not the mammoth, as at first supposed, but the Elephas antiquus, a more ancient species.[1] To the same level belong the Tichorhine rhinoceros, a woolly animal like the mammoth, and the huge cave bear, Ursus spelaeus. This animal must have been very abundant on the Riviera, as from one of the caves at Final Marina, the Grotto delle Fate, which I have explored, some hundreds of the skulls of this beast have been taken from under a thick layer of stalagmite. When a skull of the cave bear was placed for comparison alongside of one of the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, the latter looked a perfect pigmy. It is this layer that contains the remains of the cave lion, cave panther, and cave hyena. These creatures must have lived when the temperature along the Riviera was glacial.

Above this level comes what is called the Reindeer layer. Not many remains of this animal appear in the caves, an indication that the reindeer, plentiful all over France at that epoch, felt the shores of the Mediterranean rather too warm. Here are found in plenty the bones of Urus or Bos primigenius, Aurochs or Bison primigenius, the Wapiti or Canadian deer, the Alpine marmot, arctomyx primigenia, the ibex or Capra primigenia. In the layer above this occur bones and teeth of the horse, red deer, roebuck, wild boar, etc.

The caves have from remote ages been occupied by human beings, who made them both their shelters and their places of burial. In four of the caves human skeletons have been found. But in all of them down to the lowest level remains of man occur. A very distinct indication of his presence is shown by the lines of black carbonised material which occur at irregular intervals. These are the hearths where food was cooked. Like most barbarians, the Mentone Troglodyte was lacking in cleanliness, and flung about the bones

[1] Since the above was written the bones of another elephant have been discovered; possibly the same animal as that to which the pelvis belonged.

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off which he had dined. His careless habits have greatly contributed to our knowledge of the animals of his age. We learn that the horse, the roebuck, the red deer, the wild ox, the ibex, were staple articles of food, and that he had a special weakness for roast pork. In very many cases the long bones are split and broken up for the extraction of marrow. Flint implements are found in quantities—flakes, knives, scrapers, lances, borers, and the cores from which these have been struck. There are also not a few instruments of bone, chiefly in the shape of needles.

The human remains are of the greatest scientific interest. Up to the present sixteen skeletons have been found, of which three are children, the rest adults, men and women. They appear to be all of one type, with the exception of the two of the Grotte des Enfants, to be afterwards referred to. They are of a very tall and strongly built race. It is not easy to arrive at certainty with regard to their height. It has been estimated as above seven feet. That is probably too great. Estimating from the proportionate lengths of the femur and of the tibia, 6 feet 4 inches to 6 feet 6 inches is more likely to be the truth. The limbs are very strong, and show signs of great muscular development. The linea aspera at the back of the femur is very pronounced. The tibiae show very marked platycnemism or flattening from side to side, the measure across being little more than half the thickness from back to front. The skulls are of the long-headed or dolichocephalic type, and exhibit the same features as those from the valley of the Dordogne, known as the Cromagnon race. What strikes one is the great size of the cranium from back to front, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, while the face is short and broad, the cephalic index varying from 63 to 73. The height of the skull is remarkable. The frontal development is good, as is the facial angle. Our men were certainly not lacking in brains. The orbits are large, low, and quadrangular. The lower jaw, with prominent chin, is very powerful.

Like the North American Indians, these cave men had their weapons buried with them. Along with the skeletons of the Barma Grande three very fine flint weapons were

found, one beneath the head, another in the hand of the largest skeleton. The largest of these was $10\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The bodies, which were laid extended, generally with one arm flexed, had been buried with their ornaments. In one case it was a necklace consisting of the canine teeth of the deer, neatly perforated by a flint tool; in others it was a necklace made of the little shell common in the Mediterranean, Cyclonassa neritea,[1] or else it was of the vertebrae of a fish said to be one of the Salmonidae. On the forehead of one were three singular bone ornaments of the size of nutmegs, constricted in the middle, and prettily ornamented with transverse lines; in another case the whole skeleton was covered with hundreds of the shells of a trochus. In another the shells of a cypraea, found only in the Atlantic, were placed as if they had formed an anklet.

In most cases the bodies had been laid on a bed of ochre, brought from a distance, and had probably been covered with the same. The remains were consequently nearly always stained a rusty red. This, along with the burial of the fine instruments, seems to indicate the idea of a future life, in which the body would be painted as had been the practice here.

The question naturally arises, when did the men of the caves live? Can we arrive at any idea of the age of the Mentone Troglodytes? The answer must be indefinite, and can only be relative. It is first to be noted that there is no trace of metal, either iron or bronze, in the caves, which at once carries us back to a Stone Age. Then there are no polishedstoneimplements, and sow e are carried back beyond the Neolithic period. There is no trace of pottery of any sort. The art of the potter was apparently unknown. The inhabitants of the caves cooked their food, and no doubt boiled some of it, but they had no vessels. They must have used skins to contain liquids, and boiled the contents by dropping into them hot stones. Accordingly, many

[1] In the Grotte des Enfants, explored by M. de Villeneuve, these little shells were spread in thousands around and upon the skeleton. In the Grotte du Prince, or Cave No. 9, although no human skeletons were discovered, there was a trophy several feet high, consisting of some hundreds of the horns of the ibex.

round stones are found in the caves, known from this usage as 'pot-boilers.'

All the tools belong to the chipped, unpolished type, which would relegate them to the Palæolithic Age, at the close of the Quaternary epoch. The fineness of the work and the elegance of the ornaments of bone are, however, not quite in keeping with that age. The French archæologist, Dr. Verneau, and Prof. Issel of Genoa, a great authority on such subjects, agree in believing the Mentone cave men to be intermediate between the Neolithic and the Palæolithic Age. Issel proposes for them the name of Miolithic. The skulls are of a different type from those of Neanderthal, Spy, and Canstadt, and are probably of a more recent race.

It is to be noted, however, that at the lowest level, considerably below the skeletons, remains of hearths are found, and by the side of the huge pelvis of the Elephas antiquus, which was accompanied by the teeth of the cave bear, was found a large and very beautiful palæolithic flint scraper, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 2 inches, showing that man was contemporaneous with the animals of the Glacial Age and fed upon them.

When was the Glacial Age? How long did it last? Some geologists tell us two hundred thousand years. *Qui sait?*

I have mentioned the two skeletons found in the Grotte des Enfants by M. de Villeneuve. These differ from all the others. At a depth of 23 feet 3 inches two skeletons, a young man and an old woman, were found together, of a much smaller type and with slender bones. These, while exhibiting the dolichocephalic skull, have also a very distinct negroid face, with marked prognathism. What race is this? It is one new to science, and has received the name of Grimaldi from the commune in which the cave lies. It appears to be anterior to all the skeletons of the coast, combining, as it does, the Cromagnon and the negro type. Did a negro race inhabit these shores, and when? A whole series of great problems here awaits solution. A very strong element in the discussion of the problem lies

in the fact that in the other cave which the Prince of Monaco has explored, Cave No. 9, about the same level, have been found the bones of the Central African hippopotamus. How did it come to be on the north side of the Mediterranean ? Was it contemporaneous with the negroid race ? Was it here before the Mediterranean Sea existed, or was there a connection across the sea with the African coast ? The Prince of Monaco, who is deeply interested in the problem, has conducted soundings between the mainland and Corsica, to try to discover a possible passage, but none such has been found ; indeed, the depth is very great all the way.

The problems of the caves of the Rochers Rouges will not be easily solved, but we have said enough to show what an amount of interest attaches to the same, and how well worthy they are of being visited by all who take interest in archæological subjects.

GROTTE DES ENFANTS

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ROMAN MILESTONE IN SAN MICHELE

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CHAPTER XXV

LIGURIAN FORTS

In an earlier chapter, reference was made to the Ligurians, the former inhabitants of these regions. We do not know very much about the race. From the absence of all inscriptions we infer that they had no written language. The only example of art, which it is believed came from their hands, is to be seen in the museum of Aix en Provence, where are preserved two blocks of stone, showing, the one a warrior on horseback, and the other two human faces. They cannot be called beautiful. They were found in the large camp of Entremont, which lies behind and above the city.

If literary and artistic mementos of the Ligurians do not exist, or are rare, we have abundant remains of another kind. Many of their tombs have been found, from which we learn that the Ligurians belonged to a short, round-headed race, very different from the Cave men who preceded them by, no one can tell how many centuries or ages. Very different, too, were they from the Gauls, with whom they are often confounded—a tall, fair-haired Celtic race from the north. The weapons, which are found in the tombs of the Ligurians, in their camps, on the surface or buried in the ground, inform us that they were a neolithic race. Their weapons were of stone, smooth or polished, unlike the rude palæolithic tools. They were acquainted with the art of the potter, and deposited weapons and dishes with food in their tombs, which like the weapons buried with the chiefs of the North American Indians, point to a belief in another life. In the district to the north of Grasse are to be seen examples of a structure which appear to date back to the period under discussion.

These are the bee-hive dwellings, in Eastern Liguria known as Cabanne. Several of these are to be found in the valley and near the great fort of La Malle as well as at the Col de Ferret on the way to Thorenc. These erections are formed of dry stones laid one upon another and arched so as to produce a cupola, all being kept in place by a large flat stone laid on the top. Some are as high as twelve feet in the interior. The only opening is a doorway three and a half feet high by three feet wide. At the base the walls are five feet in thickness, and within there is usually a recess on the right side to serve as a press. These buildings are utilised by shepherds who doubtless keep them in repair, but they date back to a very remote period. Modern imitations of them are to be seen, but they are flat-topped, built with mortar, and are not nearly so picturesque.

The principal remains of the Ligurians, however, are the fortified camps, which are found throughout Provence, but more particularly in the Alpes Maritimes, where they are very numerous. They are a distinct form of structure, seemingly peculiar to Provence, and not occurring to the east of the Roya. A few of them may be met with on the low ground, but for the most part, they are found on the tops of the hills, as high up as nearly four thousand feet. When on an elevated situation we find them perched on a cliff, having a precipitous front, where no fortification was required. On the other and exposed side, the camp was defended by a wall of varying height, and from six to twelve feet in thickness, composed of great blocks of undressed stone, carefully fitted together, but always without mortar. Sometimes there is a second wall twelve or fifteen feet distant, and on rare occasions, if the position was much exposed, a third. The walls enclose an area, varying from two hundred to nine hundred feet in length, which was commonly left rough, but occasionally the remains of dwellings are to be seen. The entrance was usually at the end of the wall, where it joined the precipitous side.

In the neighbourhood of St. Vallier, and all round about

Grasse, there is quite a number of these constructions crowning the heights, and so placed, that signals could be made from one to another.

To the north of the town of St. Vallier is a very fine camp, known as La Tourré, provided with three walls on the southern side. The best preserved of all the camps of the district is that of the castellaras of La Malle, lying between Grasse and St. Vallier. It crowns an inaccessible cliff, commanding the valley of La Malle on the east, and the road to St. Vallier and St. Césaire on the west. The camp has the form of an ellipse, 350 feet long by 100 feet wide. The walls, which have withstood the vicissitudes of ages, are yet, in many places, fifteen feet in height, composed of gigantic blocks, many of them more than three and a half feet square, joined so as to form a bulwark twelve feet in thickness. The whole gives the idea of enormous strength, and demonstrates the dauntless energy of the builders.

Just above Gourdon an interesting small camp is to be seen; and near Vallauris are the remains of the very large camp of Encourdoules, which dominated all the country between Nice and the Esterel. This was the fortress of the Oxybii, who inflicted a loss upon the Romans when in B.C. 153 they landed at Ægytna[1]—supposed to be the original of Cannes—and who afterwards paid for their victory in the entire subjugation of the tribe the following year.

A fair example of a Ligurian camp is to be seen at Cimiez, on the hill to the east, overlooking the valley of the Paillon. The old camp forms the upper part of the garden belonging to the Franciscan monastery, closed under the law of 1905. It is now planted with ilex and cypress-trees. This fashionable suburb of Nice, which at the beginning of our era was an important Roman town, may be said to owe its origin to this old Ligurian camp. The recently explored camp called La Bastide, near the Cornice, was referred to in Dr. Müller's chapter on Eza.

In the neighbourhood of La Turbie there are several of these ancient camps. The hill overhanging the village

[1] See *Romans on the Riviera*, W. H. Bullock Hall, p. 83.

called Mont de Battaille is crowned by one, and behind it is a very large enclosure, with many walls, known as the Camp de Bataille, where, probably, the decisive fight took place which ended the liberty of the mountain tribes. On the hill to the west of Laghet, above La Trinità, is to be seen a long wall, similar to those in the Camp de Bataille, forming a barricade across the mountain, on whose summit is a singular little building, about 50 yards square appertaining to the same period, which presents a feature found in some of the Oppida. Within the encircling wall, which is 10 feet thick, runs a footway, or ledge, several feet above the ground. On this a sentry could march up and down, or a bowman or slinger discharge his weapons, while well protected.

The neighbourhood of Mentone, though not so rich in such structures, still possesses several, which under the military hand of France are, alas, rapidly disappearing. Until quite recently there existed a very large and beautiful Ligurian camp on the summit of Mont Orso. When I first visited it in 1889 the cyclopean walls were very remarkable. The great enceinte was overgrown with hornbeams, on which charcoal-burners were at work. A second wall, to which the ground sloped down, gave the appearance of a glacis to the intermediate space.

When I visited the place in 1906 I was mortified to find a large modern fort with casement and magazine on the site, for the construction of which the stones gathered thousands of years before, by Ligurian hands, had been utilised. The same thing has taken place on the top of Siricocca, immediately to the north of St. Agnès. The old fort, not so fine an example, however, as that of the Orso, has disappeared, and is replaced by a French redoubt. The conspicuous bluff above Monaco, known by the name of Tête de Chien, originally Tête du Camp, had formerly on its summit a fort of the Ligurians, as the name would indicate, before France built her frowning fortress.

The Agèle does not seem to have possessed a camp in the early days, but before the construction of the vast fort, which now crowns it, there were to be seen some interesting

LIGURIAN FORT, LA MALLE

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LIGURIAN FORT, LA TOURRÉ, ST. VALLIER

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Ligurian tombs on the level top. On several slopes of Mont Gros or Rossignol remains of ancient fortifications are to be seen, recognised by their cyclopean blocks, and on the highest point a little fort may be discovered, hidden now among the pines. This must have been a valuable outpost whence to survey an approaching enemy, coming either from the east or west. Perhaps the nearest to Mentone of the Ligurian camps is to be found behind Monte Carlo Supérieure on the top of the cliff, immediately behind the Riviera Palace hotel. The south front is precipitous and inaccessible ; on the north, where the ground slopes backwards, is a wall nine feet in thickness, now mostly ruinous. But down the western side, which required protection, runs for a considerable distance a very substantial, well-built wall, nine to ten feet thick, and about ten feet high, which, though several thousands of years old, looks as if it might have been built yesterday. The interior of the fort is exceedingly rough, consisting of the upturned edges of the rock strata. I do not see how dwellings could have been erected within it. It must have been rather for an outlook post than for a place of residence. It commands not only the harbour of Monaco, but all the coastline from Cap Martin to Mont Boron.

The name given to these old forts or camps, in the patois of the district, is commonly *castéou*, *castellas*, *castellare*, or *castellaras*. This one is called, in French, Les Moulins, a mistranslation of the native name of Les Meules, which signifies not the mills or mill-stones but the walls.

Of recent years attention has been directed to these ancient camps. The late M. Sénequier explored with pick and shovel a number of those found in the neighbourhood of Grasse. His discoveries were described in his various communications to the Société des Lettres et des Sciences of Nice, in whose *Annales* they are to be found. More recently MM. Guébhard and Goby of Grasse have continued these explorations, and added a considerable number to the list of camps already known. Their researches were communicated to the International Congress of Archæologists, which met at Monaco in the year 1906.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE ROMAN ROAD [1]

By nothing was the power of Imperial Rome more evidenced than by the roads which were constructed in every country where her sway was felt. The great road in our own land, known as Watling Street, which, beginning at Dover, passed through Canterbury and London, then northwards to Chester and York, and onwards to Carlisle and the Wall near Newcastle, stamps England as having been for a long time under the dominion of Rome.

On the Riviera, besides the famous Tower or Monument of Augustus at Turbia, we have many incontestible evidences of the power and sagacity of Rome, specially in the great road extending from Rome all the way to Arles, a distance of 797 miles as the *Antonine Itinerary* gives it.[2] By this road the metropolis and distant Gaul were bound together, and facilities afforded for the rapid transmission of troops. For the most part the road followed the coastline, so as to be near the protection of the fleet. This was departed from only where precipitous cliffs, descending into the sea, compelled a more inland route. Remnants of it are to be seen in many parts. But in the course of two thousand years much has been obliterated, partly by the hand of man, partly by the forces of nature.

For many centuries this road was the great artery between Italy and Gaul. Over it have passed the legions of Rome,

[1] As will have been observed by the reader, Dr. Müller has made several references to a chapter on the Roman Road. That chapter has not been found, indeed it is more than doubtful if it ever was written. As a work on Mentone and its neighbourhood would seem incomplete without some account of that important piece of work, I have endeavoured to supply the deficiency.—Ed.

[2] A Roman mile was about 300 feet shorter than the English statute mile. It contained 1000 paces, the Roman *passus* being five feet in length.

ST. AGNÈS, WITH SIRICOCCA AND ORSO

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LES MEULES, LIGURIAN FORT, MONTE CARLO

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and of many nations besides, as well as the commerce of not a few peoples.

The name commonly given to the road is Via Aurelia, after the constructor of the first portion of it, who is believed to have been Aurelius Cotta, censor in B.C. 241, and not as some have thought Aurelius Cotta, consul in B.C. 119.

The first section of the road started from the Forum and, passing out by the Porta Aurelia, reached as far as Vada Volterrana, south-east of Pisa, a distance of 175 Roman miles. The second section was made by Aemilius Scaurus in B.C. 109, and, after him, was named Via Aemilia. From Vada Volterrana it reached to Vada Sabbata (Vado near Savona), a distance of 165 miles, the principal points being Pisa, Luna (Spezia), and Genoa. From Vada Sabbata to the Var extended the third section, the work of Augustus Cæsar in B.C. 12. It bore the name Via Julia Augusta. The name Via Aurelia was, however, commonly given to the entire length of the road, called to this day in the Provençal patois, Lou Camin Ourelian. But it was as frequently called by the name of its second section, Via Aemilia, and this more particularly in Italy. The portion of the road through the Alpes Maritimes is called indifferently Via Aurelia, Via Aemilia, and Via Julia Augusta. It is a mistake to suppose that the names indicate different roads, or that the Via Julia Augusta is a separate or branch road. They are all one and the same.

This third section was 93 Roman miles in length, and is supposed to have followed, at least in its western portion, the course of the old Heraklean Way, used in early days by Phœnician and Greek traders. Many traces of it are to be found. On the eastern side of Albenga, where the ground was very marshy, the road was carried over a bridge, the Ponte Lungo, consisting of nine arches, which still exist in wonderfully good condition. They look to-day strangely out of place stalking over dry land and fertile fields. Passing westwards and ascending, it makes its way by what is now a charming walk through the olive woods to Alassio. It is to be seen all along the coast. At Bordighera the Strada Romana, whose hotels and villas make that portion of the

town the most attractive, is just the old Roman road with a new face.

It crosses the stream of Vallecrosia at a distance of some 1000 yards from the sea, and passes through the olive-trees to the Nervi. Close by the side of it is the little Chapel of San Rocca, into whose north-western angle, as narrated at page 405, is built a memorial to Apollo with the name of M. C. Anthus. The bridge over the Nervi no longer exists, but some stones on the west bank are probably the remains of an abutment.

The main street leading out of Ventimiglia follows the course of the Roman road, which mounted up the hillside and passed below what is now the Porta Canarda (p. 385, note). Descending into the Val di Latte it approached La Mortola, where the railway is built on the top of it, a curious kind of modern palimpsest. One of the best preserved portions of the road is that which passes through the beautiful gardens of La Mortola, which the late Sir Thomas Hanbury took such pleasure in pointing out to visitors, while naming some of the historical personages who had passed along it. In preparing the gardens at La Mortola, as well as during the construction of the railway there, several Roman tombs were discovered, with lamps and other articles common in sepultures.

Outside the Mortola grounds traces of the road are not so visible. The steepness of the slope and the softness of the soil were not favourable to its preservation. At one time the whole of the slope was covered with dense wood, and was the abode of robbers and villains. Their conduct was so evil that the Duke of Savoy handed over that portion to him of Monaco, who was nearer the miscreants, on condition that he cleared out the robbers. He did so by destroying their abode in cutting down the forest. The result was desiccation of the soil. The rains descended from the heights above and while forming the deep gullies, which make it almost impossible to walk to Mortola that way, they swept down on the Roman road and utterly destroyed it. The line of it may still be detected if looked at from some distance. It runs along about 100 feet above sea-

level, and becomes a path near the village of Garibaldi, when it descends to the railway and skirts the east side of the little promontory covered with olives known as Olivetta. The road has been so encroached upon where it turned round the point of the promontory as to be reduced to the dimensions of a tiny path scarce a foot wide. Between that and the Rochers Rouges, the railway has obliterated all traces. The excavations from the Grotte du Prince, and the broken stones from the quarry close by have buried the little Roman bridge, which was visible five years ago, as well as the bit of road round the corner which Mr. Bullock Hall describes as 'a 7-8 feet wide ledge chiselled out of the rock for its passage.'[1] The present cart road from the quarries past the caves of the Rochers Rouges, whose prehistoric remains have been described in a preceding chapter, is on the top of the Roman road, as far as the stream of St. Louis, the present frontier between Italy and France. At this point was a watch-tower, close to which stands the Villa Natta. The road turned up the left side of the stream for about 100 yards, and after crossing, passed along the back of the garden of the Villa Maria Serena. Not many years ago this was the road used by the washerwomen as they went between Mentone and the torrent of St. Louis. It was appropriated by the owner of that garden, in spite of the public protest of a number of people, some of whom are still alive. The road passed to the north underneath the present railway, and continued along parallel to the railway by the foot of the garden of the present Villa Giorgina, where the road has the regulation width of eight feet, according to the old law of the Twelve Tables. It travels up to the east of what is now Bensa's Garden, a steep little path well seen to-day, till it reaches what is now the Route Nationale. From that it coursed along possibly by the road leading up to Villa Peyronnet, or it may be where the railway now runs till the Vallon Solitaire was reached, where it dipped and crossed by a little bridge which has disappeared only quite recently, near the Villa d'Italie, where the remains of a watch-tower were lately to be seen.

[1] Hall, *Romans on the Riviera*, p. 175.

Its course beyond cannot be traced, as various proprietors have appropriated bits of it, until the Chapel of St. Anne is reached, where it reappears as the carriage road lying between the Villa les Grottes and the hôtels Bellevue and Italie on to the Place St. Julien. The Rue Longue is part of the Roman road, the houses of the old town which enclose it lined the road, in fact Mentone grew up along its two sides. At the lower end it turned to the west along what is now Rue Bréa, and passed over the site or by the side of the Église des Pénitents Noirs, and descended to the Val de Fossan, or Val de Menton, which it crossed by a bridge, that has disappeared within the last ten years. Its westward course was probably that of the Rue Henri Gréville and the Rue de la Tour, through olive groves till the region of Banastron was reached, where the railway has driven through and obliterated it, and the stables of the barracks have been erected over it. Beyond the barracks and gas-works it climbed up the steep side of the ground which forms the neck of Cap Martin, where it appears in the form of an insignificant mule path, which runs into the carriage road connecting Cap Martin and the Cornice and passing the front of the interesting Roman ruin at Lumone (see p. 140), where was a Roman station, which, according to the *Antonine Itinerary*, was six miles from Turbia and ten from Ventimiglia. The new Cornice, which sweeps round the base of Roccabruna, follows the course of the old Roman road. But at the bend of the road beyond the village the Cornice departs from the line of it and takes a higher level. The old road forms a delightful way, through oaks and olive-trees, to near Viglia or San Roman, it then gradually climbs up past the quarries where are the rocks called the Monk and the Nun (see p. 326), up behind the Ligurian fort named Les Meules, referred to at page 414. It passed just above the quarries whence the stones for the great monument were quarried, on to Turbia, or La Turbie. The Cornice follows the course of the Roman road out of La Turbie, and for about half a mile further. There the Via Julia Augusta turned down into the valley of Laghet, and made its way along the northern slope of Monte Sembola opposite the monastery.

A quarry road is its representative for a short distance, until it dwindles to a mere track, and so it passes on to the banks of the Paglione, near La Trinità, and up to Cenemeleum (Cimiez). It avoided all the difficulties experienced by Napoleon in making the Corniche round the southern side of the mountain along the cliffs above Eza where no road previously existed. The Romans wanted to reach Cimiez, which was a Roman town; Napoleon wished to connect with Nice, which in the early days was a Greek city.

Augustus made use of the old Via Massiliensis beyond the Var as far as Forum Julii (Fréjus), and from that point to Arles of the Via Domitia, which had been made by Domitius Ahenobarbus in B.C. 121.

From Cimiez the road proceeded to Antibes (a branch road, Via Vintia, going northward to Venee, an important Roman town). At Cannes it crossed the torrent of the Riou by a bridge still to be seen, the Pont Roman, and climbed up the slope of the hill crowned by the Croix de Garde, its position marked by the present road.

Some miles to the west of Cannes and near the river Siagne and the golf-course, is the little hill known as Mont St. Cassien, famous for its trap-door spiders. Here a short time ago quite a number of Roman tombs were found, containing, besides the usual small things, some large square glass bottles and a child's doll. Some of these are to be seen in the Cannes Museum.

Napoule is believed to be the station (mansio) named as Ad Horrea in the *Antonine Itinerary*, a place for the victualling of the army. The road originally passed round the Cap Roux of the Esterel, as is proved by some milestones. It was afterwards replaced by the new direct way through the Esterel, which became the route between Fréjus and Cannes. From Fréjus, with its many evidences of Roman power, its aqueduct, its amphitheatre, its harbour, etc., the road was continued, under the name of Via Domitia, to Aquæ Sextie (Aix), and so on to Arelate (Arles).

The course of the road was marked at regular distances by stations (*mansiones*), which were resting-places where supplies could be had, and by watch-towers (*vigiliae*), such as

Dr. Müller describes at page 369. It was still better marked by milestones, a considerable number of which are still in existence, and afford or have afforded good evidence as to the line of the road. These were planted at every mile. They are mostly of close-grained, hard limestone, and are all numbered, giving the distance from the golden milestone in the Forum at Rome. They bear the name also of the emperor under whom they were erected.

A good number of these milestones are to be seen in the neighbourhood of Mentone. Some are *in situ*, others have been gathered into buildings.

For example, in the old church of San Michele at Ventimiglia there are three. Two of them are found just inside the church door, and have been utilised as basins for holding holy water. A third supports the roof of the crypt. That on the right of the entrance bears the inscription :

IMP CAESAR
AVGVSTVS IMP. X
TRIBVNITIA
POTESTATE XI
D X C

That in the crypt bears the inscription :

IMP ANTONINVS
PIVS FELIX AVG
PONI CVRAVIT
D X C

In the Musée Anthropologique at Monaco are two milestones. One which was found not far from Monte Carlo bears the inscription :

IMP CAESAR AVGVS
IMP X
TRIBVNITIA POTESTATE XI
D C I

indicating that it was 601 miles from Rome.

Near the quarries of La Turbie are two milestones, one of Augustus and the other of Antonine, each bearing the

ROMAN MILESTONE, MUSEUM, MONACO

Page 430.

ROMAN MILESTONE OF AUGUSTUS, MONACO

Page 430.

number DCIII.; both stand at the side of the old Roman road.

The stone bearing the number DCIV. was built into the wall of a rustic house at La Turbie, and has been removed to the public library at Nice, where is also to be found stone number DCV. The inscription, a long one, runs :

IMP. CAESAR. DIVI.
TRAIANI. PARTHICI. F.
DIVI NERVAE N TRAIA
NVS HADRIANVS AVG.
PONT. MAX. TRIB POT IX
COS III VIAM JVLIAM
AVG. A FLVMINE TREB
BIA QVAE VETVSTATE
INTERCIDERAT. SVA
PECVNIA RESTITVIT
D C V

Stone number DCVI., found in the valley of Laghet, is also in the Nice Library.

Stone number DCVII. is still standing in the valley of Laghet at the side of the old Roman road.

Two stones, each bearing the number DCVIII., or rather, one of them having the number IↃCVIII., which means the same thing, are to be found still in the Quartier Garquier in the same valley.

The Roman roads, we are told by Mr. Bullock Hall, in their way through the towns, were usually flagged, but in the country were made generally with cobble-stones beaten into the ground.

For information as to the Roman Road as it was, we are largely indebted to the *Antonine Itinerary*, as it is called, a document drawn up under the Emperor Antonnius Caracalla, A.D. 211-17, but with corrections done in the time of Theodosius, 379. It gives a minute account of the Roman roads throughout the Empire.

In the above sketch I have been largely aided by the admirable volume of the late Mr. W. H. Bullock Hall, *The Romans on the Riviera and the Rhone*, to which work I express my indebtedness. The author told me that he had walked over about 300 miles of the road between Piacenza

and the Var, and I had the pleasure of exploring a portion of it in his company. I also express my obligation to my friend Mr. Biscoe Stainforth, who, from his long residence in Mentone, has been able to give the information as to parts of the road and its bridges which are no longer visible.

APPENDIX

NOTE A. Page 3. Classical allusions.

The part of Liguria in which Mentone is situated is thus alluded to by Strabo :

'Hinc ad portum Monæci stadia ccccxxc in medio urbs magna Albium Intemelium, Incolæ Intemelii. . . . Cum ergo Ligurum alii sunt Ingauni, alii, Intemelii, consentaneum fuit eorum colonias maritimas, alteram Albium Intemelium vocari quasi Albintimclium, alteram concisius aliquanto Albingaunum.'[1]

Also Livy : 'Navibus inde Postumius ad visendam oram Ingaunorum Intemeliorumque Ligurum processit.'[2]

And Lucanus :

'Mitis Atax Latices gaudet non ferre carinas,
Finis et Hispaniæ, promoto limite, Varus.'[3]

And Tacitus : 'Cæsar nationes Alpium Maritimarum, in jus Latii transtulit. Maritimas tum Alpes tenebat procurator Marius Maturus. Fabius Valens e Sinu Pisano segnitia maris aut adversante vento, portum Herculis Monæci depellitur : haud procul agebat Marius Maturus Alpium Maritimarum procurator.'[4]

And Dion Cassius : 'Alpes etiam Maritimæ quas Ligures capillati hactenus liberi incoluerunt in servitutem redactæ sunt.'[5]

And Silius Italicus :

'Interea Rutulis longinque per æquora vectis
Herculei ponto corpore existere colles
Et nebulosa jugis attollere saxa Monæci.'[6]

And Tacitus again : 'Classis Othoniana, licenter vaga, dum Intemelium Liguriae pars est hostiliter populatur, matrem Agricolæ in præsidiis suis interfecit ; prædiaque ipsa, et magnam patrimonii partem diripuit.'[7]

And L. Florus : 'Ligures imis Alpium jugis adhærentes inter Varum et Macram flumen implicitos dumis sylvestribus major aliquanto labor erat invenire quam vincere.'[8]

And Petrarca when delayed on his return from Avignon : 'Molestissimam moram traxisse te Niciæ indignando scribis per mensem integrum expectantem aliquam navem, quæ in Italiam perferret ; atqui in graphis placet, Italiæ terminus Varus est, intra quem a parte Italiæ civitas illa sedet. Sed utique de re constat interiorem Italiam in animo habebas et pro Italia Romam dicere voluisti.'[9]

And Pliny : 'Narbonensis provincia appellatur pars Galliarum quæ

[1] Strabo, *Gallia Narb.*, lib. iv. p. 139.
[2] Livy, lib. xl.
[3] *Pharsalia*, lib. i. p. 404.
[4] Tacitus, *Hist.*, ii. 12, et iii. 42.
[5] Lib. xxxiv.
[6] *Belli Punici.*
[7] *Vita Agricolæ.*
[8] Lib. ii. cap. 3, p. 541.
[9] *Epist. Fam.*, ii. c. 7

interno mari alluitur, Braccata ante dicta, amne Varo ab Italia discreta, Alpiumque saluberrimis Roma imperio jugis.'[1]

And the same again : 'Latitudo ejus varia est : ccccx millium inter duo maria infcrum et superum, amnesque Varum et Arsiam ; . . . universæ autem ambitus a Varo ad Arsiam LVIII efficit.'[2]

There are, of course, some authors whose views differ from those just quoted ; but their opinions have been so often refuted that I should not feel justified in copying them again : and when Du Val says that : 'Les Comtés de Nice et de Beuil sont hors d'Italie au couchant des Alpes,'[3] he is best contradicted and corrected by an eminent countryman of his, the lamented historian, A. Thierry, who states : 'Antipolis le plus populeux et le plus florissant des établissements massaliotes en Gaule déclare tout à coup faire partie de l'Italie prétexte ridicule et grossièrement faux, puisque Antipolis était situé sur la rive droite du Var.'[4]

The very name of the river Var itself indicates moreover a boundary, a limit, a bar, for Var from Varus, and perhaps the French *la barre* and the English *bar* with all their derivatives are closely allied with the same root.

A few inscriptions found within one part of Liguria add weight to the above statements. I have chosen the three following because they refer to Nice, Monaco, and Ventimiglia :

L VALERIUS L F SE
CUNDUS DOMO
ALBENTIBILI MIL LEG
VII G F PAMPHILIUS VARUS
ET VALIUS VELOX
MILITES LEG EIUSDEM
HEREDES POSUERUNT

which is to be read : 'Lucius Valerius, Lucii filius Secundus domo Albentimiliensi Miles Legionis Septimæ Geminæ Felicis, Pamphilius Varus et Valius Velox milites legionis ejusdem, heredes posuerunt.' And to be translated : 'Lucius Valerius Secundus, son of Lucius, a native of Ventimiglia, a soldier of the seventh legion, called the Happy Twin, Pamphilius Varus and Valius Velox, soldiers of the same legion, his heirs, erected (this monument).'

This seventh legion must have seen a good deal of the world, for in 69 A.D. it was in Pannonia and under Alexander Severus (222-235) it was in Spain. Among its soldiers there were evidently natives of this district.

PEDEMONTANVS
L VOCONTIVS
COHI LIG MISSICIVS
V F

The second inscription, still to be seen in the garden of the Prince of Monaco, and carefully copied from the original by M. Florens the well-known painter : 'Pedemontanus Lucius Vocontius Cohortis Primæ Ligurum missicius vivus fecit.' Which is to be translated : 'Pedemontanus Lucius Vocontius, a discharged soldier of the first cohort of the Ligurians had, during his lifetime, erected (this to himself).'

There is something missing in the first line which I have emended.

[1] *De. Narb. Prov.*, cap. iv. p. 49.
[2] *Italia*, cap. iii. p. 51.
[3] *Voyage en Italie*, p. 22.
[4] *Histoire de la Gaule sons la domination Romaine*, vol. iii. p. 25.

The third inscription I give relates to Nice, the ancient *Cemeneleum*, and runs thus :

D M
T. AURELI
CL. CERTI
FR. LEG XX V V
CEMENELI
IVLIUS SEVERUS
ET AURELIUS
SEMPRONIUS
H F C

and is to be read : 'Diis Manibus, Titi Aurelii, Claudia Tribu, Certi Cemeneli frumentarii legionis vigesimæ Valeriæ Victricis, Julius Severus et Aurelius Sempronius heredes faciendum curaverunt.' 'To the gods of the shades of Titus Aurelius Certus, from the Claudia tribe of Cimiès, purveyor to the twentieth legion named the Valerian Victorious, Julius Severus and Aurelius Sempronius, his heirs have taken care to erect (this).'

Though this inscription was not actually found within the Maritime Alpes, the legion mentioned therein undoubtedly contained soldiers drawn from our immediate neighbourhood, and the notice is all the more interesting as this twentieth legion spent a good many years in England. Under Tiberius (14-37 A.D.) it was on duty in Lower Germany, and later on we find it in Britain, for to quote Mr. Wright (Thomas Wright, *The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon*, p. 382), 'Four legions only remained, the 2nd, 6th, 9th, and 20th. Of these, the second was posted at *Isca* (Cærleon) and the 20th at *Deva* (Chester), whence they held in restraint the tribes in the mountains and valleys of Wales, Cumberland, and Westmoreland (the retreat of such of the *Brigantes* as still retained their wild independence), and protected the country against the Irish pirates, who continually attempted landings at the Severn and the Dee.' 'The 20th legion, which was so long stationed at *Deva*, had then been entirely withdrawn ; it is believed to have been taken away towards the end of the fourth century to be employed in the Getic war.'

Note B. Page 17. Condamine.

The following quotations will sufficiently explain the meaning of this term :—

Condominiam or *Condominion* ; *Condominus*, translated 'Conseigneur celui qui est Seigneur conjointement avec quelque autre d'une terre, d'un pays,' occurs in Ducange, ed. Migne, with cognate words.

Along the Mediterranean shore, from Marseilles to Genoa, there is, I believe, in every locality near the sea, and even inward, a Condamine, meaning generally a small level place near the boundary of the numerous counties, baronies, townships, etc., into which the land was generally divided. It seems to have been a kind of neutral ground belonging conjointly or alternately to either of the neighbouring lords. Ducange says : 'Condamina vel Condomina, Narbonensibus Condomine quasi Condominium a jure unius Domini, vel ut alii volunt, quasi Campus Domini nam in Ouitania, maxime versus Sevennas Camp, aut con, Campum sonat ubi hae Condaminae ab omni onere agrario immunes censentur.'

'Condamina legitur in Glossis Isidori et est agrorum, etc.' Condamina una quae habet prolongo dextras de ambos latus 238 et in quacunque fronte dextras 130 (Chart. anni 979 in Archiv. S. Vict., Mass., num. 13).

'Est autem Condamina illa capiens de terra arabili modiatas tres' (Chart. Alphanti Ep. Apens).

And on June 20, 1437, in Gioffredo, vol. iv. p. 142: 'F. Manuel Prior Monasterii S. Mariae Vallis Pisii, Honoratus Lascar ex Comitibus Vintimilii, Carolus, et Luguinus Lascari fratres ex Comitibus Vintimilii Condomini Limonis.'—*Notes and Queries*, 6th s., vi. pp. 326, 522; *ibid.*, vii. p. 475.

NOTE C. Page 30. Changes in words in the course of years.

'Une langue s'altère soit dans la structure intérieure de ses mots soit dans l'intégrité de ses formes grammaticales. Les mots, en vieillissant, tendent à remplacer les consonnes fortes et dures par des consonnes faibles et douces; les voyelles sonores, d'abord par des voyelles sourdes, puis par des voyelles muettes. Les finales disparaissent et les mots contractent. Les Langues en général commencent par être une musique et finissent par être une algèbre. . . . L'altération a son principe dans la nature humaine. Il est naturel à l'homme d'altérer ce qu'il touche . . . L'agent principal de l'altération et de la décomposition des langues c'est l'usage. L'usage a deux instruments; le temps et le peuple. Le temps et le peuple agissent sur les langues dans le même sens et excercent sur elles une action semblable.'[1]

NOTE D. Page 106. Manners and customs about 1614.

Duranty, v. vol. ii. p. 442, under the date of June 8, 1614, pictures the manners and customs of this time thus: 'Les consuls de Nice nomment 4 compagnies de Prieurs et d'Abbés chargés de veiller au bon ordre, tant en ville qu'en campagne, à l'occasion des fêtes, dances, noces et festins: une pour la noblesse, l'autre pour la bourgeoisie, la troisième pour les artisans, la quatrième pour le bas peuple. Le local destiné pour les amusements et danses de la noblesse, est sous la surveillance de 2 abbés directeurs dont l'un doit être directeur, l'autre jeune homme. Personne s'il n'est gentilhomme ne peut s'introduire dans ces réunions, et tout masqué, qui s'y présentera, ne pourra danser qu'à visage découvert, pour qu'il puisse être reconnu par les abbés directeurs. Aux nobles seuls appartient le droit de danser avec le manteau et l'épée. Dans les bals et fêtes nocturnes le corps de la noblesse pourra éclairer le point de réunion avec six flambeaux, la bourgeoisie avec cinq, les artisans avec quatre, le bas peuple avec deux.

NOTE E. Page 311. Inns attached to St. Michael's.

The Latin, or rather Monk's Latin, is *Alberga*, *Albergum*, *Albergia*, *Albergium*, *Albergato*, *i.e.* pensiones denariorum in 1312; et cum ipse haberet de jure in Monasterio de Gallico Albergam cum equis eleomosynam donat abati, etc., Albergo pro hospitio accipitur. The German *herberge*, *heriperga*, *heriberga*, a place where many people, wanderers without any money or means, were received; a general, cheap, well-known house where travellers could receive shelter, a hospice in the modern sense of the word, but sometimes also a house belonging to a knight and where one could be lodged without any inquiry or demand for payment. Later on there were two houses, one for people who were expected to pay or give

[1] J. J. Ampère, *Histoire de la formation de la langue française*, pp. 3, 4.

something, and one for wayfarers who could not pay, just as it is at the Grand St. Bernard now. The original meaning was to house many, i.e. *her, heer*, a great number, and *bergen*, to shelter; *loger tous, berger tous*; the French *auberge, héberger, herberger*, the Italian *albergo*, the Provençal *Alberguado, i.e.* a tent, a guild, where monks and knights might find a refuge, but where knights sometimes would and did levy blackmail, taking kind instead of money. It may correspond with the Irish custom, *coshery*, according to which Irish gentlemen wandered from house to house demanding victuals and shelter. *Vide* the *Annuary of the Royal Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland*, 1869.

Note F. Page 371.

Before leaving this historical place, I consider it almost necessary to quote the following interesting remarks about the migrations and emigrations along the Ligurian coast, running thus:

'Biot que l'on suppose avoir été un ancien castrum romain fut donné en 1126 par le comte de Provence à l'abbé des Lérins qui y établit une prieuré autour duquel se forma une groupe d'habitations. La grande peste du XVième siècle le dépeupla entièrement. Isnard de Grasse du Bar, évêque de Grasse, abbé commanditaire de Lérins, le repeupla en 1470 en y appelant quarante familles de la Vallée d'Oneille.' P 361.

'Vallauris fut donné aux moines de Lérins par les Grimaldis, seigneurs d'Antibes au XIème siècle, époque de Terreurs religieuses, où tous les seigneurs de la contrée se dépouillaient à l'envi en faveur de ces religieuses. Une prieuré y existait déjà au XIIIème siècle. Jean André de Grimaldi, évêque de Grosse, abbé commanditaire de Lérins donna le plan de la commune actuelle en 1501, et la même année, René Lascaris, sacristain de Lérins, la peupla au moyen de colons venant de Port Maurice et d'Albenga.' P. 362.

'L'origine de Mons est plus lointaine et plus obscure. Un premier acte d'habitation avait été passé en 1260 entre le seigneur du lieu et des colons de la Rivière de Gênes. A la suite d'une émigration dont les causes sont inconnues, un second acte d'habitation fut dressé en 1468. Une nouvelle colonie venant aussi de la Rivière de Gênes s'y établit, d'où peut être le nom que porte un quartier "Tardé venistis" que porte un quartier du Territoire.'

'Ce document que je n'ai pas eu sous les yeux, n'en dit d'ailleurs, pas davantage, à ce qu'il paraît; mais il est permis de penser que les colons qui y sont désignés vinrent sinon tous, du moins en majorité, des hameaux de Figounia, commune de Ventimille. J'en trouverais la preuve dans la similitude des idiomes et dans le nom sous lequel ce langage est désigné dans toute la contrée. Les patois de Vallauris et de Biot sont appelés vulgairement ici l'ou Vallaurian, le vallaurien, l'ou bioutene, le biotois; celui de Mons et d'Escragnoles, particularité digne de remarque, n'est pas désigné comme les autres par le nom de la commune, on l'appelle l'ou Figoun; et c'est par ce même mot qu'à Ventimille, à Menton et dans tous les environs, on désigne un habitant de Figounia ainsi que l'idiome qu'il parle. On dirait de cet homme c'est un Figoun, il parle figoun.' P. 362.

'St. Laurent du Var avait été dépeuplé par la grande peste. L'évêque de Vence, son seigneur, le repeupla au moyen de trente famille d'Oneille. L'acte d'habitation est de 1480.' P. 363.

'La commune de Cabris avait été désertée à la suite des dévastations de Raymond Turenne. Son seigneur noble et généreux personnage, Belthazar

de Grasse, la repeupla au moyen de quarante-huit chefs de famille dont vingt-cinq de Menton, treize de Ste. Agnès et dix d'Oneille. L'acte d'habitation fut dressé au village de Cambris et en la salle du chasteau d'Iceluy, l'an de l'incarnation salutaire de N. S. Jésus Christ 1496 et le premier jour de mars. P. 364.

'Auribeau avait été donné à l'Abbaye de Lérins par le comte de Provence en même temps que Biot, la peste l'ayant entièrement dépeuplé. Jean André de Grimaldi, évêque de Grasse, abbé commanditaire de Lérins, prévôt de l'église de Grasse et en cette dernière qualité, seigneur d'Auribeau, le repeupla au moyen de vingt-cinq familles venues du diocèse d'Albenga et de Menton. L'acte d'habitation fut dressé le 5 juin 1497 au lieu d'Auribeau, proche le château démoli et près l'église de N. D. à présent découverte et en partie abattue.' P. 364.

Note G Page 372.

Paradigm of the four dialects, more or less affected by this migration:

GRASSE

Nouestré péro qué sias oou ciel
qué vouostré noun siégué santifia,
qué vouostré régné arribé,
qué vouostro vourounta siégué facho su la
terro coum' oou ciel.

Douna nous ooujourd'hui nouostrée pain dé chaquo jou,
é pardonna nous nouostréi ooufenso coumo pardonnan
en aqué lei qué n'an ooufensa
non nou laissés pa succoumba à la tentation,
mai délivra-nou d'oou maou. Ensi soit-i.

VALLAURIS

Nostrou païre qué séi aou ciel,
qué vostrou noum séché santifiaou,
qué vostrou régné arribé,
qué vostra vourounta séché facha su a
terra couma aou ciel.

Dounai né ancuéi nostrou pan dé tutti i di,
é perdounai né i nostri aoufensé couma perdounan
en aquéli que n'an aoufensai
é noun né lachai pas succoumba a tentatioun,
mai délivra né d'ou ma. Ensin soit-i.

BIOT

Nostrou pa qui séi aou tzé,
qu'ou vostrou nomé ou ségué santifiaou,
qu'aou vostrou rouyaimé ou né végué,
qué a vostra volountai a ségué fatcha chou a
terra couma drentou au tzé.

Daï né ancuéi ou mostrou pan dé cada di,
é pardounaï né è nostré aüffentzé couma naoutril
a pardounamou an échi auffrenzaou,
é né non latcha pa catzé drentou a tentazioné,
ma délivrai né d'aou ma. Qué couchi ségué.

MONS ET ESCRAGNOLES

Nostro papo as a roucer,
qué vostro nomé séché santifiaou,
que vostro régno séché arribaou,
qué vostra voulountaou séché facha chu ra
terra choum' a rou cer.

Daï-né ancuéï nostro pen dè cada di
pendounaï-né nostreï affouensé coumou naoutri
perdounëmou à tutti échi qui n'an aouffensaou
é né nous lacha pas succoumba a ra tentatiouné
é nous délivra dé tuttou ma. Ainsi soit-il.

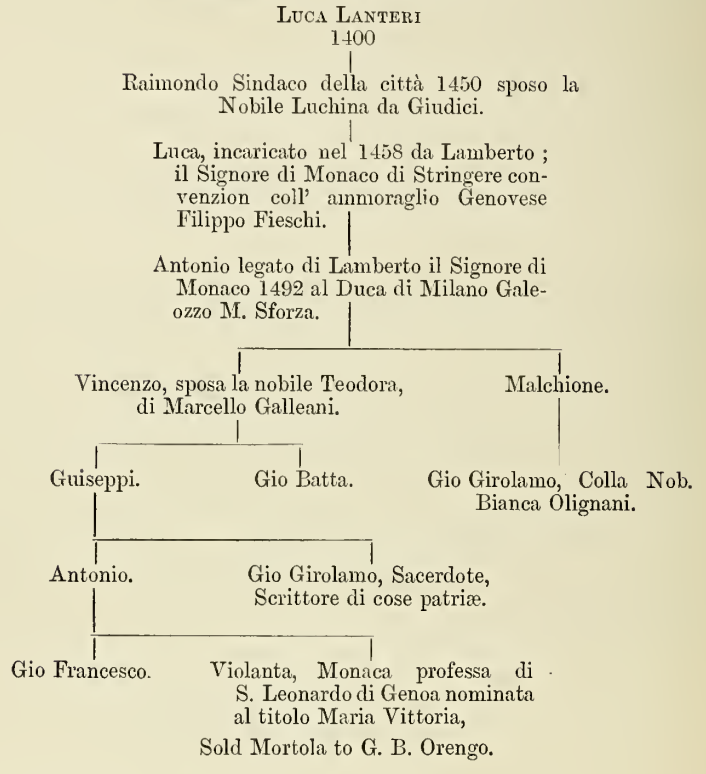
I need hardly add that these local dialects are fast disappearing, only the oldest people use them in their intimate and homely chats. The Provençal takes their place. The multiplication of schools and roads, easier and more frequent intercourse with larger towns, commercial transactions, industrial enterprises, etc., spread the use of the French language, and it penetrates more and more into the homes of the lower classes. This is the reason why all these localities, except their out-lying and almost isolated hamlets, and perhaps Biot, have almost entirely lost their distinctive patois. It is strange that nearly all the families that settled in the above-mentioned places came from Mentone, St. Agnès, and Oneglia. Were they more populous than their neighbours? Were they suffering less? And if so, why? We can hardly say that their situation was healthier. However that may be, we must acknowledge a great confusion between the various statements of the authors treating this subject, and it will ever be a difficulty to determine the real cause of these migrations, emigrations, and immigrations.

NOTE H. Page 381.

SAONESE OR SAVONESE.

1177. Gulielmo Saonese de Ventimiglia è ricordato in una permuta tra i Conti di Ventimiglia ed i Monaci di Lerina.
1220. Franceseo Saonese è fra gli anziami del Comune de Ventimiglia.
1238. Gulielmo Saonese conduce a rivolta, Ventimigliese contro il comune di Genoa, e come ribello venne implicato nel fare di ru Gioffredo Genoa e la rua easa è distrutta dalle fondamente.
1288. Iacopo Saonese e fra i reformatori degli Statuti di Ventimiglia.
1303. Francesco Saonese e fra i reformatori dell Erbatico di Ventimiglia.
1351. 10 Genn. Pietro Saonese e le figlie Violanta e Manfedrina vendono a Carlo Grimaldi Signore di Monaco due pezzi di terra siti a la Mortora.
1391. Franceseo Saonese lascia una penzione legata alla chiesa di S. Francesco di Ventimiglia al altare di N. Donna dei Saonese e ne rimani l' inserizione e lo stemma.

Lanteri (di Ventimiglia),
iscritti il 12 Decembre 1528 alla Nobilità di Genoa
aggregati al albergo Grimaldi.


Luca Lanteri
1400
Raimondo Sindaco della città 1450 sposo la Nobile Luchina da Giudici.
Luca, incaricato nel 1458 da Lamberto ; il Signore di Monaco di Stringere convenzion coll' ammoraglio Genovese Filippo Fieschi.
Antonio legato di Lamberto il Signore di Monaco 1492 al Duca di Milano Galeozzo M. Sforza.
Vincenzo, sposa la nobile Teodora, di Marcello Galleani.
Malchione.
Guiseppi.
Gio Batta.
Gio Girolamo, Colla Nob. Bianca Olignani.
Antonio.
Gio Girolamo, Sacerdote, Scrittore di cose patriæ.
Gio Francesco.
Violanta, Monaca professa di S. Leonardo di Genoa nominata al titolo Maria Vittoria,
Sold Mortola to G. B. Orengo.

Note I. Page 388.

Pliny says: 'Igitur ab amne Varo. Nicaea a Massiliensibus conditum, fluvius Palo, Alpes populique inalpini multis nominibus sed maxime Capillati, oppido Vendiantiorum, civitatis Cemenelion, Portus Herculis Monæci, Ligustica ora; flumen Rutaba oppidum Albium Intemelium.' *Hist. Nat.* III., V.

And Cluverius, quoting and condensing many authors, says: 'Proximè hinc sequitur Albium Intemelium, urbs quondam magna; vulgo nunc Vintimiglia incolis adpellata. Meminere ejus Varro iii. 8; Strabo iv.; Pliny iii. 5; Tacitus, Hist. ii.; Ptolomaeus et Romana Itineraria. Oppidum et Albingaunum . . . inde ad portum Monæci post stadia 422 in medio urbs est magna Albium Intemelium cujus incolæ Intemilii. Alpia antedicta fuisse Albia. Inde quum Ligurum alii sint Ingauni, alii Intemelii; consentaneum esse, eorum colonias maritimas alteram vocari Albium Intemelium, alteram concisius aliquantum Albingaunum. De caetero Albium etiam Intemelium postea contracte dictum est

Albintemelium. Quod porro factum est Albintimilium ut est in multis exemplaribus manuscriptis itinerarii Antonini, ut etiam per incuriam librariorum Albentimilium, et idem vetus itinerarium maritimum ; et Tacitus ubi id vocabulum amendo purgandum, censuit Lipsuis in Albintemelium quod ego minus probaverim, quandoquidem apud Ptolomæum quoque. Taciti fere æqualem reperietur græcis characteribus Albinmelium. Apud Varronem hæc leguntur Intemelium . . . Miror qua ratione iste Varro, vocabulum Intemelium inserucret. Nec tamem nuperum hoc esse mendum crede quando ctiam antiqua exemplaria habentia Intiminium, alia Vintimilium quorum utraque posteriori ac barbaro jam sæculo enata sunt. Quidne integrum vocabulum Albintimilium abjecta postea prima sillaba Al factum est Bintimilium. In hoc eum eo vero litteræ B et V vulgariter permiscerentur, effectum Vintimilium, Vintimilio, Vintimiglio ac tandem simplicitate vulgi vigenarium numerum in eo intelligentis Vintimiglia et Ventimiglia . . . alii rursus eodem sæcula barbaro illud Vintimilium nescio qua ratione formarent Victimilium unde martyrologium vetus romanum habet ; apud Victimilium S. Secundi Martyris, et apud Usuardum simul et Adonem, apud Victimilium castrum Italiæ natalis B. Secundi Martyris etc. etc.—Cluveris, *Italia Antiqua*, I., i., c. vii. edito Anno CIↃIↃCLIX = MDCLIX.

NOTE J. Page 389. The Lascaris, Counts of Ventimiglia : from Gibbon, chapter lxii. Kindly supplied by Lady Hanbury.

1204. Theodore Lascaris, son-in-law of the Emperor Alexius, fled from Constantinople, when it was taken by the Latin Crusaders, and replanted and upheld the Greek standard at Nice (Nicæa in Bithynia).

1222. He was succeeded by his son-in-law, John Vataces, a wise and strong ruler, who married first Irene Lascaris and second Constance of Swabia, daughter of the Emperor Frederick II.

1255. To Vataces succeeded his son Theodore Lascaris II., a cruel tyrant.

1259. Theodore Lascaris II. was succeeded by his son John Lascaris, only eight years old.

1260. Michael Palæologus (also of imperial descent) was appointed regent and then joint emperor with the young John Lascaris.

1261. Aug. 14. The Latins were expelled from Constantinople, and Palæologus made his triumphal entry as emperor.

1261. Dec. 25. Palæologus caused the child, John Lascaris, to be blinded and removed to a distant castle, where he lived for many years in privacy and oblivion. For this crime Palæologus was excommunicated by the Patriarch Arsenius, and only received absolution six years afterwards, under a succeeding Patriarch, on condition of treating the young captive less severely.

From Gioffredo. *Storia delle Alpi Marittime*, page 593 *et seq.*

1261. Guglielmo Pietro 'of the Counts of Ventimiglia,' went from Genoa (whither he had retired after the death of his father Count Pietro Balbo, *Lignore di Tenda*) to the Court of Michael Palæologus. This was probably on the occasion of six ships and ten galleys (under the command of Marius Boccanegra) being sent by the Genoese to assist Palæologus to recover Constantinople from the Latin Emperor and the Venetians.

Palæologus was anxious that all the family of the young John Lascaris should leave Constantinople and gave his sister Theodore

in marriage to a French gentleman, Matthew of Bellicourt, and his sister Eudoxia to Count Guglielmo Pietro of Ventimiglia in 1261, sending her away with magnificent gifts. Three sons, Giovanni, Jacopo, and Vataccia were born of this marriage, and the eldest, in order to keep up his mother's hereditary claim to the imperial crown, took the name of Lascaris (which has since been borne by all the Counts of Ventimiglia in direct descent from him), and quartered his ancestral arms with those of the Greek Emperors—the black two-headed eagle, etc.

Eudoxia Lascaris had also *tre bellissime figlie* and after some years she and Count Guglielmo Pietro took them to the Court of King Peter of Aragon, leaving their son John Lascaris to maintain his rights in the County of Ventimiglia. Eudoxia was called in Spain La Infanta Lascara, and her daughters were married to Spanish nobles of high rank. At the Court of Aragon she found Constance of Swabia, daughter of the Emperor Frederick II., and widow of the Greek Emperor John Vataces, whose first wife was Irene Lascaris—Eudoxia's grandmother.

The 'Empress Constance' had returned after her husband's death to live with her brother Manfred, King of Sicily, but when, through the defeat and death of Manfred, and his son Gouradin, Sicily fell into the hands of Charles of Anjou, she took refuge in Spain, where her niece (also Constance), the daughter of Manfred, was the wife of Peter of Aragon.

1282. Peter of Aragon became king of Sicily after the 'Sicilian Vespers' and expulsion of the Angevins.

From the above John Lascaris are descended the Lascaris of Tenda and the Lords of Briga. The main line became extinct in 1839 in the person of the Marquess Agostino Lascaris, Vice-president of the Royal Academy of Science of Turin.

Note K. Page 409.

The demesne being heavily mortgaged, and the Dorias unable to satisfy their creditors, the Senate of Nice had an official inventory taken which shows that the castle was beautifully furnished.

In the salon were found four portraits of the four chiefs of the Dorias, and four frames representing the four parts of the world; four busts above the door, of four Roman emperors; a portrait of Madame Giovanna Battista; a St. Peter; a Christ; a table with a Persian cover; five stuffed chairs; two small tables with cloth; four pieces of tapestry with the Doria-Grimaldi arms, and a clock.

In the state-room was found a portrait of his Majesty the King of Sicily in a frame covered with red velvet, with eight other portraits of the Dorias, one of Charles Emmanuel I., and a canopy of Hungarian lace.

In the prince's room there was a bed with curtains and counterpane of green damask, purchased from the Princess Cisterna, a large looking-glass, a table and three alabaster statues; towels of linen and silk, a stand with little statues of brass, many pictures with gilt frames and embroidered tapestry.

In the room next to the balcony were found more bed furniture of damask, a beautiful collection of portraits and landscape paintings.

In other rooms there were statues, tapestry, amulets of St. Nicholas, a

box of relics, a library with the volumes numbered and the authors written out; in a wardrobe there was a wedding case containing a standard, only unfurled on the main tower on solemn occasions, a good deal of linen and brocaded silk.

The chapel and the vestry were rich; the kitchen well provided; the wine cellars and storerooms well stocked; the granaries full; the oil abundant; the guns of all sizes and bore were innumerable; a long and valuable list of feudal titles about succession and rank; in fact everything seemed to indicate such a state of wealth and comfort as could hardly be expected in such a place.

As a mountain home it compares well with our English country manors of the last century.

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Printed by T. and A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press

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